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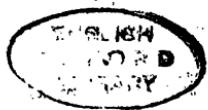
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Morte Arthure.

EDITED FROM

ROBERT THORNTON'S MS. (AB. 1440 A.D.)

IN THE LIBRARY OF LINCOLN CATHEDRAL,

BY

GEORGE G. PERRY, M.A.,

PREBENDARY OF LINCOLN AND RECTOR OF WADDINGTON; LATE FELLOW AND TUTOR OF LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD.



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PREFACE.

It is confessedly almost impossible to fix on the exact point of time when the Semi-Saxon dialect, which had replaced the more formal Anglo-Saxon after the Norman Conquest, passed into the *Early English*. Those characteristic changes which constitute the *modernization* of a language were proceeding gradually. Inflections were being lost, distinctive marks of gender and case neglected, variations of meaning coming to be expressed rather by combinations of words than by changes in the words themselves, and the result was that about the middle of the thirteenth century England was speaking a language differing by a wide interval from that of the country three centuries before. This *Early English* stage of the language may be considered to extend from about the beginning of the reign of Henry III. to the end of that of Edward III., when it was succeeded by the *Middle English*.¹ During the whole of this period continual modification of the English tongue was going on. The language of the proclamation to the people of Huntingdonshire differs greatly from the language of Chaucer, and even from

¹ See Dr. Latham on "The English Language," chap. iii.; and "Hallam's Introduction to Literature of Europe," chap. i.

that of Piers Plowman and of the poem which is here put forth. It is probable that the *Morte Arthure* is somewhat later in date than Piers Plowman, but that it still falls within the period marked out for the limits of *Early English*. In comparing together the writings of this date we are at once struck by a distinction which seems to separate them into two classes. In Chaucer we see the tendency towards foreign words and idioms, and the adoption of the rhyming metre invented during the decay of the Latin tongue ; in Piers Plowman and the *Morte Arthure* we trace the prevalence of the Saxon words and rhythm, the alliterative¹ or accented metre being preferred to the final cadence.

In the judgment of Warton the latter style was an evident and palpable barbarism. This critic severely censures the author of Piers Plowman, and, but that he was unacquainted with the *Morte Arthure*, would doubtless have included its author also in his condemnation—"Instead of availing himself of the rising and rapid improvements of the English language Longland prefers and adopts the style of the Anglo-Saxon poets. Nor did he make these writers the models of his language only : he likewise imitates their alliterative versification, which consisted in using an aggregate of words beginning with the same letter. But this imposed constraint of seeking identical initials and the affectation of obsolete English, by demanding a constant and necessary departure from the natural and obvious forms of expression, contributed also to render his manner extremely perplexed, and to disgust the readers with obscurities."² It is hoped that the readers of the following poem will not be so

¹ "Alliteration is the general character of all the early Gothic metres."—*Latham*.

² *Warton's History of English Poetry*, i. 266.

readily disgusted ; those very obscurities which were so distasteful to the polite critic constituting some of the chief recommendation of the composition. It is hoped also that the poem will be welcomed not only on philological and grammatical grounds, but on the ground also of its own intrinsic merit —for the fire, vigour, and liveliness of its style, and the vast profusion of descriptive epithets which it pours out before the reader.

This version of the *Morte Arthure* is printed from a manuscript in the Library of Lincoln Cathedral, commonly known as the "Thornton Romances." It is a thick volume containing several poems of the Arthur type, as well as many pieces in prose, both English and Latin. The greater part of this volume was written by Robert Thornton, a native of Oswaldkirk, in Yorkshire, and Archdeacon of Bedford in the Diocese of Lincoln, about the middle of the fifteenth century. The date of Archdeacon Thornton and his connection with Lincoln Cathedral can be ascertained pretty accurately, as among the archives of the Cathedral there is preserved an instrument or deed of considerable importance, attested by him as Archdeacon, which bears date 1439.¹

So valuable is this collection of ancient pieces which has been preserved by the labour of the Archdeacon, that doubtless all lovers of antiquity will be willing to concur in the wish with which the *Morte Arthure* concludes, "Thornton dictus sit benedictus." The poem with which we are now concerned was first published from the Lincoln manuscript by Mr. Halli-

¹ This instrument is known by the name of the "*Laudum of Alnwick*," and to this day every Prebendary of the Church takes oath on his admission to observe it. It is a decree (*id quod laudatum est*, approved or determined) of Bishop Alnwick, in reference to certain matters in dispute between the Dean and the Canons.

well in the year 1847. The form which was then adopted was that of an expensive quarto, and the value of the book was sought to be further enhanced by a rigid limitation of the issue to seventy-five copies. These have all, probably, long ago found their way into the great libraries of the country, and the poem has become as inaccessible to the general reader as though it had never been printed. Under these circumstances the Committee of the Early English Text Society have judged it desirable that a re-publication of the poem should be made. The present edition differs from that of Mr. Halliwell in the printing of two of his lines in one, in the marking by italic letters all expansions of the manuscript contractions, and the addition of side-notes and a glossary. In the first of these points the arrangement of the manuscript is followed, the lines being always written there as here printed. A comparison of the two methods will also, it is thought, result in a decided preference, as regards rhythm, of the method here used. With respect to the expansions of the contractions, it will be observed that there is no regularity in the spelling used, a final *e* being sometimes appended to words, sometimes not. Great care has, in fact, been taken to reproduce exactly the *irregularity* which is one of the most marked features of the spelling of this manuscript. In no case has a final *e* been added unless indicated by a strong and decided mark; while the threefold variation in the writing of words beginning with *th* has been carefully followed.¹ The form of

¹ *The, This, That, Thus, Thou, Thi, These, etc.*, are sometimes written in this manuscript as at present spelled, sometimes with the Y and the final letter put over it, sometimes with the Y and the other letters following in a line; e.g. That, Y^t, Yat, This, Y^s, Yis. In the second of these cases the letters are printed in italic; in the third in roman type.

the thorn letter (þ) has been adopted in the printing, instead of the form used in the manuscript (Y), as it has been thought more agreeable to the date of the composition, and more in unison with the other publications of the same period printed by the E.E.T.S. There can be no doubt that the two forms represent substantially the same sound. The text having undergone several careful collations with the manuscript, it is hoped that it is as near perfect as may be. In some few points it will be found to differ from the very accurate edition of Mr. Halliwell.

As to the poem itself, it is held by Sir F. Madden that this is the "Gret gest of Arthure" composed by Huchowne, a Scotch ballad writer of the fourteenth century. This opinion is combated by Mr. Morris in his Preface to "Alliterative Poems," who proves that the poem was not originally written in the Scotch dialect, but in one of the Northumbrian dialects spoken South of the Tweed. Mr. Morris is also of opinion that the text of the poem had been considerably altered by a Midland transcriber before it fell into the hands of Robert Thornton. Thornton, as a Northumbrian, would probably have preferred the original reading, but finding the manuscript with its Southern modifications, he transcribed it as it stood, without attempt at restoration. In spite, however, of his having yielded to the changes of Southern transcribers, it is certain that we owe* to Robert Thornton, of Oswaldkirk, a great debt of gratitude for having made a copy of the poem which has survived to our day. It is a grand specimen of Early English poetry, exhibiting some fine traits common to the early poetry of many nations, and certain special peculiarities of its own which are well worth careful study.

In almost all early poetry may be noted a simplicity of language united with what may be termed a recklessness of assertion and a contempt of the conditions required for constituting the probable. Effect is sought to be produced not by the subtle analysis of thought and feeling, nor by the description of scenery and natural objects, but by the crowding together of startling incidents, and the ascription of marvellous powers and prowess to the favoured hero. Early poetry is, as it were, the expression of inexperience, of thoughtlessness and light-heartedness, not bearing the marks of a complicated state of society, where the restless struggle for social superiority absorbs the energies and gives a grave cast to the reflections. Now this gay and light-hearted character seems to be eminently characteristic of the *Morte Arthure*. The ease with which "fifty thousand of folke are felled at ones" when they stand in the way of the victory of the knights; the jovial vein in which Arthur cleaves asunder the giant Colapas, bidding him come down and "karpe to his feris," for that "he is too high by half" to do so comfortably in his giant form; the character of Sir Gawaine, "the gude man of arms," who is so eminent a favourite with the poet because he was "the gladdest of othire,"

"And the hendeste in haule undire hevene riche,"
all testify to this.

And united with this light-hearted vein the least glimpse at the poem will reveal the noble contempt for the probable which it exhibits. Illustration of this is unnecessary, as the whole poem illustrates it. The author might indeed plead that he was not responsible for the "facts;" that he took them from good authority, even from the grave historian, Geoffrey of Monmouth, who has duly chronicled, in choice mediæval Latin,

the adventures of Arthur and his wars with "Sir Lucius." And, truly, few readers of the poem would desire him to have been possessed of a greater critical acumen, and to have set to work to discriminate, select, and weigh probabilities. Better is it to have the original romance in all its richness and raciness, than any amended or more respectable version of the deeds of the "rich king." Arthur is here a "kydd conqueror" throughout; even in his final conflict inflicting poetical justice on the villain Modred, and dying happily among his people, with the nation sorrowing at his tomb. But in this poem, not only is a grand romance given in highly-spirited diction; there are also passages which show a keen appreciation of the beauties of nature, and others which breathe a truly touching pathos. Of the first character especially are the descriptions of the river banks and woodland copse through which Arthur and his knights ride when they go to combat the giant,¹ and of the spot chosen for the midday halt by the party headed by Sir Florent.²

¹ Thane they roode by that ryver, that rynnyd so swythe,
 Thare the ryndez overrechez with realle bowghes;
 The roo and the rayne-dere reklessesse thare rounene,
 In ranzez and in rosers to ryotte thame selvene.
 All the feulez thare fleschez, that flyez with wengez,
 Fore thare galede the gowke one grevez fulle lowde.
 Of the nyghtgale notes the noisez was swette,
 They threpide with the throstills thre-hundreth at ones !
 That whate swowynghe of watyr, and syngynge of byrdez,
 It myghte salve hym of sore, that sounde was nevere !
 —(ll. 920-932.)

² And in the myste mornynge one a mede falles,
 In swathes swappene downe fulle of swete floures :
 Thare unbrydilles theis bolde, and baytes theire horses,
 To the grygynghe of the daye, that byrdes gane synghe ;
 Whyles the surs of the sonne, that sonde es of Chrysfe,
 That solaces alle synfulle, that syghte has in erthe.

—(ll. 2506-2512.)

Of the latter, Arthur's beautiful lament over Sir Gawaine,¹ and his touching reflections on his dead knights.² The writer of this romance was assuredly not wanting in the feeling of true poetry, while his vigorous diction and his extraordinary power of heaping epithets upon epithets prove great skill and proficiency in the difficult style of versification which he had adopted. As specimens of this vigour and life we can, perhaps, adduce no better instances than the account of the banquet given to the Romans,³ and of the embarkation of Arthur's army.⁴

¹ Dere kosyne o kynde, in kare am I levede !
 For nowe my wirchipe es wente, and my were endide !
 Here es the hope of my hele, my happynge of armes !
 My concelle, my comforthe, that kepide myne herte !
 Of alle knyghtes the kyng that undir Criste lifiede.
 My wele and my wirchipe of alle this werlde riche
 Was wonnene thourghe Sir Gawaine, and thourghe his witte one !
 —(ll. 3957-3965.)

² Here rystys the riche blude of the rownde table,
 Rebukkede with a rebawde, and rewithe es the more !
 I may helpes one hethe house be myne one,
 Allee a wafulle wedowe that wanttes hir beryne !
 I may werye and wepe, and wryngye myne handys,
 For my wytt and my wyrchipe awaye es for ever !
 Of alle lordchips I take leve to mye ende !
 Here es the Bretones blode broughte owt of lyfe,
 And nowe in this journee alle my joye endys !
 —(ll. 4283-4292.)

³ Pacockes and plovers in platters of golde,
 Grett swannees fulle swythe in sylveryne chargeours,
 Tartes of Turky, taste whane thame lykys ;
 Gumbaldes graythely, fulle gracious to taste ;
 Bernakes and botures in baterde dysches,
 Fessauntes enfureschit in flammande silver,
 With darielles endordide, and daynteez ynewe.

—(ll. 182-199.)

⁴ Coggez and crayers, than crossez thaire mastez,
 Wyghtly one the wale thay wye up thaire ankers.
 Holly with-owtynne harme thay hale in bottes,
 Schipe-mene scharply schotene thaire portez,

One of the most prominent marks of the style of this poem is the “stereotyped” epithet: “the rich king,” “the kydd conqueror,” “faire stedes,” “galyard knights,” “cruel words,” Sir Cador “the kene,” Sir Bedwere “the rich,” Sir Gawaine “the good,” are constantly recurring. We recognize one of the marked peculiarities of the great father of epic, who wrote of the “swift-footed Achilles,” the “glancing-plumed Hector,” the “many-murmuring sea,” “horse-feeding Argos,” and the “long-haired Greeks.” The unartificial nature of early poetry allows the constant recurrence of the same ideas. The epithet is rather part of the subject than a predicate, and the main business of the poem being not so much description as narration, there seems a fitness in the hero being constantly kept before our eyes as the possessor of certain attributes, while the great deeds which justify his “style and title” are recorded.

Another noteworthy peculiarity in the poem is the use of the adjective with the demonstrative pronoun without the substantive, *e.g.* “tha steryne,” “this sorrowfulle,” “that hathelle,” “this kene,” “that realle.” This, which is akin to the Latin use, marks a stage of the language which has long passed away. Of a like character is the idiom common in this poem of putting the objective case of the pronoun before the verb—“*ȝif me* the life happene,” “that *him* over land folowes.” Observable also is the constant recurrence of the indefinite expressions “when he likes,” “when they like,” etc. Not only the stereotyped epithet, but the stereotyped phrase also, occurs regularly in

Launchez lede apone lufe, lacchene ther depez,
 Lukkez to the lade-sterne whene the lyghte faillez,
 For drede of the derke nyghte thay drecchede a lyttile,
 And alle the steryne of the streme strekyne at onez.

—ll. 738-755.)

certain connections, and sometimes gives a highly ludicrous turn to the narrative by its inappropriateness to the sense.

The strong ecclesiastical tone which pervades the poem will not fail to be noticed by any reader. Not only are the dying knights duly attended by a confessor, shriven and comforted with the last Sacraments, but there is observable in several passages a most zealous care against interfering with the goods of the "spirituality." When a grant is made of a city it is only "the temporall" which is granted, and the way in which Arthur is made to say

"I gyffe my proteccione to alle the pope landez,
It is a foly to offendre oure fadyr undire Gode,
Owther Peter or Paule tha postles of Rome.

3iff we spare the spirituelle, we spedre bot the bettire,"

sufficiently speaks for itself.

The Editor desires to express his thanks to Mr. R. Morris for his valuable help in preparing the Glossary.

On the rhythm of the alliterative metre a paper has been kindly communicated by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A., of Christ's College, Cambridge, who has made English metre his especial study. This is here subjoined.

It is only needful further to state that one sheet of the poem having been inadvertently sent to the press before the final collation with the manuscript was made, a list of *corrigenda* (most of them unimportant) has to be supplied.

WADDINGTON RECTORY,

September, 1865.

ON THE METRE OF THE POEM.

The metre in which the "Morte Arthure" is written may best be understood by comparing it with "Piers Plowman," the accentuation and *swing* of the verse being much better marked in the last-mentioned poem. The principles which govern this peculiar metre may thus be more readily discerned, and, when once understood, may easily be applied to the present poem.

For a similar reason, it will be the simplest method to consider, first of all, a few lines (of "Piers Plowman") where the metre is most strongly marked, and, afterwards, some where it is, apparently, less regular.

It should first, however, be observed that each complete line in an alliterative poem consists generally of two *sections*, which were separated in old manuscripts by a dot, called the *metrical point* or *pause*, and which may conveniently be denoted by a colon (as in the Prayer Book Version of the Psalms), thus :—

"Schelde us fro schamesdede: and sinfulle werkes;"

or else by printing the lines thus :—

"Schelde us fro schamesdede,
And sinfulle werkes."

In reading aloud a pause may conveniently be made between the sections.

The two sections form, however, but one complete line; and, as the metrical point is more necessary when the poem is to be sung or recited than when it is merely to be read, it has not been thought necessary to insert it in this edition, as the reader, when he has once caught the rhythm of the verse, may always be tolerably sure as to where it must occur.

To begin, then ; consider the line—

“In séttynge and sówynge
Swónken ful hárde.”

—*Piers Plowman*; ed. Wright, l. 41.

If we use an asterisk to denote a strongly-accented¹ syllable, the figure 1 to denote a *single* unaccented syllable, the figure 2 to mean *two* unaccented syllables immediately succeeding each other, and so on ; we may represent the above line by the scheme,

1 * 2 * 1 : * 2 * 1;

and this may be taken as a convenient type of alliterative lines, from which the scansion of very many others may be readily deduced. Some, however, as will be shewn presently, must be referred to a type somewhat different.

Now, we here observe (1) that each section contains two strong accents ; (2) that, of the strongly-accented syllables, three begin with a common letter, which has been called the *rime-letter* ; and (3) of these three, two occur in the first section, and one in the second. Such is the usual and normal arrangement. The *rime-letters* may be either consonants or vowels, and may consist of *single* letters, or of such combinations as *sc*, *bl*, *tr*, etc. If vowels, it is sufficient that they *are* so ; they need not be the *same* vowels, and, in practice, are generally *different*.

Again, the last strongly-accented syllable in the line does *not* begin with the rime-letter. This also is the usual and more correct arrangement.

Having once this typical form to refer to, it is easy to enumerate most of the changes which may arise. Let us now take the line,

“Hire² mésse and hire mótyns,
And móny of hire móures.”

—*Piers Plowman*, l. 193.

We have here the arrangement

1 * 2 * 1 : 1 * 3 * 1

¹ I use the term *strongly*-accented advisedly, all accents not being equal. Thus, in the line—

“On the oát-grass and the swórd-grass, and the bólrush in the pól,”
the syllables marked are *strongly*-accented.

² “Hire is a monosyllable.”—*Guest on English Rhythms*; ed. 1838, p. 34.

which shews (1) that an unaccented syllable may be introduced at the beginning of the second section; and (2) that the number of intermediate unaccented syllables may be readily increased to *three*.

Now herein lies the peculiar freedom and elasticity of alliterative verse; we shall soon find by observation that, under certain circumstances, as many as *four* short unaccented syllables (even if they contain among them one that *is* accented *slightly*) may be inserted at pleasure between the emphatic syllables without destroying the rhythm; for it is one addressed to the *ear* only, and not to the *eye*. The chief point which the poet has to take care of is that when he introduces a larger number of unaccented syllables, they should be capable of rapid enunciation, lest the verse seem clogged and unmusical. An example may be seen in the lines,

“Fáiteden for her foode,
Fóughten at the ale.”

—*Piers Plowman*, l. 83.

Which may be denoted by

* 4 * 1 : * 3 * 1

It would take up too much space to explain here the true method of scanning the lines by division into feet; it may suffice to say that the *general effect* of the metre is *dactylic*, supposing the term *dactyl* to be capable of application to an *English* foot, which, to speak strictly, it is not. Indeed, the nomenclature of English prosody is in sore need of alteration. Neither is there space to explain, and to account for, the curious variations which may further be made in the alliterative metre. The view here given is only an approximate one, which will be found useful in practice. A longer passage may exemplify it better—

“I lóked me on my léft half
As the lády me taúghte,
And was wár of a wómman
Wórhilich y-clóthed,
Púrfiled with pélure,
The fýnest upon érthe,
Y-córouned with a córoun,
The kýng hath none bétter;
Fétilsiche hyr fíngres
Were frétted with góld wyr.”

—*Piers Plowman*, l. 892.

Analysis:

1	*	4	*	1	:	2	*	2	*	1
2	*	2	*	1	:		*	3	*	1
	*	3	*	1	:	1	*	3	*	1
1	*	4	*	1	:	1	*	2	*	1
	*	3	*	1	:	1	*	2	*	1

One variation, however, found oftenest in the first section, is too important to be passed over. It is that we sometimes find in a section a *third* strongly-accented syllable, thus giving to the line a rather unwieldy length ; as in,

“The móoste mischief on móilde
Is móunynne wel faste.”

—*Piers Plowman*, l. 133.

This third accent is often very awkwardly placed, as in the first line of “*Morte Arthure*,”

“Now grétt glórious Gódd : thurgh gráce of hym selvene.”

Other noticeable deviations from the strict type may be briefly indicated.

(1) The syllable beginning with the rime-letter is sometimes unemphatic ; as in “*Morte Arthure*,” l. 59,

“In Glamórgan with glée : thare gládschip was évere.”

(2) Sometimes there are but *two* rime-letters, as in l. 80,

“So cóme in sódanly ; a sénatour of Róme.”

(3) Sometimes there is *no* alliteration, as in l. 70. (4) Sometimes there are *four* rime-letters, as l. 32, where all belong to accented syllables,

“Scáthylle Scóttlande by skýlle : he skýstys as hym líkys ;”

or as in l. 35, where one belongs to an unaccented syllable,

“Hólaund and Hénawde : they héldes of hym bóthe.”

It will now be sufficient, perhaps, to indicate what is probably the correct accentuation of the first fourteen lines, as this will enable the reader to perceive in them a certain vigorous *swing* (well suited for the ballad-reciter), which will suggest the scansion of most other lines, though there is always somewhat of difficulty in it, from the fact that we have now-a-days changed the accentuation of many words, and cannot be quite certain about the final *s's*.

“Now grétt glórious Gódd : thurgh gráce of hym selvene,
And the précious prayere : of hys prýs móder

Schéilde us ffro schámesdede : and sýnfullle wérkes,
 And gýffe us gráce to gýe : and góverne us hére
 In thyw wréchyd wérlid : thorowe vért[u]ous lýwynge
 That we may káyre till hyw coúrte : the kýngdome of hévyne,
 Whene oure sáules schall párté : and súndyre ffrá the bódy
 Ewyre to bélde and to býde : in blýsse with hymé sélvyne ;
 And wýsse me to wérpe owte : some wórde at this týme,
 That nothyre vóyde be ne výyne : bot wýrchip tille hymé sélvyne ;
 Plésande and prófitabíle : to the pólpe þat themé héres.
 Je that líste has to lýth : or láffes for to hére
 Off élders of álde tyme : and of their áwke dédys,
 Hów they were léle in their láwe : and lóvede Gód Almýghty," etc.

The accentuation of the last two lines is a little doubtful. There may have been an accent on the second *of* in l. 13, owing to its position and the fact of its beginning with a rime-letter; while in l. 14 we have the rather unusual number of six accents, unless "how" was slurred over.

After all, the best way of perceiving the rhythm is to read over some fifty lines several times till they seem quite familiar, and then to read them over once more *out loud*, with strong emphasis on the verbs, substantives, and adjectives, and with a natural and free pronunciation.

C O R R I G E N D A.

The Roman e at the end of the following words should be read *e* Italic :—Falterde, line 1092; schovelle-fotede, 1098; schowande, 1099; yryne, 1105; alle, 1105, 1253, 1310, 1323; ffullle, 1112, 1125, 1346, 1520, 1576; evylle, 1116; wapyne, 1119; harde, 1135; balefullle, 1136; wrythyng, 1141; forfetede, 1155; howelle, 1180; irene, 1186; christene, 1187; wapene, 1193; whilles, 1197; thare-ine, 1254; wille, 1257; hym-selvene, 1304; mene, 1315; castelles, 1339; lytillé, 1423; kynge, 1507; salle, 1511; takyne, 1519; wille, 1556; selfene, 1560; one, 1573; salle, 1575.

To the following words an Italic *e* should be appended :—Kyng, 1106, 1110, 1127, 1263; feyed, 1114; tung, 1250; howsyng, 1284.

In the following words the *n* should be read Italic :—Accountes, 1102; sergeaunt, 1173; presonne, 1632.

In the following the syllable *er* should be read Italic :—Over, 1142; soveraygne, 1167; gleterande, 1280; delyverde, 1548.

In the following the syllable *ur* should be read Italic :—jouur, 1480; Petur, 1519.

<i>For</i> skyste,	92, 1643,	<i>read</i> skyfte.
„ aperty,	212,	„ a party.
„ arouede,	340,	„ aroumede.
„ knelande,	1137,	„ kneland.
„ Lucius,	1267,	„ Lucius.
„ unfawghte,	1306,	„ unsawghte.
„ be,	1327,	„ bee.
„ salle,	1364,	„ sable.
„ breme,	1380,	„ brene.
„ entters,	1499,	„ enters.
„ heymne,	2436,	„ heþune (?).
„ welle,	2706,	„ welles.
„ dyghte,	3066,	„ nyghte.
„ nyghte,	3267,	„ dyghte.
„ lene,	3350,	„ leve.
„ þee at þorke,	3912,	„ þede at þoske.

Morte Arthure.

Bere begynnes Morte Arthure. In nomine
Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen
pro charite. Amen.

- Now grett glorious Godd, thurgh grace of hym selvens,
And the precyous prayere of hys prys modyr,
Schelde us ffro schamesdede and synfulls werkes,
- 4 And gyffe us grace to gye, and governe us here,
In this wreichyd world, thorowe vertous lywyng,
That we may kayre til hys courte, the kyngdomē of hevyne,
Whens oure saules schallē parte and sundyre ffra the body,
- 8 Ewyre to belde and to byde in blysse with hymē selvens;
And wysse me to werpe owte some worde at this tyme,
That nothyre voyde be ne wayne, bot wyrchip tills hymē selvyns;
- 12 Plesande and profitabillē to the pople þat theme heres.
Ye that liste has to lyth, or luffes for to here,
Off elders of alde tymē and of theire awke dedys,
How they werelele in theire lawe, and lovede God Almyghty,
- 16 And I sallē tellē ȝow a tale, þat trewe es and nobyllē,
Off the ryealls renkys of the rowunde table,
That chefe ware of chevalrye and cheftans nobyllē,
Bathē ware in thire werkes and wyse mens of armes,

The poet prays
for grace,

and for power to
write something
profitable.

Ye that list to
hear of strange
deeds of old,

hearken to a tale
of the Round
Table.

These knights
were noble, wise,
and brave,

- kind, and courteous, and worshipful.
They slew Lucius, lord of Rome, and conquered his kingdom.
Hear now the story.
- 20 Doughty in their doyngs and dredde ay schame,
Kynde mens and courtays, and couthe of courte thewes.
How they whanne wyth were wyrchippis many,
Slouge Lucyus þe lythyre, that lorde was of Rome,
- 24 And conqueryd that kyngryke thorowe craftys of armes;
Herkenes now hedyrwarde, and herys this storie.

When King Arthur had won back all the realm of Uther,

Argyle, Orkney, and the isles

Ireland and Soot-land,
Wales, Flanders, and France,
had made tributary Holland and Hainault, Burgundy and Brabant, Brittany, Guienne, Gothland and Greece.

Hebuilt Bayonne and Bordeaux, Tours and Toul;

was prince of Poictiers and Provence, of Valence and Vienne, of Eruigia and Aniana, of Naverne and Norway and Normandy.

Of Germany, of Austria, and many other lands.
He conquered all Denmark with his sword.

Then he dubbed his knights and gave them lands.

Created kings anointed.

Then rested the hero, and held the Round Table.

- Q**wens that the kyng Arthur by conqueste hade wonnyng Castelles and kyngdoms, and contreez many,
- 28 And he had coverede the coroune of the kyth ryche
Of alle that Uter in erthe aughte in his tyme,
Orgayle and Orkenay, and alle this owte iles,
Irelande uttirly, as occyane rynnys;
- 32 Scathylle Scottlande by skylle he skystys as hym lykys,
And Wales of were he wane at hys wille,
Bathe ffaundrez and ffraunce fre til hym selvyns;
Holaund and Henawde they helde of hym bothe,
- 36 Burgoyne and Brabane, and Bretayne the lesse,
Gyanes and Gothelande, and Grece the ryche;
Bayons and Burdeux he beldytt fulls faire,
Turoyne and Tholus with toures fulls hye;
- 40 Off Peyters and of Provynce he was prynce holdyns,
Of Valence and Vyenue, off value so noble;
Of Eruge and Anyone, thos erledoms ryche,
By conqueste fulls cruelle þey knewe hym fore lorde;
- 44 Of Naverne and Norwye, and Normaundaye eke,
Of Almayne, of Estriche, and ober ynowe;
Danmarke he dryssede alle by drede of hym selvyns,
Fra Swynnes unto Swether-wyke, with his swrede kene!
- 48 Qwenne he thes dedes had done, he dourbyd hys knyghez,
Dyvysyde dowcherys and delte in dyverse remmes;
Mad of his cosyns kyngys ennoyntede,
In kyth there they covaitte crounes to bere.
- 52 Whene he thys rewmes hade redyne and rewlyde the pople,
Then rystede that ryalle and helde þe Rounde Tabylle;
Suggeours þat sesons to solace hym selfvene,

- In Gretayne *þe* braddere,¹ as hym beste lykes ;
 56 Sythyns wente into Wales with his wyes alle,
 Sweys into Swaldye with his snelle houndes,
 For to hunt at *þe* hertes in thas hye laundes,
 In Glamorgans with glee, thare gladchipe was evere ;
 60 And thare a citee he sette, be assente of his lordys,
 That Caerlyone was callid, with curios walles,
 On the riche revare *þat* rynnys so faire,
 There he myghte semble his sorte to see whenns hym lykyde,
 64 Thane aftyre at Carlele a Cristynmese he haldes,
 This ilke kyde conquerour, and helde hym for lorde,
 Wyth Dukez and dusperes of dyvers rewmes,
 Erles and erchevesques, and oþer ynowe,
 68 Byschopes and bachelers, and banerettes nobille,
 þat bowes to his banere, buske whens hym lykys :
 Bot on the Cristynmesdaye, whens they were alle semblyde,
 That comlyche conquerour commaundez hym selvyne
 72 *þat* ylke a lorde sulde lenge, and no lefe take,
 To the tende day fully ware takyne to *þe* ends.
 Thus ons ryalls araye he helde his rounde table,
 With semblant and solace and selcouthe metes ;
 76 Whas never syche noblay, in no manys tyme,
 Mad in mydwynter in þa Weste marchys !
 Bot on the newþere daye, at *þe* none evyne,
 B As the bolde at the borde was of brede servyde,
 80 So come in sodanly a senatour of Rome,
 Wyth sextens knyghtes in a soyte sewande hym one.
 He salued the soverayn and the sale aftyr,
 Ilke a kynge aftyre kynge,² and mad his enclines ;
 84 Gaynour in hir degré he grette as hym lykyde,
 And syné agayne to *þe* gome he gaffe up his nedys :
 “Sir Lucius Iberius, the Emperour of Rome,

After solacing himself in Britain, he goes into Wales,

to hunt the hart with his swift hounds,

and in Glamorgan finds Caerleon upon Usk.

At Caerleon he holds high festival at Christmas-tide with his lords and bishops,

and bids none depart from the feast till ten days are expired.

Never was so noble a feast known.

But on New Year's day, as the knights were feasting, there came in suddenly a Senator of Rome, attended by sixteen knights, who salutes King Arthur and his knights, and Guinevere the Queen.

Then, in the name of Sir Lu-

¹ “The More Bretayne Englund is
As men may rede on Cronyclys.”

—Arthur (ed. F. J. Furnivall), l. 503.

² A tag (†) is appended to these g's, which is taken to indicate a final e. Halliwell reads it without the e.

cius Iberius, the
Emperor of
Rome,

He summons Arthur to appear at
Rome on Lammas day,

to answer why
he occupies his
lands instead of
paying homage
to him,

and how he dares
to rebel against
him.

But if Arthur
will not come,
the Emperor will
invade his land
and take him
captive,

and destroy him
wherever he may
fly.

The Register of
Rome declares
that Arthur's father
paid tribute,
which was won
by Julius Caesar
and his gentle
knights.

Then did king
Arthur look with
ferocious glance
on the Senator.

- Salu; the as sugett, undyre his sele ryche ;
 88 It es credens, *syr kyng, with* cruell^e wordez,
 Trow it for no trufles, his targe es to schewe !
 Now in this new;ers daye *with* notaries sygne,
 I make the somouns *in* sale to sue for þi landys,
 92 That on Lammesse daye thare be no lette ffoundene,
 þat thou bee redy at Rome *with* alle thi rounde table,
 Appere *in* his presens *with* thy price knyghtez,
 At pryme of the daye, in Payne of þour lyvys,
 96 In þe kydd capytoile before þe kyng selvyne,
 Whens he and his senatours bez sette as them lykes,
 To ansuere anely why thow occupes the laundez,
 That awe homage of alde till hym *and* his eldyrs ;
 100 Why thow has redyns and raymede, *and* raunsound þe people,
 And kyllide dounes his cosyns, kyngys ennoynttude ;
 Thare schallz thow gyffe rekkyngys for alle thy round
 table,
 Why thow arte rebelle to Rome, and rentez them
 wytholdez !
 104 ȝiff thow theis sommons wythsytte, he sendes thie thies
 wordes,
 He sallz the seke over þe see wyth sextens kynges,
 Bryne Bretayns þe brade, and bryttyns thy knyghtys,
 And bryngs the bouxsomly as a beste *with* brethe whare
 hym lykes,
 108 That thow ne schallz rowte ne ryste undyr the hevene
 ryche,
 þoþe thow for reddour of Rome ryne to þe erthe !
 ffor if thow flee into Fraunce or ffreselaund owþer,
 þou sallz be feched *with* force, and oversette for ever !
 112 Thy fadyr mad fewtee, we fynde in oure rollez,
 In the regestre of Rome, who so ryghte lukez :
 With-owtayne more trouflying the trebute we aske,
 That Julius Cesar wans wyth his jentille knyghtes !”
 116 The kyng blyschit on the beryn with his brode eghns,
 þat fulle brymly for breth brynte as the gledys ;

Keste colours as kyng with crouelle lates,
Luked as a lyone, and on his lyppe bytes !

- 120 The Romaynes for radnesse ruschte to þe erthe,
fforde ferdnesse of hys face, as they fey were ;
Cowchide as kenetez before þe kynges selvyne,
be-cause of his contenaunce confusede them semede !

So terrible was
his face that the
Romans couched
and quailed be-
fore him.

- 124 Thene coverd up a knyghe, *and* criede ful lowde,¹
“ Kynges coronede of kynd, curtays and noble,
Misdoo no messengere for menske of þi selvyne,
Sen we are in thy manrede, and mercy þe beseikes ;

Then one of them
humbly entreats
mercy.

- 128 We lenge with *syr* Lucius, that lorde es of Rome,
That es þe mervelyousteste mans þat on molde lengez ;
It es lefull tille us his likynges tille wyrche ;²
We come at his commaundment ; have us excusede.”

- 132 Then carpys þe conquerour crewells wordez,—
“ Haa ! cravaunde knyghe ! a cowarde þe semez !
þare some segge in this sale, and he ware sare grevede,
Thow durste noghte fulls alle Lumberdye luke ones hym
ones.”

Upon which Ar-
thur upbraids
him as a coward.

- 136 “ Sir,” sais þe Senatour, “ so Crist mott me helpe,
þe voute of thi vesage has woundyde us alle !
Thow arte þe lordlyeste lede þat ever I one lukyde ;
By lukynges, with-owtynes lesse, a lyone the semys !”

But the Senator
excuses him on
the ground that
Arthur's visage is
very terrible.

- 140 “ Thow has me somond,” quod þe kyng, “ and said what
þe lykes ;³
Fore sake of thy Soveraynge I suffre the þe more ;
Sen I coround in kyth wyth crysums enoyntede,
Was never creature to me þat carpede so large !

- 144 Bot I sall tak concelle at kynges enoyntede,
Off dukes *and* duspers and doctours noble,
Offe peres of the perlement, prelates *and* oþer,
Off þe richest renkys of þe rounde table ;

The King tells
him that he will
take counsel of
his dukes, doc-
tors, peers, and
knights,

- 148 þus schalle I take avisemente of valiant beryns,

¹ *hyghe* in text, erased, and *lowde* written in margin.

² The text has *sheves* which has been erased, and *wyrche* written in the margin.

³ *Likyd* erased and *lykes* written in margin.

Wyrke aftyre the wytte of my wyes knyghttes :
 To warpe wordez in waste no wyrchipp it were,
 Ne wilfully in þis wrethe to wrekene my selvene.

while the Ro- 152 mans stay a week to refresh them-selves.

For-þi sallē how lenge here, *and* lugge wylh þise lordes,
 This sevenyghte in solace, to suggourne your horses,
 To see whatte lyfe þat wee leede in thees law laundes."'
 ffor by þe realtee of Rome, þat recheste was evere,

Sir Cayous is bid to entertain the lords,

156 He commandes *syr* Cayous, take kepe to thoos lordez,
 To styghtylls þa steryne mens as theire statte askys,
 That they bee herberde in haste in thoos heghe chambres ;
 Sythine sittandly in sale servyde ther-aftyr ;

and their horses. 160 That they fynd na fawte of fude to thiere horsez,

Nowthire weyne ne waxe, ne welthe in þis erthe ;
 Spare for no spycerye, bot spende what þe lykys,
 That there be largeste ones lofte, and no lake foundens ;

He was not to spare, but to feast them liberally.

164 If *þou* my wyrchip wayte wy be my trouthe,
þou sallē have gersoms fullē grett, þat gayne sallē þe evere!"'

And right richly did they fare.

Now er they herberde in hey, *and* in oste holdens,
 N Hastyly wylh hende mens with-in thees heghe wallez ;

Their chambers were furnished with chimneys.

168 In chambrys with chympnes þey chaungene þeire wedez,
 And sythyne the chauncelere þems fetchede with chevalrye
 noble ;

The Senator sat at the King's table, and was served like himself,

Sone þe senatour was sett, as hym wele semyde,
 At þe kyngez ownne borde ; twa knyghtes hym servede,

for the Romans are of the most royal blood on earth.

172 Singulere sothely, as Arthure hym selvyn,

Richely on þe ryghte haunde at the rounde table ;
 Be resounë þat þe Romaynes whare so ryche holdene,
 As of þe realeste blode þat reynede in erthe.

Boar's-heads there were served upon silver by numerous gaily dressed attendants.

Venison, fatted and wild, with choice bread,

176 There come in at þe fyrste course, befor þe kynges selvene,
 Barehevedys þat ware bryghte, burnyste with sylver,
 Alle with taghte mens and towne in togers fullē ryche,
 Of saunke realle in suyte, sixty at ones ;

180 fflesch fluriste of fermysons with frumentee noble
 Ther-to wylde to wale, and wynlyche bryddes,¹

¹ *bredes* erased and *bryddes* written in margin.

- Pacockes and plovers in platers of golde,
Pygges of porke despyne, þat pasturede never;
- 184 Sythene herons in hedoyne, hyled fulls faire;
Grett swannes fulls swythe in silveryne chargeours,
Tartes of Turky, taste whane þeme lykys;
Gumbaldes graythely, fulls gracious to taste;
- 188 Seyne bowes of wylde bores with þe braune lechydye,
Bernakes and botures in baterde dysches,
þareby braunchers in brede bettyr was never,
With brestez of barowes, þat bryghte ware to schewe,
- 192 Seyne come þer sewes sere, with solace þer-after,
Ownd of azure alle over and ardant þem semyde,
Of ilke aleche þe lowe launschide fulls hye,
þat alle ledes myghte lyke þat lukyde þeme apone;
- 196 þane cranes and curlues craftyly rosted,
Connygez in cretoyne colourede fulls faire,
ffesauntez enflureschit in flammande silver,
With darielles endordide, and daynteez ynewe;
- 200 þane clarett and Creette, clergyally rennene,
With condethes fulls curious alle of clene silvyre;
Osay and algarde, and oþer ynewe,
Rynisch wyne and Rochelle, richere was never;
- 204 Vernage of Venyce vertuouse and Crete;
In fauetez of fyne golde, fonode whoso lykes;
The kyngez cope-borde was closed in silver,
In grete goblettez overgylte glorious of hewe;
- 208 There was a cheeffe buttlerie, a chevalere noble,
Sir Cayous þe curtaise, þat of þe cowpe servede;
Sexty cowpes of suyte offore the kyng selvyne,
Crafty and curious corvene fulls faire,
- 212 In ever-ilk aperty pyghte with precyous stones,
That nanen empoysons sulde goo prevely þer undyre,
Bot þe bryght golde for brethe sulde briste alto peces,
Or ells þe venyme sulde voyde thurgh the vertue of þe stones,
- 216 And the conquerour hymselfe, so clenly arayede
In colours of clene golde, cleede wyth his knyghtys,
- peacocks and plovers upon golden plates,
sucking pigs,
herons in sauce,
huge swans,
tarts and conserves,
- hams and brawn in slices,
wild geese and ducks,
young hawks,
- various stews and made dishes
ornamented brightly,
- Cranes and curlews roasted,
rabbits served in sweet sauce,
pheasants upon silver,
curries made to shine bright, and numerous other dainties.
Wine caused to run skilfully in silver conduits.
- Rare sorts served in cups of fine gold.
The King's cupboard was glorious with plate.
- The chief butler was Sir Cayous,
- who served the wine in goblets decked with precious stones,
which hinder the deadly effects of poison.
- Arthur was clad in cloth of gold

with his crown
on ; the doughti-
est knight that
dwelt on earth.

Then he spake
courteous words
to those lords.

"Sirs, be of good
cheer, we give
you the best our
barren country
affords, which in-
deed is but
poor."

"Sir," says the
Senator, "Rome
itself can show
nothing equal to
this luxurious
feast."

Then they wash-
ed and withdrew
to the chamber.

Sir Gawaine leads
Guinevere.

Spiced drinks
were served to
all.

Certain lords
were assigned to
attend upon the
Senator.

Arthur goes to
council in the
Giant's tower,
with his lords,
justices, judges,
and gentle
knights.

First speaks Sir
Cador of Corn-
wall.

The letters of Sir
Lucius, he says,
delight his heart.

Drissid with his dyademe on his deesse ryche,
ffore he was demyds þe doughtyeste þat duellyde in erthe.

- 220 Thane þe conquerour kyndly carpede to þose lordes,
Rehetede þe Romaynes with realle speche,
"Sirs, bez knyghtly of contenaunce, *and comfurthes*
yourselfynes,

We knowe noghte in þis countre of curious metez;

- 224 In thees barayne landez, bredes nons oþer,
ffore-thy wythowtynge feynyng, enforce þow þe more
To feede þow with syche feble as þe be-fore fynde."

"Sir," sais þe Senatour, "so Criste motte me helpe!

- 228 There rygnede never syche realtee with-in Rome walles !
There ne ee prelatte ne pape, ne pryncie in þis erthe,
That ne he myghte be wele payede of þees prycce metes!"

A ftyre theyre welthe þey wesche, *and went un-to*
chambyre,

- 232 þis ilke kyddé conquerour with knyghtes ynewe;
Sir Gaywayne þe worthye Dame Waynour he hledys;
Sir Owghtreth on þe toþer syde of Turry was lorde.
Thane spycses unsparly þay spendyde there-aftyre,

- 236 Malvesye *and* muskadelle, þase mervelyous drynkes,
Raykede fulls raythely in rossete cowpes,
Tille alls þe riche on rawe, Romaynes *and* oþer.

- Bot the soveraigne sothely, for solance of hym selvens,
240 Assignyde to þe senatour certaygne lordes,
To lede to his leve, whene he leve askes,
With myrthe *and* with melodye of mynstralsy noble.

- Thane þe conquerour to concells cayres there aftyre,
244 Wyth lordes of his lygeaunce þat to hymselfe langys ;
To þe geauntes toure jolily he wendes,

- Wyth justicenz *and* juggez, and gentills knyghtes.
Sir Cador of Cornewayle to þe kyng carppes,

- 248 Lughe ons hyms luffly with lykande lates ;
"I thanke Gode of þat thraa þat us þus thretys !
þow moste be traylede, I trowe, bot ȝife þe trefft bettyre :
þe lettres of *syr Lucius* lyghtrys myns herte !

- 252 We hafe as losels liffyde many longe daye,
Wyth delyttes in this land with lordchipez many,
And forelytenede the loos þat we are layttede :
I was abaischite, be oure Lorde, of oure beste bernes,
- They had too long
lived a life of
inglorious peace.
- 256 Fore gret duele of deffuse of dedez of armes !
Now wakkenyse þe were ! wyrchipide be Cryste !
And wesallewynnes it agayne be wyghtnesse and strenghe !”
“ Sir Cador,” quod þe kyng, “ thy concells es noble,
- He rejoices to
return again to
deeds of arms.
The king praises
Sir Cador for his
bold words.
- 260 Bot þou arte a mervailous mane with thi mery wordez !
ffor thow countes no caas, ne castes no forthire,
Bot hurles furthe appone hevede, as thi herte thynkes ;
I moste trette of a trew towchande þise nedes,
- spoken from his
heart without
thought or care.
- 264 Talke of thies tythdands þat tenes myne herte ;
þou sees þat þe Emperour es angerde a lyttile ;
þat semes be his sandismens þat he es sore grevede ;
His senatour has sommonde me, and said what hym lykyde,
- He himself is
grieved at these
tidings.
- 268 Hethely in my halle, wyth heynous wordes,
In speche dissypsyde me, and sparde me lyttile ;
I myght noghte speke for spytte, so my herte trymbyde !
He askyde me tyrauntly tribute of Rome,
- he has been in-
sulted in his own
hall by heinous
words,
- and insolently
summoned to
pay tribute to
the Emperor of
Rome,
- 272 That tenefully tynt was in tym of myne elders ;
There alyenes, in absence of alle men of armes,
Coverd it of commons, as cronicles telles ;
I have tide to take tribute of Rome,
- of whom he ought
rather to demand
tribute.
- 276 Myne ancestres ware emperours, and aughte it þeme selvene,
Belyne and Bremyne, and Bawdewyne the thyrde,
They occupyede þe empyre aughte score wynnityrs,
Ilkane ayere aftyre oþer, as awlde men telles ;
- His ancestors oc-
cupied the Em-
pire of Rome
eight score win-
ters.
- 280 Thei coverde þe capitoile, and keste doun þe walles ;
Hyngede of þeire heddys-mens by hundrethes at ones ;
Seyne Constantyne, our kynsmane, conquerid it aftyre,
þat ayere was of Ynglande, and Emperour of Rome,¹
- His kinsman,
Constantine,
afterwards sub-
dued it—

¹ “ For the Emperor Constantine
That was the son of Elyne
That was a Bretone of this lond,
Conquered Rome with his hond.”

—Arthur (ed. F. J. Furnivall), l. 249.

he who gained
by conquest the
true Cross.

284 He þat conquerid þe Crosse be craftez of armes,
That Criste was on crucifie, þat kyng es of hevens ;
Thus hafe we evydens to aske þe Emperour þe same,
That þus regnez at Rome, whate ryghte þat he claymes."

Then answered 288
King Aungers
and said that Ar-
thur ought to be
supreme over all
kings.

¹Than¹ answarde kyng Aungers to Arthure hym selvyns,
“Thow aughte to be overlynge over alle oþer kynges,
ffore wyseste, and worthyeste, and wyghteste of haundes,
The knyghtlyeste of counsaile þat ever corone bare ;

The Romans had
done many evil
deeds in Scot-
land,

292 I dare saye fore Scottlande, þat we them schathe lympyde,
Whene the Romaynes regnede, þay raunsounds oure eldyrs,
And rade in theire ryotte, and ravyschett oure wifes,
With-owtyns reson^s or ryghte reste us oure gudes ;

for which he
would have re-
venge.

296 And I sall^s make myn^s avowe devoutly to Criste,
And to þe haly vernacle vertuous and noble,
Of this grett velany I sall^s be vengede ones
On þone venemus mense, wyth valiant knyghtes !

He promises to
bring 50,000 men
to aid Arthur.

300 I sall^s the forthire of defence fosterde ynewe
fifty thowsande mense, wyth-in two eldes,
Of my wage for to wende, whare so the lykes,
To fyghte wyth thy ffaa mense, þat us unfaire ledes.”

The Baron of 304 little Britain
would have Ar-
thur return a
fierce answer.

¹Than¹ the burelyche beryns of Bretayne þe lyttyle
Counsayles syr Arthure, and of hym^s besekys
To ansuere þe alyenys wyth austere wordes,
To entyce the Emperour to take overe the mountees.

He fears the Ro-
mans no whit.

308 He said, “ I make myn^s avowe verreilly to Cryste,
And to þe haly vernacle, þat voide schalle I nevere,
ffor radnesse of na Romayne þat regnes in erthe ;
Bot ay be redye in araye, and at areste ffoundens,

312 No more dowte the dynte of theire derfe wapyns,
þan þe dewe þat es dannke, whens þat it doun^s ffalles ;
Ne no more schoune fore þe swape of theire scharpe
suerddes,

Then fore þe faireste flour þatt on the folde growes !

He promises to
bring 50,000

316 I sall^s to batelle the bryngye, of brenyede knyghtes
Thyrty thosaunde be tale, thryftye in armes,

¹ Yan in MS.

- Wyth-in a monethe daye in-to whatte marche,
Pat pow wylle sothelye assygne, whene thyselfe lykes."

320 "A! A!" sais þe Walsche kynge, "wirchipid be Criste! Then Arthur ex-
claims Ah! Ah!
Now schalle we wreke fulls wele þe wrethe of oure elders! Now shall we
In West Walys i-wysse syche woundrys þay wroghte,
Pat alle for wandrethe may wepe, þat one þat were thynkes.

324 I sall have the avantwardre wytterly my selvens,
Tyll þat I have venquiste þe Vicounte of Rome,
þat wroghte me at Viterbe a velanye ones,
As I paste in pylgremage by the Pounte Tremble;

328 He was in Tuskayne þat tyme and tuke of oure knyghttes,
Areste them oonrygghtwyslye, and raunsound þam-aftyre;
I sall hym surelye ensure, þat saghetyle sall we never,
Are we sadlye assemble by oure selfens ones,

332 And dele dynttys of dethe with oure derfe wapyns!
And I sall wagge to þat were of wyrchipfulls knyghtes, He would take
Of Wyghte and of Walschelande, and of þe Weste marches, two thousand
Twa thosande in tale, horsede one stedyd,

336 of þe wyghteste wyes in alle ȝone Weste landys!"

Syre Ewane fytz Urynee þane egerly frayneze,
Was cosyne to þe conquerour, courageous hym selfens,
"Sir, and we wyste ȝour wylle, we walde wirke þer-aftyre;

340 ȝif þis journee sulde halde, or be aroumede¹ forthytre,
To ryde one ȝone Romaynes and ryott theire landez,
We walde schape us there-fore to schippe whene ȝow
lykys."

"Cosyne," quod þe conquerour, "kyndly þou asches;
344 ȝife my concells accorde to conquere ȝone landez,
By the kalendez of Juny we schall encountre ones,
Wyth fulls creuelle knyghtez, so Cryste mot me helpe!
There-to make I myne avowe devoutly to Cryste,

348 And to the holy vernacle vertuous and noble,
I sall at Lammasse take leve, to lenge at my large
In Lorayne or Lumberdye, whethire me leve thynkys;

knights within a month.
He himself would fight at the head of his army till he had revenged himself on the Viscount of Rome for a villainy he once wrought him at Viterbo.

Then spoke Sir Ewayne and said that they would all follow his command gladly.

Then said Arthur, "We will be ready by the kalendas of June,

and at Lammas will enjoy ourselves in Lorraine or Lombardy.

¹ The reading of this word is somewhat doubtful. Halliwell reads *aprovede*, but there is certainly no trace of a *p* in the MS.

Merke un-to Meloyne, and myne dounes þe wallez,

352 Bath of Petyrsande, *and* of Pys, and of þe Pounte Trēble,

In þe Vale of Viterbe vetaile my knyghttes,

Suggourne there sex wokes *and* solace my-selfens;

Send prekers to þe price tounes, and plaunte there my segge,

356 Bot if þay profre me þe pece be processe of tyme."

"Certys," sais *syr* Ewayne, "and I avowe aftyre,

And I þat hathelle may see ever with myne eghnes,

That occupies thins heritage, the empyere of Rome,

360 I sall auntyre me anes hys egle to touche,

þat borne es in his banere of brighte golde ryche,

And raas it frome his riche mens, and ryste it in sondyre,

Bot he be redily reschowede *with* riotous knyghez;

364 I sall enforssse þowe in þe felde *with* fresche mens of armes,

ffyfty thosande folke apone faire stedyz,

On thi ffoo mens to foonde there the faire thynkes,

In ffraunce *or* in ffriselande, feghte whens þe lykes!"

Then Lancelet declares his satisfaction at the war. 368 "By oure Lorde," *quod* *syr* Launcelott, now lyghettys myne herte!

I love Gode of þis love þis lordes has avowede!

Nowe may lesse mens have leve to say what themys lykes,

And hase no lettyng be lawe, bot lystynnys þise wordez;

372 I sall be at journee *with* gentille knyghtes,

On a ramby stede fulle jolyly graythide,

Or any journee begane to juste *with* hym selfens,

Emange alle his geaunteez genyvers and oþer,

376 Stryke hym styfflye fro his stede, *with* strenghe of myne handys,

ffor alle þa sterynes in stour, þat in his stale hovys!

Be my retenu arayede, I rekke bot a lyttill,

To make rowtite into Rome, *with* ryitous knyghtes!

380 With-in a sevnyghte daye, *with* sex score helmes,

I sall be seenes on the see, saile when þe lykes."

Thane laughes *syr* Lotez, and alle one lowde meles,

"Me likez þat *syr* Lucius launges aftyre sorowe;

384 Now he wylnez þe were, hys wandrethe begynnys,

Sojourn six weeks in the Vale of Viterbo,

and advance skirmishers to Rome unless they offer peace in fitting time."

Then Sir Ewayne vows vengeance against the Emperor of Rome for occupying Arthur's heritage,

and promises 50,000 men on fair steeds.

He is ready to joust with the Emperor himself,

and to carry the war into Rome.

Sir Lotez laughs for joy,

It es owre weredes to wreke the wrethe of oure elders !

I make myne avowe to Gode, and to þe holy vernacle,

And I may se þe Romaynes, þat are so ryche haldens,

388 Arayede in þeire riotes on a rounde felde,

and hopes to see
the rich Romans
in their pomp,

I sall at þe reverence of þe rounde table

Ryde thrughte alle þe rowtte, rerewarde *and cþer*,

Redy wayes to make, and renkkes fulls rowme,

392 Rynnande on rede blode, as my stede ruschez !

that he may cut
his way through
them and shed
their blood.

He þat folowes my fare, and fyrste commes aftyre,

Salle fynde in my fare waye many ffay levyde !”

Thane þe conquerour kyndly comforthes þese knyghtes,

396 Alowes þame gretly theire lordly a-vowes,—

Then Arthur
praises his
knights for up-
holding his
honour.

“ Alweldande Gode, wyrchip ȝow alle !

And latte me nevere wanntie ȝow, whylls I in werlde regne ;

My menske and my manhede ȝe mayntene in erthe,

400 Myne honour alle owt utterly in oþer kyngys landes ;

My wele and my wyrchipe, of alle þis werlde ryche,

ȝe have knyghtly conquerye, þat to my corounے langes ;

Hym thare be ferde for no faees, þat swylke a folke ledes,

404 Bot ever ffresche for to fyghte, in felde whene hym lykes.

I acounte no kynge þat undyr Criste lyffes,

While they re-
main true to him
he fears no king
on earth.

Whilles I see ȝowe alle sounde, I sette be no more.”

Then the Council
broke up.

Q whene they tristily had tretyd, thay trumppede up
aftyre,

408 Descendyd doune with a daunce of dukes and erles ;

Music and
dancing suc-
ceeded,

Thane þey semblede to sale, and sowpped als swythe,

and they all were
feasted in the
hall.

Alls þis semly sorte, wyth semblante fulls noble.

Thene the roy realle rehetes thes knyghttys,

412 Wyth reverence and ryotte of alle his rounde table,

After seven days
the Senator de-
mands his answer
for the Emperor.

Tille seven dayes was gone : þe senatour askes

Answere to þe Emperour with austeryne wordez,

Aftyre þe Epiphanye, whene þe purpos was takynے

416 Of peris of þe parlement, prelates and oþer.

The kyng in his concelle, curtaise and noblee,

Utters þe alienes, and ansuers hym selfens :—

“ Gret wele Lucius, thi lorde, and layne noghte pise wordes ; Then Arthur bids
him greet Lucius

- and tell him that he shall quickly see him in his country; 420 Ife how be lygmane lele, late hym wiet sone
I sallē at Lammese take leve, and loge at my large
In delitte in his laundez, 'wyth lordes ynewe
Regne in my realtee, and ryste whens me lykes,
- that he will hold his round table by the river Rhone, 424 By þe reyvere of Reone halde my rounde table,
ffaunge the fermes in fatthe of alle þa faire rewmes,
ffor alle þe manace of hys myghte, *and mawgree his eghne!*
And merke sythens over the mounttez in-to his mayne londes,
- and mine down the walls of Milan, 428 To Meloyne the mervaylous, and mynē dounē the walles;
In Lorrayne ne in Lumberdye leſt schalle I nowthire
Nokynē lede appone liffe, þat þare his lawes ſemes;
And turne in-to Tuschayne, whene me tyme thynkys,
- ravage Tuscany with his fierce knights, 432 Ryde alle þas rowme landes wyth ryotous knyghtes;
Byde hy[m] make reschewes for menske of hymē ſelvens,
And mette me fore his manhede in þase mayne landes!
I sallē be foundyne in Fraunce, fraiste whens hym lykes,
- and before seven winters are gone besiege Rome, 436 The fyrmste daye of feverȝere, in thas faire marches!
Are I be fechyde wyth force, or forfette my landes,
þe floure of his faire folke fulle fay sallē be levyde!
I sallē hym sekyrly ensure, undyre my ſeele ryche,
- and many a senator shall rue his wrath. 440 To ſege þe cetee of Rome wyth-in ſevens wyntyre,
And that ſo ſekerly enſege apone ſere halfes,
That many a ſenatour ſallē ſygue for ſake of me one!
My ſommons er certified, and þow arte fulle ſervyde
- The messenger may depart as soon as he pleases. 444 Of cundit and credene, kayre whene the lykes:
I sallē thi journaye engyste, enjoyne themē my ſelvens,
ffro this place to þe porte, there þou ſallē pasſe over;
Sevens dayes to Sandewyche, ſette at the large,
- He must travel to Sandwich in ſeven days, 448 Sexty myle on a daye, þe ſomme es bott lyttile!
Thowe moſte ſpede at the ſpurs, and ſpare noghte thi fole,
Thowe weyndez by Watlyng-strette, and by no waye ellis:
Thare thou nyghtes one nyghte, nedez moſte þou lenge,
- going by Watling-street, 452 Be it foreſte or felde, found þou no forthire;
Bynde thy blonke by a buſke with thy brydillſ evene,
Lugge þiſelfe undyre lynde, as þe leefe thynkes,
- stopping at night wherever he may chance to be, tying his horse to a buſh by the bridle.

- There awes none alyenes to ayere appones nyghttys,
 456 With syche a rebawdous rowtte to ryot thy selvene.
 Thy lycence es lemete in presence of lordys,
 Be now lathe or lette, ryghte as þe thynkes,
 For bothe þi lyffe and thi lyme lygges þer appone,
 460 þose *syr Lucius* had laide þe lordchipe of Rome ;
 ffor be þow foundens a fute with-owte þe flode merkes,
 Aftyr þe aughtende day, whens undrounes es rungenc,
 þou sall be hevedede in hye, *and with* horsse drawenes,
 464 And seyns heyly be hangede, houndes to gnawens !
 The rente ne rede golde, þat un-to Rome langes,
 Salle y noghte redily renke, raunsone thyne one !”
 “ Sir,” sais the senatour, “ so Crist mot me helpe !
 468 Might I with wirchip wynne awaye ones,
 I sulde never fore emperour, þat on erthe lenges,
 Ofte unto Arthure ayere one syche nedys ;
 Bot I am sengilly here, *with* sex sum of knyghtes ;
 472 I be-seke þow, *syr*, that we may sounde passe :
 If any unlawefull lede lette us by þe waye,
 With-in thy lycence, lorde, thy loosse es enpeyred.”
 “ Care noghte,” *quod* the kyng, “ thy coundyte es knawene
 476 fro Carlelele to þe coste, there thy cogge lengges ;
 þoghe thy cofers ware fulle, cramede *with* sylver,
 Thow myghte be sekyre of my sele sixty myle forthire.”
 They enclined to þe kynge, and conuge þay askede,
 480 Cayers owtt of Carelele, catchez one theire horsez ;
 Sir Cadore þe curtayes kende theme the wayes,
 To Catrike þeme cunvayede, *and to* Crist þeme be-kennyde.
 So þey sped at þe spoures, þey sprangene þeire horses,
 484 Hyres þeme hakenayes hastly þere aftyre ;
 So fore reddour þey redene, and risted them never,
 Bot þif they luggedde undire lynd, whills þeme lyghte failede ;
 Bot evere þe senatour for-sothe soghte at þe gayneste,
 488 By þe sevende day was gone þe cetee þai rechide ;
 Of alle þe glee undire Gode so glade ware þey nevere,
 As of þe sounde of þe see and Sandwyche belles !

If after the evening of the eighth day he is found in the country, he shall be hanged up for dogs to eat.

Then the Senator declares that if he can only get well away once, he would never again go on such an errand.

He prays that his retinue may be protected on their way.

Then Arthur tells him that if his coffers were crammed full of silver he would be safe with his passport.

Then did the Romans depart with all speed,

and never rested till they had reached Sandwich by the time prescribed.

Never were they as glad of any thing as of the sound of the sea and Sandwich bells.

Wythowtyns more stowuntyngs they schippide þeire
horsez,

- 492 Wery to þe wane see þey went alle att ones ;
With þe mene of þe walle they weyde up þeire ankyrs,
And flede at þe fore flude, in Flaundrez þey rowede,
And thorughe Flaundres þey founde, as þeme faire thoghtes,¹

- They crossed the sea to Flanders,
and over Mount St. Gothard into Lombardy,
through Tuscany to Rome.
- 496 Tille Akyne in Almayne, in Arthur landes ;
Gosse by þe Mount Goddarde fulls grevous wayes,
And so in-to Lumberddy lykande to schewe ;
They turne thurgh Tuskeyne, with towres fulls heghe,

- 500 In pris appairells them in precious wedez ;
The sevondaye in suters þay suggourne þeire horsez,
And sekes þe Seyntez of Rome, be assente of knygghtes ;
Shythne prekes to þe pales with portes so ryche,

Then the Senator
seeks an audience
with the Emperor
Lucius.

- 504 þare *syr Lucius* lenges with lordes enowe ;
Lowttes to hym lufly, and lettres hym bedes
Of credence enclosyde, with knyghtlyche wordez.
Then the emperor was egree, and enkerly fraynes

- 508 þe awnser of Arthure ; he askes hym sone
How he arayes þe rewme, and rewlyþ þe pople ;
ȝif he be rebelle to Rome, whate ryghte þat he claymes :
“ Thow sulde his ceptre have sesede, and syttynge abouine,

Who asks eagerly
for Arthur's an-
swer, and on what
ground he resists
the power of
Rome.

His ambassador
ought to have
seized his sceptre
and sat above
him.

Arthur, he says,
ought himself to
have served the
Senator.

Then answers the
Senator, that Ar-
thur is too great
to do that for
anyone.

- 512 ffor reverence and realtee of Rome þe noble :
By serthes þow was my sandes, and senatour of Rome,
He sulde fore solempnitee hafe servede þe hym selvens.”
“ That wille he never for no waye of alle þis werlde ryche,
Bot who may wynne hym of werre, by wyghtnesse
of handes ;²

Many fey schall be fyrste appons þe felde levyde,
Are he appere in this place, profre whens þe likes :
I saye the *syr Arthure* es thyne enmye fore ever,

He claims no less than the Empire
of Rome.

520 And ettelles to bee overlynge of þe empyre of Rome,
That alle his ancestres aughte, bot Utore hym-selfe.

¹ *likyd* written first in MS. but erased and *thoghtes* written in margin by same hand.

² In the short romance of Arthur, the Senator is still more plain-spoken,

“ His worthiness, Sir Emperor,
Passes much all youre.” —l. 286.

- T**hy nedes this newe *ȝere*, I notiside my-selfene,
 Be-fore þat noble of name *and* neyvesome of kynges; He tells the Emperor how he
 had delivered his message,
 524 In the moste reale place of þe rounde table, and that he was
 I somounde hym solempnlye, one secande his knyghez; never so frightened
 Sene I was formyde in faythe so ferde was I nevere, since he was
 In alle þe placez ther I passede of pryncez in erthe! born.
- 528 I wolde fore-sake alle my suyte of segnoury of Rome,
 Or I eft to þat soveraygne whare sente one suyche nedes! Arthur is worthy
 He may be chosyne cheftayne, cheefe of alle oþer,
 Bathe be chauncez of armes and chevallrye noble,
 532 ffor whyeseste *and* worthyeste, and wyghteste of haundez: He is the most
 Of alle the wyes þate I watte in this werlde ryche,
 The knygheyste creatoure in Cristyndome haldens,
 Of kyng *or* of conquerour, crownede in erthe,
 536 Of countenaunce of corage, of crewelle lates,
 The comlyeste of knyghehode þat undyre Cryste lyffes!
 He maye be spokene in dyspens, despysere of sylvere,
 That no more of golde gyffes þane of grette stones,
 540 No more of wyne þane of watyre, that of þe welle rynnys, To him gold and
 Ne of welthe of þ[i]s werlde bot wyrrhipe allone.
 Syche contenaunce was never knowene in no kythe ryche,
 As was with þat conquerour in his courte haldene;
 544 I countede at this Crystynmesse, of kyngez enoynttede, Ten kings anointed
 Hole tene at his table, þat tyme with hym selfene;
 He wylle werraye i-wysse, be-ware þif þe lykes,
 Wage many wyghtemene, and wache thy marches,
 548 That they be redye in araye, and at areste foundyne; God need is
 ffor ȝife he reche un-to Rome, he raunsouns it for evere! there of zealous
 I rede þow dreste the þer-fore, and drawe no lytte langere,
 To sekyre of þi sowdeours, and send to þe mowntes;
 552 Be þe quartere of this ȝere, and hym quarte staunde,
 He wylle wyghtlye in a qwhyle one his wayes hye.” and that soldiers
 “Bee Estyre,” sais þe Emperour, “I ettylle my selfene, “By Easter,” says
 To hostaye in Almayne with armede knyghez; the Emperor, “I
 556 Sende freklye into Fraunce, þat flour es of rewmes,
 ffande to fette þat freke, and forfette his landez;

and will send
many giants and
mighty men to
meet him in the
mountains.

A post shall be
occupied on
Mount St. Goth-
ard, with a beacon
ready to light,

and another on
Mount St. Ber-
nard.

He shall not be
suffered to enter
Pavia."

Then Lucius
sends letters into
the East,

to demand aid of
all the kings and
lords.
Quickly they all
came, for fear of
his might.

All that failed
were to forfeit
their lands.

- ffor I sall^e sette kepers, full^e covaunde *and noble*,
Many geaunte of geene, justers full^e gude,
560 To mete hym in the mountes, *and* martyre hys knyghtes,
Stryke þeme doun^e in strates, and struye theme fore ever^e,
There sall^e appone Godarde a garette be rerede,
That schall^e be garneschte *and* keyde *with* gude mense of
armes,
- 564** And a bekyn^e abovene to brynn^e whens þeme lykys,
þat nane enmye *with* hoste sall^e entre the mountes ;
There schall^e one mounte Bernarde be beyldede *anoþere*,
Buschede with banerettes and bachelers noble :
- 568** In at the portes of Pavye schall^e no prynce passe,
Thurgh the *perelous* places, for my pris knyghtes."
Than^e *syr* Lucius lordlyche lettres he sendys
Onone in-to þe Oryente, with austeryne knyghtes,
- 572** Tille Ambyganye and Orcage, and Alysaundyre eke,
To Inde and to Ermonye, as Ewfrates rynnys,
To Asye, and to Affrike, and Ewrope þe large,
To Irritayne and Elamet, and alle þase owte ilez ;
- 576** To Arraby and Egipt, tille erles and oþer,
That any erthe occupyes in þase Este marches ;
Of Damaske and Damyat, and dukes and erles,
ffor drede of his daungere they dresside þeme sone ;
- 580** Of Crete and of Capados the honourable kyngys
Come at his commandmente, clenly at ones ;
To Tartary *and* Turky, whens tythynngez es comens,
They turne in by Thebay teraunteez full^e hugge,
- 584** The flour of þe faire folke, of Amazonnes landes ;
Alle thate ffaille^e on þe felde be forfette fore ever^e !
Of Babyloyn^e and Baldake the burlyche knyghtes,
Bayous *with* þeire baronage bydez no langere ;
- 588** Of Perce and of Pamphile, and Preter Johnne landes,
Iche prynce *with* his powere appertlyche graythede ;
The Sowdane of Surrye assemblez his knyghtes,
fra Nylus to Nazarethe, nommers full^e huge ;
- 592** To Garyere *and* to Galalé þey gedyre alle at ones ;

- The Sowdanes that ware sekyre sowdeours to Rome,
They gadyrede overe þe Grekkes see with grevous wapyns,
In theire grete galays, wyth gleterande scheldez ;
- 596** The kynge of Cyprys one þe see þe Sowdane habydes,
With alle the realles of Roodes, arayede with hymē one :
They sailede with a syde wynde ovre þe salte strandez :
Sodanly þe Sarezenes, as themē selfe lykedē,
- 600** Craftyly at Cornett the kynges are aryeseide,
ffra þe cetē of Rome sexti myle large :
Be that the Grekes ware graythede, a fullē gret nombyre,
The myghtyeste of Macedone, with mens of þa marches,
- 604** Pulles and Pruysslande presses with oþer,
The lege-mene of Lettow with legyonys ynnewe :
Thus they semble in sortes, summes fullē huge,
Sowdanes and Sarezenes owt of sere landes,
- 608** The Sowdane of Surry and sextene kynges,
At the cetes of Rome assemblede at ones.
- T**hanе yschewes þe Emperour armēde at ryghtys,
Arayede with his Romayne appone ryche stedys ;
- 612** Sixty geauntes be-fore engenderide with fendez,
With weches and warlaws to wacchen his tentys ;
Ay-ware whare he wendes, wyntrez and þeres.
Myghte no blonkes theme bere, thos bustous churilles,
- 616** Bot coverde camellez of toures, enclosyde in maylez ;
He ayerez oute with alyenez ostes fullē huge,
Ewyne in-to Almayne, þat Arthure hade wonnyne ;
Rydes in by þe ryvere, and ryottez hymē selvene,
- 620** And ayeres with a huge wylle alle þas hye landez ;
Alle Westwale of werre he wynnys as hym lykes,
Drawes in by Danuby, and dubbez hys knyghtez ;
In the contré of Colome castelles enseggez,
- 624** And suggeournez þat sesone wyth Sarazenes ynnewe.
- A**t the utas of Hillary, Syr Arthure hym-selvene
In his kyddē councelle commande þe lordes,—
“ Kayere to þour cuntrez, and semble þour knyghtes,
- 628** And kepys me at Constantyne clenlyche arayede ;
- From all the East
they came sailing
across the Greek
Sea in their
mighty ships
armed for war.
- and assembled at
Civita, sixty miles
from Rome.
- There were of
Greeks a vast
number, and men
of Italy, with
Saracens from
many lands.
- Then goes forth
the Emperor with
his knights.
- Sixty giants born
of fiends, and
witches and war-
locks precede
him.
- Riding upon
camels bearing
towers,
- he marches into
Germany, and
lays it waste.
- Meanwhile Ar-
thur commands
his knights to
gather their
forces, and to be
ready to meet
him.

Byddez me at Gareflete apone þa blythe stremes,
 Baldly *with*-in borde *with* þowre beste beryns;
 I schalle menskfullly þowe mete in thos faire marches."

- 632 He sendez furthe sodaynly *sergeantes* of armes,
 The fleet assem-
 bles at Sandwich.
 To alle hys mariners on rawe, to areste hym schippys;
 Wyth-in sextene dayes hys fleet whas assemblede,
 At Sandewyche on þe see, saile whene hym lykes.

- He holds a Par-
 liament at Yorke, 636 In the palez of þorke a perlement he haldez,
 With alle þe perez of þe rewme, prelates and oþer;
 And aftyre þe prechynge in presence of lordes,
 The kyng in his concelle carpys þes wordes,—

- 640 "I am in purpos to passe *perilous* wayes,
 To kaire *with* my kene mene, to conquere þone landes,
 To owttraye myne enmy, þif aventure it schewe,
 That occupyes myne heritage, þe empyre of Rome.

- and appoints as 644 I sett þow here a soverayne, ascente þif þowe lykys,
 Viceroy Sir Mor-
 dred, his nephew. That cs me sybb, my syster sone, Sir Mordredre hym selvene,
 Salle be my levetenante, *with* lordchipez ynewe,
 Of alle my lele lege-mene, þat my landez þemes."

- 648 He carpes till his cosyne þane, in counsaile hym selvene,—
 "I make the kepare, *syr knyghte*, of kyngrykes manye,
 Wardayne wyrchipfulls, to weilde al my landes,
 That I have wonnene of werre, in alle þis werlde ryche;

- He bids him take 652 I wyll þat Waynour, my weife, in wyrchipe be holdene,
 care of Queen
 Guinever. That hire waunte noo wele, ne welthe þat hire lykes;
 Luke my kydde castells be clenlyche arrayede,
 and of his castles
 and forests. There cho maye suggourne hire-selfe, wyth semlyche
 berynes.

- The Queen alone
 is allowed to hunt
 in his absence. 656 ffaunde my fforestez be ffrythede, o frenchepe for evere,
 That nane werreye my wylde, botte Waynour his selvene,
 And þat in þe sesone whens grees es assignyde,
 That cho take his solause in certayne tyms
- All officers are
 to be completely
 under his com-
 mand. 660 Chauncelere and chambyrleyne chaunge as þe lykes,
 Audytours and offycers ordayne thy selvene,—
 Bathe jureez, and juggez, and justicez of landes,
 Luke thow justyfyte them wele that injurye wyrkes:

664 If me be destaynede to dye at Dryghtyns wylle,

I charge the my sektour, cheffe of alle oþer,

To mynstre my mobles, fore mede of my saule,

To mendynnantez and mysese in myschefe fallens :

If Arthur dies
Mordred is to
succeed him.

668 Take here my testament of tresoure fullē huge,

As I trayste appones the, be traye thowe me never !

As þow willē answere be-fore the austeryne jugge,

That alle þis werlde wynly wysse as hym lykes,

He bids him be
faithful to his
trust,

672 Luke þat my laste wylle be lelely perfourmede !

Thow has clenly þe cure that to my coroune langez,

Of alle my werdez wele, and my weyffe eke ;

Luke þowe kepe the so clere, there be no cause fondene,

676 Whene I to contré come, if Cryste wille it thole,

And thow have grace gudly to governe thy selvene,

I sall coroune þe knyghte kyng with my handez."

and promises to
crown him king
if he remain so.

Than¹ syr Modrede fullē myldly meles hym selvene,

680 Knelyd to þe conquerour, and carpes þise wordez,—

"I be-seke ȝow, syr, as my sybbe lorde,

þat þe wille for charyté cheese ȝow anoþer ;

ffor if þe putte me in þis plytte, ȝowre pople es dyssavyde ;

[¹ Yan in MS.]

But Mordred de-
sires to be ex-
cused,

684 To presente a prynce astate my powere es symple :

Whene oþer of werre wysse are wyrchipide here-aftyre,

Thane may I forsothe be sette bott at lyttile.

To passe in ȝour presance my purpos es takyne,

and would rather
go to the war.

688 And alle my purveaunce apperte fore my pris knyghez."

"Thowe arte my nevewe fullē nere, my nurree of olde,

But Arthur bade
him, as his near-
est of kin, to
undertake the
office.

That I have chastyede and chosene, a childe of my chambyre;

ffor the sybredyne of me, fore-sake noghte þis offyce

692 That thow ne wyrk my wille, thow whatte watte it menes."

Nowe he takez hys leve, and lengez no langere,
At lordez, at lege-mene, þat leves hym byhyndene.

And seyne þat worthilyche wy went un-to chambyre,

Then Arthur
takes leave of
his Queen.

696 ffor to comfurthe þe qwene, þat in care lenges ;

Waynour waykly wepande hym kyssiz,

Talkez to hym tenderly with teres ynnewe,—

"I may wery the wye, that this werre movede,

Guineverlaments
his departure,

- 700 That warnes me wyrchippe of my wedde lorde ;
Alls my lykyngs of lyfe owte of lande wendez,
 And I in langour am lefte, leve *þe* for evere !
 Schyne myghte I, dere lufe, dye in *your* armes,
- 704 Are I *þis* destanye of dule sulde drye by myne one ! ”
 “ Grefe *þe* noghte, Gaynour, fore Goddes lufe of hewens,
 Ne gruche noghte my ganggyng, it sall to gude turne !
 Thy wonrydez and thy wepyngs woundez myne herte,
- 708 I may noghte wit of *þis* woo, for alls *þis* werlde ryche ;
 I have made a kepare, a knyghte of thyne awene,
 Overlyngs of Ynglande undyre thy selvene,
 And that es *syr* Mordred, þat þow has mekylls prayseido,
- 712 Salle be thy dictour, my dere, to doo whatte the lykes.”
 Thane he takes hys leve at ladys in chambyre,
 Kysside them kyndlyche, and to Criste be-teches ;
 And then cho swounes fulls swythe, whe[n] he hys
 swerde aschede,
- 716 Twys in a swounyng, swette as cho walde !
 He pressed to his palfray, in presance of lordes,
 Prekys of the palez with his prys knyghtes,
 Wyth a realls rowte of *þe* rounde table ;
- 720 Soughe to-warde Sandewyche, cho sees hyms no more !
 Thare the grete ware gederyde, wyth galyarde knyghtes,
 Garneschit over *þe* grene felde and graythelyche arayedede ;
 Dukkes and duzseperes dayntehely rydes,
- 724 Erlez of Ynglande wiȝ archers ynewe :
 Schirreves scharply schiftys the comouns,
 Rewlys be-fore *þe* ryche of the rounde table,
 Assignez ilke a contree to certayne lordes,
- 728 In the southe on *þe* see banke saile whens þems lykes
 Thane bargez theme buskez, and to *þe* baunke rowes,
 Bryngez blonkez on Bourde, and burlyche helmes ;
 Trussez in tristly trappyde stedes,
- 732 Tentez and othire toylez, and targez fulls ryche,
 Cabanes and clathe sokkes, and coferez fulls noble,
 Hukes and haknays, and horsez of armes ;

and would rather die in his arms.

But Arthur bids her not to grieve,

and tells her that he has made Mordred, a knight of her own, his deputy.

Then he kisses the ladies, and takes leave of them.

But Guinever swooned when he asked for his sword.

The king then departs hastily with his knights.

At Sandwich all the lords and their followers assemble.

Horses, arms, tents, clothing, and provisions are shipped.

Thus they stowe ins the stiffe of fulls steryns knyghtez.

736 Q wenſ alle was schyppede that scholde, they schounte
Q no lengere,

Bot ventelde themſ tyte, as þe tyde rynnez;

Coggez and crayers, þan erossez þaire mastez,

At the commandment of þe kynge, uncoverde at ones.

740 Wyghtly onſ þe wale thay wye up þaire ankers,

By wytt of þe watyre mene of þe wale ythez,

ffrekis onſ þe forestayne, fakene þeire coblez,

In floynes and fercestez, and Flemesche schyppeſ,

744 Tytt saillez to þe toppe, and turnez the lufe,

Standez appone stere-bourde, sterynly þay songeneſ,

The prycē schippeſ of the porte provens theire depnesse,

And fondez wyth full ſaile ower the fawe ythez;

748 Holly with-owtyns harme þay hale in bottes,

Schipe-mene ſcharply ſchoteneſ þaire portez,

Launchez lede apone lufe, laccheneſ þer depez,

Lukkes to þe lade-ſterne whene þe lyghte faillez;

752 Castez courſeſ be crafte, whene þe clowde ryzeſ,

With þe nedylls and þe ſtone one þe nyghte tydeſ;

For drede of þe derke nyghte þay drecchede a lyttille,

And alle þe ſteryneſ of þe ſtreme ſtrekyneſ at onez:

756 The kynge was in a gret cogge, with knyghteſ full ſaile many,

In a cabane encloſede, clenlyche arayedeſ;

With-in on a ryche bedde rystys a lyttille,

And with þe ſwoghe of þe ſee in ſwefnyngs he fellſ.

760 Hym dremyd of a dragons, dredfull ſto beholde,

Come dryfande onſ þe depe to drenſchene hys pople,

Eweneſ walkande owte of the Weste landez,

Wanderande unworthyly overe the wale ythez;

764 Bothe his hede and hys hals ware halely alle over

Cundyde of azure, enamelde full ſaire:

His ſoulders ware ſchalyde alle in clene ſylvere,

Schreede over alle þe ſchrympe with ſchrinkande poynetz;

768 Hys wombe and hys wenges of wondyrfull ſawes,

In mervaylouſ maylys he mountede full ſaye;

Then the ſhips
at the word of
command croſſe
their yards,

weigh their an-
chorſ;
the well-skilled
ſailors hoſt the
ſails and ſteer
the veſſels.

Holly with-owtyns harme þay hale in bottes,

After a little de-
lay on account of
darkneſs, they all
ſail at once.

The king is in a
large veſſel with
many knighteſ,

Repoſing himſelf
in his cabin, he
falls asleep,

and dreams of a
dreadful dragon.

His head and
neck were blue;
his ſoulders cov-
ered with silver
ſcales;

his belly and
wings of various
hues;

his feet were
black, and out of
his mouth there
came flame.

Then there came
against the dra-
gon a fierce black
bear,

with huge paws
and crooked
tusks,

mis-shapen legs,
and foaming lips,

He came capering
and mocking,

roaring and
raging for the
strife.

Then the dragon
assailed him,
fighting like a
falcon with beak
and claws.

The bear butts
him with his
tusks and causes
the blood to flow.

He had killed the
dragon but for
the fire which he
breathes.

Then the dragon
flies aloft, and
comes swooping
down,
tearing a vast
rent in the back
of the bear,

and carrying him
off in his claws,
lets him drop
into the water.

Whayme þat he towchede he was tynt for ever!

Hys feete ware floreschede alle in fyne sabylle,

772 And syche a vennymous flayre flowe fro his lyppez,

That the flode of þe flawez alle one fyre semyde!

Thane come of þe oryente, ewyne hym agayneze,

A blake bustous bere abwens in the clowdes,

776 With yche a pawe as a poste, and paumes fulls huge,

With pykes fulls perilous, alle plyande þame semyde,

Lothrens and lothely, lokkes and ober,

Alle with litterde legges, lokerde unfaire;

780 Filtyrde unfrely wyth fomaunde lyppez,

The foullest of fegure that fourmede was ever!

He balyrde, he bleryde, he braundyschte þer-after;

To bataile he bounez hym with bustous clovez:

784 He romede, he rarede, that roggede alle þe erthe!

So ruydly he rappyd at to ryot hym selvene!

Thane the dragone on dreghe dressede hym aȝayneze,

And with hys duttez hym drafte one dreghe by þe walkyne:

788 He fares as a fawcone, frekly he strykez;

Bothe with feete and with fyre he feghettys at ones!

The bere in the bataile þe bygger hym semyde,

And byttes hym boldlye wyth balefulls tuskez;

792 Syche buffetez he hym rechez with hys brode klokess,

Hys brest and hys brathells was blodye alle over!

He rawmpye so ruydly that alle þe crthe ryfez,

Rynnande one reede blode as rayne of the hevene!

796 He hade wereyde the worme by wyghtnesse of strenghte,

Ne ware it fore þe wylde fyre þat he hym wyt defendez:

Thane wandrys þe worme awaye to hys heghttez,

Comes glydande fro þe clowddez, and cowpez fulls evene;

800 Towchez hym wyth his talonnez, and terez hys rigge,

Be-twix þe taile and the toppe tenes fote large!

Thus he brittenyd the bere, and broghte hym olyfe,

Lette hym fall in the flode, fleete whare hym lykes:

804 So they bryng þe bolde kyng bynne þe schippe burde,

þat nere he bristez for bale, one bede whare he lyggez.

- Thanē waknez the wyese kynge, wery fore-travaillede,
Takes hymē two phyllozophirs, that folowede hymē ever,
Then Arthur awaking was troubled at the dream, and sends for his two philosophers, men very learned in the seven sciences.
- 808 In the sevynē scyence the sutelestē fondene,
The cony[n]geste of clergye undyre Criste knowene;
He tolde þēms of hys tourmente, þat tyme þat he slepede,
“Drechede with a dragone, and syche a derfe beste,
- 812 Has mad me fulle wery; þe tellē me my swefene,
Ore I mone swelte as swythe, as wysse me oure Lorde!”
“Sir,” saide þey sonē thanē, thies sagge philosopherse,
“The dragone þat þow dremyde of, so dredfullē to schewe,
- 816 That come dryfande over þe deepe, to drynchene thy pople,
Sothely and certayne thy selvenē it es,
That thus saillez over þe see with thy sekyre knygheþez:
The colurez þat ware castyne appone his clere wengez,
- 820 May be thy kyngrykez alle, that thow has ryghte wonnyne;
And the tachesesede taile, with tonges so huge,
Be-takyns þis faire folke, that in thy fleet wendez.
The bere that bryttenede was abowenē in þe clowdez,
- 824 Betakyns the tyrauntez þat tourmentez thy pople;
Or elles with some gyaunt some journee sallē happyne,
In syngulere batelle by þoure selfe one;
And þow sallē hafe þe victorye thurghelpe of oure Lorde,
- 828 As þow in thy visione was opynly schewede!
Of this dredfullē dreme ne drede the no more,
Ne kare noghte, *syr* conquerour, bot comforþ thy selvenē; Arthur is exhorted to be of good courage.
And thishe þat saillez over þe see, with thy sekyre knygheþez.”
- 832 With trumpppez thenē trystly, they trisenē upē þaire saillez,
And rowes over the ryche see, this rowtte alle at onez;
The comely coste of Normandye they cachens fullē evene,
And blythely at Barflete theis bolde are arryfede,
- 836 And fyndys a flete there of frendez ynewe,
The floure and þe faire folke of fyftene rewmez;
ffore kyngez and capytaynezy kepyde hymē fayre,
As he at Carelele commaundede at Cristymesseye hym selvenē.
- 840 Be they had takenē the lande, and tentez upē rerede,
Comez a templere tyte, and towchide to þe kyng—
- These wise men tell him that by the dragon is meant himself and his knights.
- The bear signifies the tyrants who torment his people, or else some giant whom Arthur is destined to overthrow in battle.
- They speed on their way, and arrive on the coast of Normandy.
- At Barflete they find a fleet of friends, the flower of fifteen realms.
- When they had disembarked and pitched their tents, a Templar

comes to the
king,
and tells him of
a ferocious giant
who feeds upon
men and chil-
dren,

"Here es a teraunt be-syde that tormentez thi pople,
A grett geaunte of geene, engenderde of fendez ;
He has fretnys of folke mo thane fyfe hondrethe,
And als fele fawntekyns of freeborne childyre !
This has bene his sustynaunce alle this sevene wynttere,
And þut es that sotte noghte sade, so wele hym it lykez !

844 In þe contree of Constantyne no kynde has he levede,
With-owttyns kydd castelles enclosid wyth walles,
That he ne has clenly distroyede alle the knave childyre,
And them caryede to þe cragge, and clenly deworyds !

who had that
day captured the
Duchess of Brit-
tany, and carried
her to his den.

852 The duchez of Bretayne to daye has he takyne,¹
Beside Reynes as scho rade with hire ryche knyghttes ;
Ledd hyre to the mountayne, thare þat lede lengez,
To lye by that lady, aye whyls his lyfe lastez.

856 We folowede o ferrome moo thene fyfe hundrethe,
Of beryns, and of burgeys, and bachelers noble,
Bot he coverde the cragge ; cho cryede sa lowde,
The care of þat creatoure cover salle I never !

She was the
flower of all
France,
and the fairest
lady on earth,

860 Scho was flour of alle Fraunce, or of fyfe rewmes,
And one of the fayreste that fourmede was evere,
The gentileste jowell a-juggedde with lordes,
fro Geene unto Gerone, by Jhesu of hevens !

cousin of Ar-
thur's Queen.

864 Scho was thy wyfes eosyne, knowe it if þe lykez,
Commens of þe rycheсте, that regnez in erthe :
As thou arte ryghtwise kyngs rewe en thy pople,
And fande for to venge theme, that thus are rebuykyde !"

Then Sir Arthur
bitterly laments
her fate,

868 "Allas !" said syr Arthure, "so lange have I lyffede,
Hade I wytene of this, wele had me chefede ;
Me es noghte fallene faire, bot me es foule happynede,
That thus this faire ladye this fende has dystroyede !

and wishes he
had been there
to aid her.

872 I had levere thane alle Fraunce, this fyftene wynter
I hade bene be-fore thate freke, a furlange of waye,
Whene he that ladye had laghte and ledde to þe montez :
I hadde lefte my lyfe are cho hade harme lympyde !

¹ In the short romance of Arthur this unfortunate lady is described as fair Elaine, cousin to King Hoel.

- 876 Bot walde þow kene me to þe crage, thare þat kene lengez. He desires to know where the I walde cayre to þat eoste, and carpe wythe hym-selvens, giant lives,
To trete with that tyraunt fore tresons of londes,
And take trewe for a tym, tills it may tyde bettyre."
- 880 "Sire, see þe þone farlande, with þone two fyrez,
þar filsuez þat fonde, fraist whens the lykes? and is directed by the Templar how to find his abode,
Appons the creste of the cragge, by a colde welle,
That enclosez þe clyfe with þe clere strandez,
- 884 Ther may thow fynde folke fay wyth-owtyns nowmer, where there are many captives,
Mo florenez in faythe thanes Fraunce es in aftyre;
And more tresour untrewely that traytour has getyne,
Thane in Troye was as I trowe, þat tym þat it was wonne."
- 888 Thane romyez the ryche kynge for rewthe of þe pople, Then Arthur is greatly excited,
Raykez ryghte to a tente, and restez no lengere!
He welterys, he wristeles, he wrynges hys handez!
Thare was no wy of þis werlde, þat wyste whatt he menede!
- 892 He calles *syr* Cayous þat of þe cowpe serfede, and bids Sir Cayous and Sir Bedevere attend him at evening,
And *syr* Bedvere þe bolde, þat bare hys brande ryche,—
"Luke þe aftyre evensang be armyde at-ryghtez,
On blonkez by þone buscayle, by þone blythe stremez,
- 896 ffor I will passe in pilgremage prevely here aftyre, In the tyme of suppere, whene lordez are servede,
ffor to sekene a saynte be þone salte stremes, pretending that he is going on a
In Seynt Mighells mount, there myraclez are schewede."
- 900 Aftyre evesange, Sir Arthure hym-selfe[1]fens Then Arthur proceeds to dress and arm himself,
Wente to hys wardrope, and warpis of hys wedez;
Armede hym in a actone with orfraeze fulls ryche,
Aboven one þat a jeryne of Acres owte over,
- 904 Aboven þat a jesseraunt of jentylle maylez, A jupone of Jerodyne jaggede in schredeze;
He brayedez one a bacennett burneschte of sylver,
The beste þat was in Basille, wyth bordurs ryche;
- 908 The creste and þe coronalle, enclosed so faire Wyth clasppis of clere golde, couched wthy stones;
The vesare, þe aventail, enarmede so faire,
Voyde wthy-owtyns vice, wthy wyndowes of sylver;

- 912 His gloves gaylyche gilte, and gravens at þe hemmez,
 With grayvez and gobelots, glorious of hewe;
 He bracez a brade schelde, and his brande aschez,
 Bounede hym a broune stede, and one þe bente hovys;
- and mounting a brownsteed, rides to the spot where his knights await him.*
- 916 He sterte tillis his stereps and stridez onis lofte,
 Streynez hym a stowtly, and sterys hym faire,
 Brochez þe baye stede, and to þe buske rydez,
 And there hys knyghtes hym kepede fulls clenlyche
 arayede:
- 920 Thane they roode by þat ryver, þat rynnyd so swythe,
 þare þe ryndez overrechez with realle bowghez;
 The roo and þe rayne-dere reklesse thare rounens,
 In ranez and in rosers to ryotte þams selvens;
- There was a grove by the side of the river full of game and decked with flowers.*
- 924 The frithez ware floreschte with flourez fulls many,
 Wyth fawcouns and fessantez of ferlyche hewez;
 All þe feulez thare fleschez, that flycz with wengez,
 ffore thare galede þe gowke one grevez fulls lowde,
- Here all birds abounded,*
- 928 Wyth alkyns gladchipe þay gladdens þeme selvens:
 Of þe nyghtgale notez þe noisez was swette,
 They threpide wyth the throstills thre-hundreth at ones!
 þat whate swowyngs of watyr, and syngyngs of byrdez,
- and nightingales in vast numbers made sweet music.*
- 932 It myghte salve hyms of sore, that sounde was neverore!
 Thane ferkez this folke, and one fotte lyghttez,
 ffestenez theire faire stede o ferrome by-twene;
 And thene the kyngs kenely comandyde hys knygitez
- Here they leave their horses, and the king bids his knights to await his return.*
- 936 ffor to byde with theire blonkez, and bowne no forthyre,—
 “ffore I wille seke this seynte by my-selfe one,
 And melle with this mayster mane, þat this monte þemez;
 And seyne sall þe offyre, aythyre aftyre oþer,
- The king alone ascends the mountain,*
- 940 Menskfully at Saynt Mighells fulls myghty with Criste!”
 The kyng coveris þe cragge wyth cloughes fulls hye,
 To the creste of the clyffe he clymbez onis lofte;
 Keste upe hys umbrere, and kenly he lukes,
- 944 Caughte of þe colde wynde to comforthe hym selvens;
 Two fyrez he fyndez flawmande fulls hye,
 The fourtedele a furlang be-twene þis he walkes;

- þe waye by þe welle strandez he wandyrd hym one,
 948 To wette of þe warlawe, whare þat he lengez ;
 He ferkez to þe fyrste fyre, and evene there he fyndez
 A wavyfule wedowe, wryngande hire handez,
 And gretande on a grave grysely teres,
- 952 Now merkyde ons molde, sens myddaye it semede :
 He saluȝede þat sorowfullē with sittande wordez,
 And fraynez aftyre the fende fairely there aftyre :
 Thane this wafullē wyfe un-wynly hym gretez,
- 956 Coverdē up on hire kneess, and clappyde hir handez ;
 Said, " carefullē caremane, thow carpez to lowde !
 May ȝone warlawe wyt, he worows us alle !
 Weryd worthe þe wyghte ay, that þe thy wytt refede,
- 960 That mase the to wayfe here in þise wylde lakes !
 I warne þe fore wyrchipe, þou wylnez aftyr sorowe !
 Whedire buskes þou berne ? unblysside þow semes !
 Wenez thow to brittene hymē with thy brande ryche ?
- 964 Ware thow wyghttere thane Wade or Wawayne owthire,
 Thow wynnys no wyrchipe, I warne the be-fore !
 Thow saynned the unsekyrly to seke to þese mountez,
 Siche sex ware to symple to semble with hymē one ;
- 968 ffor and thow see hymē with syghte, the servez no herte,
 To sayne the sekerly, so semez hym huge !
 Thow arte frely and faire, and in thy fyrste flourez,
 Bot thow arte fay be my faythe, and þat me for-thynkkys !
- 972 Ware syche fyfty one a felde, or one a faire erthe,
 The freke walde with hys fyste felle ȝow at ones !
 Loo ! here, the duchez dere, to daye was cho takyne,
 Depe dolvene and dede dyked in moldez ;
- 976 He hadde morthired this mylde be myddaye war rongene,
 With-owtynne mercy one molde, not watte it ment :
 He has forscede hir and fylede, and cho es fay levede ;
 He slewen hir un-slely, and slitt hir to þe navyll !
- 980 And here have I bawmede hir, and beryede þer aftyr,
 ffor bale of þe botelesse, blythe be I never !
 Of alle þe frendrez cho hade, þere folowede none aftyre,

and going to a fire which he sees
he finds a woeful widow wringing
her hands.

He asks her con-
cerning the giant.

She answers with
terror, and warns
him that he can-
not hope to con-
tend with so ter-
rible a monster.

Fifty such as Ar-
thur he could fell
with his fist.

The poor Duchess
had been ravish-
ed and murdered
by him, and the
doleful widow,
her foster-mo-
ther, had buried
her.

and would remain
there till death to
bewail her.

Then Arthur says
that he comes
from the great
King Arthur on
a mission to
treat with the
giant.

The old wife tells
him that he cares
nothing for laws
or treaties; that
he regards not
gold or treasure;

only he has a
famous kyrtle cov-
ered with hair,

which is bordered
with the beards
of mighty kings,

which are sent
to him on each
Easter-eve.

He has long
wished for the
beard of Arthur,
and tried to force
the Breton kings
to get it for him.

If he has brought
the beard, he may

Bot I hir foster modyr of fyftene wynter!

984 To ferke of this farlande, fande sallē I never,
Bot here be foundene on felde, tille I be fay levede!"

Thane answers *syr* Arthure to *þat* alde wyp;

"I am comyne fra the conquerour, curtaise and gentille,

988 As one of *þe* hathelest of Arthur knyghtez,
Messenger to *þis* myx, for mendemente of *þe* pople,
To mele with this maister mane, that here this mounte
ȝemez;

To trete with this tyraunt for tresour of landez,

992 And take trew for a tyme, to bettyr may worthe."

"*þa*, thire wordis are bot waste," quod this wif thane,
"ffor bothe landez and lythes ffulls lyttile by he settes;
Of rentez ne of rede golde rekkez he never,

996 ffor he wills lenge owt of lawe, as hym-selfe thynkes,
With-owtens licence of lede, as lorde in his awene;

Bot he has a kyrtillē one, kepide for hymself selvene,
That was sponene in Spayne with specyalls byrdez,

1000 And sythyne garnesch in Grece fullē graythly to-gedirs,
That es hydede alle with hare hally al overe,

And bordyrde with the berdez of burlyche kyngez,
Crispid and kombide, that kempis may knawe

1004 I the kyng by his colour, in kythe there he lengez;
Here the fermez he fangez of fyftene rewmez,

ffor ilke Esterne ewyne, how-ever that it fallē;
They send it hymself sothely for saughte of *þe* pople,

1008 Sekerly at *þat* sesone with certayne knyghtez,
And he has aschede Arthure alle *þis* sevēn wynter.
fforthi hurdez he here, to owttraye hys pople,
Tills *þe* Bretones kynges have burneschte his lyppys,

1012 And sent his berde to that bolde wytih his beste berynes;
Bot thowe hafe broghte *þat* berde, bowne the no forthire,
ffor it es buteless bale, thowe biddez oghte elles;
ffor he has more tresour to take whene hymself lykes,

1016 Than evere aughte Arthure, or any of hys elders;
If thowe hase broghte *þe* berde, he base more blythe

- Thane þowe gafe hym Burgoyne, or Bretayne þe more; be sure of a hearty welcome.
 Bot luke nowe for charitee, þow chasty thy lyppes,
- 1020 That the no wordez eschape, whate so be-tydez; But he must approach him with due caution,
 Luke þat presante be priste, and presse hym bott lytills,
 ffor he es at his sowper, he wille be sone grevyde;
 And þow my concelle doo, þow doffe of thy clothes,
- 1024 And knele in thy kyrtyle, and calle hym thy lorde; and had better doff his clothe and kneel to him.
 He sowppes alle his sesons with sevene knave childre,
 Choppid in a chargour of chalke whytt sylver,
 With pekilles and powdyre of precious spycez,
- 1028 And payment fulls plentevous of Portyngale wynes; His supper at this season is composed of seven male children chopped up with pickles and condiments.
 Thre balefulls birdez his brochez þey turne,
 That byddez his bedgatt, his byddynges to wyrche;
 Siche foure scholde be fay with-in foure hourez,
- 1032 Are his fylth ware filled, that his flesch þernes.” Three savage birds act as turn-spits for him.
- “þa, I have broghte þe berd,” quod he, “the bettyre me “Yes,” says Arthur, “I have indeed brought this beard; but show me where I shall find him.”
 lykez;
 ffor thi wills I bounes me, and bere it my selvens;
 Bot lefe walde þow lere me whare þat lede lengez,
- 1036 I salls alowe þe and I liffe, oure Lorde so me helpe!” Then she directs him to approach the great fire.
 “ferke fast to þe fyre,” quod cho, “that flawmez so hye; Thare fillis þat fende hym, fraist whens the lykez;
 Bot thou moste seke more southe, syddynges a lyttile,
- 1040 ffor he wille hafe sent hym-selfe sex myle large.” Arthur goes to the fire, and finds the giant lying extended with his back to the fire, picking the thigh of a man.
 To þe sowre of þe reke he soghte at þe gayneste,
 Sayned hym selferly with certayne wordez,
 And sydlynges of þe segge the syghte had he rechide,
- 1044 How un-semly þat sott satt sowpande hym one; Roasts of the flesh of children and cattle were spitted together, being prepared for him in various ways.
 He lay levand one lange, bugands un-faire,
 þe thee of a mans lymme lyfte up by þe haunche;
 His bakke and his bewschers, and his brode lendez,
- 1048 He bekez by þe bale fyre, and breklesse hym semede;
 þare ware rostez fulls ruyde, and rewfulle bredez,
 Beerynes and bestaile brochede to-geders;
 Cowle-fulls crameude of crysinede childeyre,
- 1052 Sum as brede brochede, and bierdez þame tournde.

Then Arthur's
heart bleeds for
the woes inflicted
by this wretch.

He fastens on
his shield and
brandishes his
bright sword,

and right boldly
addresses the
giant.

He upbraids
him with his vile
crimes and his
unclean meat.

For his horrible
murders of chris-
tian children,

he would now
take vengeance
on him, by the
aid of St. Michael,
and give his soul
to the devil.

Then the giant
stared with
amazement, and
gnashed his teeth
with fury.

Out of his mouth
there came
smoke, which
covered all his
face.

He was hook-
nosed like a
hawk, with hair
up to his eyes, and
beetle brows.

His skin was hard
as that of a dog-
fish; his ears
huge and ugly;
his eyes horrible
and burning.

- And Jane this comlych kynge, by-cause of his pople,
His herte bledez for bale, one bent ware he standez !
Thane he dressede one his schelde, schuntes no lengere,
1056 Braundesche his brighte swerde by þe bryghte hiltez,
Raykez to-warde þe renke reghte with a ruyde wille,
And hyely hailsez þat hulke with hawtayne wordez,—
“ Now, alle-weldand Gode, þat wyrscsheppuz us alle,
1060 Giff the sorowe and syte, sotte there thow lygges,
ffor the fulsomeste freke that fourmede was evere !
ffouly thow fedys the, þe fende have thi sanle !
Here es cury un-clene, carle, be my trowthe,
1064 Caffe of creatours alle, thow cursesse wriche !
Be-cause that þow killide has þise cresmede chyldrye,
Thow has marters made, and broghte oute of lyfe,
þat here are brochede one bente, and brittenede with
thi handez,
1068 I sall merke þe thy mede, as þou has myche serfed,
Thurgh myghte of Seynt Mighelle, þat þis monte þemes !
And for this faire ladye, þat þow has fey levyde,
And þus forced one foulde, for fylth of þi-selfens !
1072 Dresse the now, dogge, sone, the devells have þi saule !
ffor þow sall dye this day, thurgh dynt of my handez !”
Than glopnede þe gloton and glored un-faire ;
He grevede as a grewhounde, with grysly tuskes ;
1076 He gapede, he groned faste, with grucchands latez,
ffor grefe of þe gude kyng, þat hym with grame gretez !
His fax and his foretoppe was filterede to-geders,
And owte of his face fome ane halfe fote large ;
1080 His frount and his forhevdes alle was it over,
As þe felle of a froske, and fraknede it semede,
Huke-nebbyde as a hawke, and a hore berde,
And herede to þe hole eyghns with hyngande browes ;
1084 Harske as a hunde-fisch, hardly who so lukez,
So was þe hyde of þat hulke hally al over !
Erne had he fulle huge, and ugly to schewe,
With eghns fulle horreble, and ardant for sothe ;

- 1088 flatt mowthede as a fluke, *with* fieryande lyppys,
And *þe* flesche in his fortethe fowly as a bere :
His berde was brothy and blake, *þat* tille his brest rechede,
Grassedede as a mereswyne with corkes fulle huge,
- 1092 And alle falterde *þe* flesche in his foule lyppys,
Ilke wrethe as a wolfe-hevede, it wraythe owtt at ones !
Bullenekkyde was *þat* bierne, and brade in the scholders,
Brok-brestede as a brawne, *with* brustils fulle large,
- 1096 Ruyd armes as an ake *with* rusclede sydes,
Lyme and leakes fulle lothyne, leve *þe* for-sothe :
Schovells-fotede was *þat* schalke, and schaylande hym
semyde,
- With schankez unschaply, schowande to-gedyrz ;
- 1100 Thykke theefe as a thursee, and thikkere in the hanche,
Greesse growene as a galte, fulle grylych he lukez !
Who *þe* lenghe of *þe* lede lelly accountes,
ffro *þe* face to *þe* fote, was fyfe fadome lange !
- 1104 Thane stertez he up sturdely one two styffe schankez,
And sone he caughte hym a clubb alle of clene yryne !
He walde hafe kyllede *þe* kyng with his kene wapene,
Bot thurgh *þe* craftes of Cryste *git* *þe* carle failede ;
- 1108 The creest and *þe* coronalle, *þe* claspes of sylver,
Clenly with his clubb he crasschede dounre at onez !
The kyng castes up his schelde, and covers hym faire,
And *with* his burlyche brande a box he hym reches ;
- 1112 ffulle butt in *þe* frunt the fromonde he hittez,
That the burnyscht blade to *þe* brayne rynnez ;
He feyed his fysnamye *with* his foule hondez,
And frappez faste at hys face fersely *þer*-aftyr !
- 1116 The kyng chaungez his fote, eschewes a lyttille,
Ne had he eschapede *þat* choppe, chevede had evylle ;
He folowes in fersaly, and festenesse a dynte
Hye upre one the haunche, *with* his harde wapyne,
- 1120 That he hillid the swerde halfe a fote large ;
The hott blode of *þe* hulke un-to the hilte rynnez,
Ewyns into inmette the gyaunt he hyttez,

Flat-mouthed,
with grinning
lips, and jaws
like a bear.

A black beard
reached to his
breast, with
mighty bristles.
The flesh of his
lips was in un-
even folds, each
fold, like an out-
law, twisted it-
self out.

He was bull-
necked and broad
in the shoulders;
breasted like a
boar, with huge
bristles; his arms
like an oak; his
limbs and flanks
loathly; shovelf-
footed and scaly,
with unshapely
shanks;

of gigantic thick-
ness in his

haunches.

Fat as a pig, he

looks horrible.

In height, full
five fathoms.

Up starts this
fell giant, and
seizing an iron
club, aims a blow
at Arthur.

The king catches
it on his shield,
and returns the
blow with his
sword right upon
the forehead.

The bright blade
pierces to the
brain.

The giant tears
his face with his
hands, and strikes
fiercely at the
king.

Arthur draws
back,

and then drives
his sword into the
giant's haunch.

34 ARTHUR KILLS THE GIANT, BUT HAS THREE OF HIS RIBS BROKEN.

- The monster roars and strikes at random.
So mighty is his stroke, that it penetrates a sword's length into the ground. The king nearly swoons at the noise of the blow, but quickly striking him, bursts asunder his groin. His entrails and blood gush out. Then throwing away his club, the giant seizes Arthur in his arms.
- Just to þe genitales, and jaggede þame in sondre !
- 1124** Thane he romyed, and rarede, and ruydly he strykez ffulle egerly at Arthur, and ons the erthe hittez A swerde lenghe with-in the swarthe, he swappez at ones, That nere swounes þe kyng for swouȝe of his dyntze !
- 1128** Bot þit the kyng sweperly fulle swythe he byswenkez, Swappez in with the swerde þat it þe swange brystedd ; Bothe þe guttez and the gorre guschez owte at ones, þat alle englaymez þe gresse, one grounde þer he standez !
- 1132** Thane he castez the clubb, and the kyng hentez, On þe creeste of þe cragg he caughte hym in armez, And enclosez hym clelyn, to crusehene hys rybbez ; So harde haldez he þat hende, that nere his herte brystez !
- 1136** Jane þe balefullie bierdez bownez to þe erthe, Knelande and cryande, and clappide þeire handez,— “Crist comforthe þone knyghte, and kepe hym fro sorowe, And latte never þone fende felle hym olyfe !”
- 1140** ȝitt es þe warlow so wyghte, he welters hym undere, Wrothely þai wrythyne and wrystille to-gederz, With welters and walowes over with-in þase buskez, Tumbellez and turnes faste, and terez þaire wedez,
- 1144** Untenderly fro þe toppe thai tiltine to-gederz ; Whilome Arthure over, and oþer while undyre, fro þe heghe of the hylle un-to the harde roche ; They feyne never are they falle at þe flode merkes ;
- 1148** Arthur stabs the giant, who in his death-struggle breaks three of Arthur's ribs.
- Bot Arthur with ane anlace egerly smyttez, And hittez ever in the hulke up to þe hiltez ; þe theefe at þe dede thrawe so throlly hym thrynguez, þat three rybrys in his syde he thrystez in sundere !
- 1152** Thenne syr Kayous the kene unto the kyng styrtez,— Said, “allas ! we are lorne, my lorde es confundede, Over fallene with a fende ! us es fulle hapnede ! We mone be forfeitede in faith, and flemide for ever !”
- 1156** His knights find him lying exhausted.
- þay hafe up hys hawberke Jane, and handlez þer-undyre, His hyde and his haunce eke, ons heghte to þe schuldrez ; His flawnke and his feletez, and his faire sydez,

Bothe his bakke and his breste, and his bryghte armez :

1160 Pay ware fayne that they fande no flesche entamede,
And for þat journee made joye, þir gentille knyghtez;

"Now, certez," saise Sir Bedwere, "it semez, be my
Lorde !

They examine
him and find no
wound.

He sekez seyntez bot seldene, þe sorere he grypes,

Sir Bedever
speaks face-
to-face of this
saint whom Ar-
thur had sought.

1164 That thus cleyks this corsaunt owte of þir heghe clyffez,
To carye forthe siche a carle at close hym in silvere ;
Be Myghelle of syche a makke, I hafe myche wondyre
That ever owre soveraygne Lorde suffers hym in hevene ;

1168 And alle seyntez be syche, þat servez oure Lorde,
I sall never no seynt bee, be my fadyre sawle!"

If all saints are
like him no saint
would he be.

Thane bourdez þe bolde kyng at Bedvere wordez,—
þis seynt have I soghte, so helpe me owre Lorde !

1172 ffor-thy brayd owtte þi brande, and broche hym to þe
herte ;

Arthur bids him
stab the monster
to the heart, to
make sure of him,
for only once be-
fore had he met
with such a ter-
rible foe.

Be sekere of this sergeaunt, he has me sore grevede !
I fughte noghte wyth syche a freke þis fyftene wyntyrs,

Bot in the montez of Araby I mett syche anoþer ;

1176 He was þe forcyere be ferre þat had I nere fundene,
Ne had my fortune bene faire, fey had I levede !

Anone stryke of his hevede, and stake it there aftyre,
Gife it to thy sqwyere, fore he es wele horsede ;

He bids them cut
off his head,

1180 Bere it to *syr* Howelle, þat es in harde bandez,
And byd hym herte hym wele, his enmy es destruede !

and bear it first
to Sir Hoel,

Syne bere it to Bareflete, and brace it in yryne,
And sett it on the barbycane, biernes to schewe ;

then to Barflete,
and set it on the
barbican.

1184 My brande and my brode schelde apone þe bent lyggez,
On þe creeste of þe cragge, thare fyrste we encontrede,
And þe clubb þarby, alle of clene irene,
þat many Cristene has kyllyde in Constantyne landez ;

His sword and
shield and the
giant's club are
to be fetched from
the hill.

1188 fferke to the far-lande, and fetche me þat wapene,
And late founde till oure flete, in flode þare it lengez :

If thou wylle any tresour, take whate the lykez ;
Have I the kyrtyle and þe clubb, I coveite noghte elles!"

They may take
what treasure
they will ; all Ar-
thur desires is the
kirtle and the
club.

1192 Now þey caire to þe cragge, þise comlyche knyghtez,

And broghte hym *þe* brade schelde, and his bryghe
wapene,

The affair was
kept a secret till
break of day.

The clubb and the cotte alles, Sir Kayous hym selvene,
And kayres *wiþ* conquerour, the kyngez to schewe;

- 1196 That in coverte the kyng^e helde closse to hym selvene,
Whilles clene day fro *þe* clowde, clymbyd on lofte.
Be that to courte was comene clamour fulle huge,
And be-fore the comlyche kyng^e they knelyd alle at
ones,—

Then the people
kneel before Ar-
thur, and thank
and praise him
for slaying the
giant.

- 1200 “Welcome, oure liege lorde, to lang has thow duellyde!
Governour undyr Gode, graytheste and noble,
To whame grace es graunted, and gyffens at his wille!
Now thy comly come has comforthede us alle!
1204 Thow has in thy realtee revengyde thy pople!
Thurghe helpe of thy hande, thyne enmyse are struyede,
That has thy renkes over-ronne, and refte theme theire
childeyre!

What never rewme owte of araye so redyly relevede!”

- 1208 Thane *þe* conquerour Cristenly carpez to his pople,
“Thankes Gode,” quod he, “of *þis* grace, and no gome elles,
ffor it was never manes dede, bot myghte of Hymselfene,
Or myracle of hys modyre, þat mylde es tille alle!”

Arthur ascribes
all to God.

He bids his fol-
lowers distribute
the giant's trea-
sure among the
clergy and people.

- 1212 He somond *þan* *þe* schippemene scharpely þer-aftyre,
To schake furth *wiþ* *þe* schyre mene to schiife *þe* gudez;
“Alle *þe* myche tresour that traytour had wonnene,
To commons of the contré, clergye ond oþer,

- 1216 Luke it be done and delte to my dere pople,
That none pleyne of theire parte, o peyne of *þour* lyfex.”
He comande hys cosyne, *wiþ* knyghtlyche wordez,
To make a kyrke on *þe* cragg, ther the corse lengez,

A church and
convent are to
be built on the
cliff.

- 1220 And a covent there-in, Criste for to serfe,
In mynde of *þat* martyre, *þat* in *þe* monte rystez.

When the giant
was slain, Arthur
moves from Bar-
flete to Castle
Blanc.

- Q*wen Sir Arthur the kyng^e had kylled *þe* gyaust,
Than blythely fro Bareflete he buskes one *þe* morne,
1224 *Wiþ* his batelle one brede, by *þa* blythe stremes;

To-warde Castelle Blanke he chesez hym the waye,
 Thurghe a faire champayne, undyr schalke hyllis;
 The kyng fraystez a-furth over the fresche strandez,
 1228 ffoudez with his faire folke over as hym lykez :
 ffurthe stepes that steryne, and strekez his tentis
 One a strenghe by a streme, in þas straytt landez.
 Onone aftyre middaye, in the mene-while,

1232 þare comez two messangeres of tha fere marchez,
 ffra þe marschalle of Fraunce, and menskfullly hym gretes,
 Besoghte hyme of sucour, and saide hyme thise wordez,—
 “Sir, thi marschalle thi mynistre, thy mercy be-sekez,
 1236 Of thy mekill magestee, fore mendement of thy pople,
 Of þise marchez-mene, that thus are myskaryede,
 And thus merred amange, maugree theire eghne ;
 I witter þe þe emperor es entirde into Fraunce,

Then come two messangeres from the Marshal of France, who acquaint Arthur

1240 With ostes of enmye, orrible and huge ;
 Brynnez in Burgoyne thy burghes so ryche,
 And brittenes thi baronage, that bieldez thare-in ;
 He encrochez kenely by craftez of armez,
 1244 Countrese and castelles þat to thy coroun langez ;
 Confoundez thy commons, clergy and oþer ;
 Bot thou comfurth them, syr kyng, cover sall they
 never !

with the mischief which the Emperor Lucius is working in France,

seizing castles,

confounding the commons,

He fellez forestez fele, forrayse thi landez,
 1248 ffrysthez no fraunchez, bot fraisez the pople ;
 þus he fellez thi folke, and fangez theire gudez !
 ffremedly the Franche tung fey es be-lefede.
 He drawes in-to douce Fraunce, as Duchemen tellez,
 1252 Dresside with his dragouns, dredfull to schewe ;
 Alle to dede they dyghte with dynntys of swerddez,
 Dukez and dusperes, þat dreches thare-ine ;
 ffor-thy the lordez of the lande, ladys and oþer,

killing dukes and douze-peers.

1256 Prayes the for Petyr luffe, þe apostylle of Rome,
 Sen thou arte presant in place, þat þow willе profyre make
 To þat perilous prynce, be processe of tyme ;
 He ayers by þone hilles, þone heghe holtez undyr,

Therefore they desire Arthur's help.

- 1260 Hufes thare with hale strenghe of haythene kyngez ;
 Helpe nowe for His lufe, that heghe in hevene sittez,
 And talke tristly to theme, that thus us destroyes !”
- He sends some
of his knights to
the Emperor,
- 1264 Take with the syr Berille, and Bedwere the ryche,
 Sir Gawayne and syr Gryme, these galyarde knyghtez,
 And graythe þowe to þone grene wode, and gose over
 þer nedes ;
 Saise to syr Lucius, to unlordly he wyrkez,
- 1268 Thus letherly agaynes law to lede my pople ;
 I lette hym or oghte lange, þif me þe lyffe happene,
 Or my lyghte sallæ lawe, þat hym overe lande folowes ;
 Comande hym kenely wyth crewelle wordez,
- to bid him de-
part out of his
kingdom, or meet
him in single
combat.
- 1272 Cayre owte of my kyngryke with his kydd knyghtez ;
 In caase that he wills noghte, þat cursede wreche,
 Come for his curtaisie, and countere me ones !
- Thane sallæ we rekken fulle rathe, whatt ryghte þat he
 claymes,
- 1276 Thus to ryot þis rewme and raunsone the pople !
 Thare sallæ it derely be delte with dyntez of handez :
 The Dryghtens at Domesdaye dele as hym lykes !”
- The knights go
on their errand
glittering in gold
upon greatsteeds.
- 1280 Alle gleterande in golde, appone grete stedes,
 To-warde þe grene wode, þat with growndene wapyne,
 To grete wele the grett lorde, that wolde be grefede sone ;
 Thise hende hovez on a hilles by þe holte eynes,
- They see the lux-
urious camp of
the heathen
kings,
- 1284 Be-helde þe howsyng fulle hye of Hathene kynges ;
 They herde in theire herbergage hundrethez fulle many,
 Hornez of olyfantez fulle helych blawene ;
 Palaisez prouidliche pyghte, þat palyd ware ryche,
- 1288 Of palle and of purpure, wyth precyous stones ;
 Pensels and pomelle of ryche pryncie armez,
 Pighte in þe playne mede, þe pople to schewe :
 And thane the Romayns so ryche had arayede their tentez
- and the rich tents
of the Romans.
- 1292 On rawe by þe ryvere, undyre þe round hillez,
 The emperor for honour ewyne in the myddes,

- Wyth egles al over ennelled so faire :
 And saw hym and þe Sowdane, and senatours many,
 1296 Seke to-warde a sale with sextene kyngez,
 Syland softly in, swettly by theme selfene,
 To sowpe wiþe þat soveraygne, fulls selcouthe metez.
 Nowe they wende over the watyre, þise wyrchipfull
 knyghtez,
- 1300 Thurghe þe wode to þe wone, there the wyese rystez ;
 Reght as þey hade weschene, and went to þe table,
 Sir Wawayne þe worthethy un-wynly he spekes,—
 “The myghte and þe majestee, that menskes us alle,
 1304 That was merked and made thurghe þe myghte of hym-
 selvene,
 Gyffe þow sytte in þour sette, Sowdane and oþer,
 That here are semblede in sale, unfawghte mott þe worthe !
 And þe fals heretyke, þat emperour hym callez,
- 1308 That occupyes in erroure the empyre of Rome,
 Sir Arthure herytage, þat honourable kynge,
 That alle his auncestres aughte bot Utere hym one,
 That ilke cursyng þat Cayme kaghte for his brothyre,
 1312 Cleffe over the cukewalde, with croune ther thouw lengez,
 ffor the unlordlyeste lede þat I on lukede ever !
 My lorde mervailles hym mekylle, manc, be my trouthe,
 Why thouw morthires his mene, þat no mysse serves,
- 1316 Commons of þe contré, clergye and oþer,
 þat are noghte coupable þer-in, ne knawes noght in armez ;
 ffor-thi the comelyche kynge, curtays and noble,
 Comandez þe kenely to kaire of his landes,
- 1320 Ore elles for thy knyghthede encontre hym ones ;
 Sen þow covettes the coroune, latte it be declarede !
 I haſe dyschargide me here, chalange whoo lykez,
 Be-fore alle thy chevalrye, cheftaynes and oþer :
- 1324 Schape us an ansuere, and schunte þow no lengere,
 þat we may schifte at þe schorte, and schewe to my lordē.”
 The emperour ansuerde wyth austeryne wordez,
 “þe are wiþ mynse enmy, Sir Arthure hym selvene !
- The Roman Emperor and the Sultan are going to banquet together.
- The knights present themselves.
- Sir Gawaine delivers the message.
- and upbraids with haughty words the Roman Emperor;
- bids him depart, or try a single combat with Arthur.
- He challenges all the knights of Rome.
- The Emperor replies,

1328 It es none honour to me to owtrey hys knyghtez,
þoghe þe be irous mene, þat ayres one his nedez;

Bot say to thy soveraygne, I send hym thes wordez,
Ne ware it for reverence of my ryche table,

threatening the
knights for their
audacity.

1332 þou sulde repent fulle rathe of þe ruyde wordez!
Siche a rebawde as þowe rebuke any lordez,

Wyth theire retenuz arrayede, fulle realle and noble!

He will stay in
Arthur's land as
long as he pleases,

1336 And sythene seke in by Sayne with solace þer-aftere;
Ensegge all þa cetese be the salte strandez,
And seyns ryde in by Rone, þat rynnes so faire,

and destroy his
cities and castles.

And of alle his ryche castelles rusche dounes þe wallez;
1340 I sallé noghte lefe in Paresche, by processe of tyme,
His parte of a pechelyne, prove whene hym lykes!"

"Now, certez," sais *syr* Wawayne, "myche wondyre
have I,

þat syche an alfyne as thow dare speke syche wordez!

1344 I had lever thene alle Fraunce, that hevede es of rewmes,
ffyghe with the faythefully one felde be oure one."

Thane answers *syr* Gayous fulle gobbede wordes,—

Was eme to þe emperor, and erle hym selfene,—

but Sir Gayous,
uncle to the
Roman Emperor,
answers and
charges the Brit-
ish knights with
being braggarts.

1348 "Evere ware þes Bretons braggars of olde!
Loo! how he brawles hym for hys bryghte wedes,
As he myghte brytayne us alle with his brande ryche!
Jitt he berkes myche boste, þone boy þere he standes!"

1352 Thane greyde *syr* Gawayne at his grett wordes,
Graythes to-warde þe gone with grucchande herte;
With hys stelyne brande he strykes of hys hevede,
And sterttes owtte to hys stede, and with his stale
wendes!

On this Sir Ga-
waine rushes at
him and strikes
off his head.

Then the British 1356 Thurghe þe wacches þey wente, thes wirchipfull
knights fly with
þe speed.

knyghez,
And fyndez in theire fare waye wondyrlyche many;
Over the watyre þey wente by wyghtnesse of horses,
And tuke wynde as þey walde by þe wodde hemes:

1360 Thane folous frekly one fote frekkes ynnewe,

And of þe Romayns arrayed appone ryche stedes,
 Chasede thurgh a champayne oure chevalrous knyghe^tez, The Romans give chase.
 Tille a cheefe forest, one schalke white horses :

- 1364 Bot a freke alle in fyne golde, and fretted in selle,
 Come forþermaste on a fresone, in flawmande wedes ;
 A faire floreschte spere in fewtyre he castes,
 And folowes faste one owre folke, and freshelye ascryez.
- 1368 Thane *syr* Gawayne the gude appone a graye stede, The foremost of the pursuers is slain by Sir Gawayne.
 He gryppes hym a grete spere, and graythely hym^e hittez ;
 Thurgh þe guttez in-to the gorre he gyrdes hym^e ewyne,
 That the groundens stole glydez to his herte !
- 1372 The gome and þe grette horse at þe grounde lyggez,
 ffull^e gryselyche gronande, for grefe of his woundez.
 þane presez a preker ine, full^e proudly arayede,
 That beres alle of pouropour, palyde with sylver :
- 1376 Byggly on a broune stede he profers full^e large ;
 He was a Paynyme of Perse þat þus hym^e persuede. Another knight, a paynyme of Persia, by Sir Boys.
 Sir Boys un-abaste alle he buskes hym^e a-gaynes,
 With a bustous launce he berez hym^e thurghe,
- 1380 þat þe breme and the brade schelde appone þe bente
 lyggez !
 And he bryngez furthe the blade, *and* bownez to his felowe^r.
 Thane *syr* Foltemour of myghte, a man mekyll^e prayse^de, Sir Foltemour seeks to avenge Sir Gayous,
 Was move^de one his manere, and manacede full^e faste ;
- 1384 He graythes to *syr* Gawayne graythely to wyrche,
 ffor grefe of *syr* Gayous, þat es one grounde levede.
 Thane *syr* Gawayne was glade ; agayne hym^e he rydez,
 Wyth Galuth his gude swerde graythely hym^e hytteez ;
- 1388 The knyghe^t one þe coursere he clevede in sondyre,
 Clenlyche fro þe croune his corse he dyvysyde,
 And þus he killez þe knyghe^t with his kydd wapens !
 Than a ryche mans of Rome relyede to his byerns,—
- 1392 "It sall^e repent us full^e sore and we ryde forthire !
 þone are bolde bosturs, þat syche bale wyrkez ;
 It befells hym full^e foule, þat þame so fyrste namede."

42 THE ROMANS ARE FIRST DRIVEN BACK, AND THEN REINFORCED.

The rich Romans
return,

but five thousand
horsemen still
pursue the
knights,

and fall upon
an ambush of
Bretons,

who break out
suddenly on
them,

with shouts of
"Arthur."

The Romans are
defeated and
driven back,

but the Senator
Peter sends ten
thousand men.

The Bretons are
repulsed, and

- Thane þe riche Romayns retournes þaire brydilles
 1396 To þaire tentis in tene, telles theire lordez
 How *syr* Marschalle de Mowne es on þe monte lefede,
 ffore-justyde at that journee, for his grett japez.
 Bot thare chasez one oure mene chevallrouse knygitez,
 1400 ffyve thosande folke appone faire stedes,
 ffaste to a foreste onse a felle watyr,
 That fillez fro þe falow see fyfty myle large.
 Thare ware Bretons enbuschide, and banarettez noble,
 1404 Of þe chevalrye cheefe of þe kyngez chambyre,
 Seese theme chase oure mene, and changene þeire horsez,
 And choppe dounse cheftaynes, that they moste chargyde ;
 Thane þe embuschement of Bretons brake owte at ones,
 1408 Brothely at banere, and Bedwyne knygitez,
 Arrestede of þe Romayns, þat by þe fyrthe rydez,
 Alls þe realeste renkes þat to Rome lenez ;
 Thay iche on þe enmyse and egerly strykys,
 1412 Erles of Inglaund, and Arthure ascryes,
 Thrughe brenes and bryghte scheldez, bresteþ they thyrle,
 Bretons of the boldeste with theire bryghte swerdez ;
 Thare was Romayns over redyne, and ruydly wondye,
 1416 Arrestede as rebawdez, with ryotous knyghittez !
 The Romaynes owte of araye removede at ones,
 And rydes awaye in a rowttee, for reddoure it semys !
 To þe senatour Petyr a sandes-mane es commyne,
 1420 And saide, "Syr, sekyrly, þour seggez are supprysside !"
 Than tens thowsande mene he semblede at ones,
 And sett sodanly one oure seggez, by þe salte strandez ;
 Than ware Bretons abaiste, and grevede a lyttile,
 1424 Bot þit the banerettez bolde, and bachellers noble,
 Brekes that battailles with bresteþ of stedes ;
 Sir Boice and his bolde mene myche bale wyrkes !
 The Romayne redyes þane, arrayez þame better,
 1428 And al to-ruscheez oure mene with theire ryste horsez,
 Arrestede of the richeste of þe rounde table,
 Over-rydez oure rerewarde, and grette rewthe wyrkes !

- Thane þe Bretons on þe bente habyddez no lengere,
- 1432 Bot fleeðe to þe foreste, and the feelde levede ; fly to the forest.
Sir Beryll es borne downe and *syr* Boice takene,
The beste of oure bolde mene unblythely wondyde ;
Bot þitt oure stale one a strenghe stotais a lyttile,
but again they
make a little
1436 Alle to-stonayede with þe strokes of þa steryne knygheþez ; stand,
Made sorowe fore theirie soveraygne, that so þare was grieving for the
nomene , loss of their
Be-soughte Gode of socure, sende whene hym lykyde ! leader, and pray
for succour.
- Than commez *syr* Idrus, armede up at alle ryghtez , Sir Idrus, with
1440 Wyth fyve hundrethe mene appone faire stedes, five hundred
ffraynez faste at oure folke freschely þare aftyre , men, come to
þif þer frendez ware ferre, þat one the felde founide . their aid.
- Thane sais *syr* Gawayne, "so me God helpe ! Sir Gawaine la-
1444 We hafe bene chased to daye, and chullede as hares, ments the check
Rebuyked with Romaynes appone þeire ryche stedes , which Arthur's
And we lurkede undyr lee as lowrande wreches ! men had re-
I luke never one my lorde þe dayes of my lyfe , ceived.
- 1448 And we so lytherly hym helpe, þat hym so wele lykedel!" The British re-
Thane the Bretons brothely brochez theire stedes, turn to the fray.
And boldly in batelle appone þe bent rydes ;
Alle þe ferse mene be-fore frekly ascryes ,
- 1452 fferkand in þe foreste, to freschene þams selfene ; The Romans pre-
The Romaynes thane redily arrayes them bettyre , pare themselves
One rawe on a rowm-felde, reghittez theire wapyns , against them.
By þe ryche revare, and rewles þe pople ;
- 1456 And with reddour *syr* Boice es in areste haldene . Now thei semblede unsaughte by þe salte strandez ;
- Gladly theis sekere mene settys þeire dynttez ,
With lufly launcez one lofte they luy schene to-gedyres ,
- 1460 In Lorayne so lordlye on leppande stedes ; Thare ware gomes thurghे girde with grundyne wapynes , A fierce battle
Grisely gypsande with grucchande lotes ! ensue .
Grete lordes of Greke greffede so hye ;
- 1464 Swyftly with swerdeſ, they swappene there-aftyre ,
Swappez doun fulls sweperlye swelltande knygheþez ,

That alle swelltez one swarthe, that they over swyngene,
Se many sweys in swoghe swounande att ones !

- Sir Gawaine does mighty deeds of valour.*
- 1468 Syr Gawayne the gracyous fulls graythelye he wyrkkes,
The gretteste he gretez wyth gryeslye wonderes ;
Wyth Galuth he gyrdes dounes fulls galyards knyghez,
flore greefe of þe grett lorde so grymlye he strykez !

- 1472 He rydez furthe ryallye and redely there-aftyre,
Thare this realle renke was in areste haldene ;
He ryfez ye rauinke stele, he ryghtez þeire brenez,
And reste themē therycne mane, and rade to his strenghes,

- The Senator Peter comes against him,*
- 1476 The senatour Petur thane persewede hymē aftyre,
Thurgh þe presse of þe peple, wyth his prycē knygħttes ;
Appertly fore þe prysone proves his strenghes,
Wyth preker the proudeste that to þe presse lenez ;

- 1480 Wrothely one the wrange hande *syr* Gawayne he strykkes,
Wyth a wapene of were unwynely hymē hittez ;
The breny one þe bakhalfē he brystez in sondyre !
Bot þit he broghte forthe *syr* Boyce, for alle þeire bale
he biernez !

- Rejoiced at this the British press on more boldly.*
- 1484 Thane þe Bretones boldely braggens þeire tromppiez,
And fore blysse of *syr* Boyce was broghte owtte of bandez,
Boldely in batelle they þere dounes knygħttes ;
With brandes of broune stele they brettened maylez ;

- 1488 Pay stekede stedyd in stoure with stelene wapynes,
And alle stowede wyth strenghe, þat stode themē agaynes !
Sir Idrus fitz Ewayne þan Arthur ascryeez,
Assemblez one þe senatour wyth sextene knygħttes,

- 1492 Of þe sekreste mene þat to oure syde lengede ;
Sodanly in a soppe they sette in att ones,
ffoynes faste att þe fore breste with flawmande swerdez,
And feghtes faste att þe fronte freschely þare aftyre ;

- 1496 ffelles fele on þe felde appone þe ferrere syde,
ffey on þe faire felde by þa fresche strandez ;
Bot *syr* Idrus fytz Ewayne anters hymē selvene,
And entters in anly, and egyrlly strykez,

- 1500 Sekez to þe senatour and sesez his brydille,

Sir Idrus, with sixteen knights, attacks the Senator,

Unsaughtely he saide hym these fittande wordez,—

“*þe* elde *þe*, *syr*, *þapely*, *þife þou þi* lyfe *þernez*, and takes him prisoner.

ffore gyttez þat þow gyffe may, *þou ȝeme now þe selfens*;

1504 *ffore dredlez dreche þow*, or droppe any wylez,

Thow sall dy þis daye thorow dyntt of my handez!”

“I ascente,” *quod þe* senatour, “so me Criste helpe!

So *þat* I be safe broghte before the kynge selvens;

1508 Raunsons me resonabillye, as I may over reche,

The Senator desires to be brought to the king.

Aftyre my renttez in Rome may redyly forthire.”

Thane answers *syr* Idrus with austeryne wordez,

Sir Idrus answers him roughly.

“Thow sall hafe condycyon, as the kyng lykes,

1512 Whene thow comes to *þe* kyth there the courte haldez;

In caase his concells bee to kepe the no langere,

To be killyde at his commandment his knyghtez be-fore.”

þayledde hym furthe in þe rowte, and lached ofe his wedes,

1516 Lefte hym wyth Lyonelle, and Lowelle hys brothire,

He gives the Senator into the charge of Sir Lionel and Sir Lowell.

O-lawe in *þe* launde þane, by *þe* lythe strandez.

Sir Lucius legge-mens loste are fore ever!

The senatour Petur es prysoner takyne!

1520 Of Perce and of Porte Jaffe fulle many price knyghtez,

And myche pople wyth alle, perischede þame selfens!

ffor presse of *þe* passage, they plungedede at onez!

Thare myghte mens see Romaynez rewfully wondyde,

Many of the Romans are slain.

1524 Over-redyne with renkes of the round table!

In *þe* raike of *þe* furthe they rightene their breyns,

þat ran alle one reede blode redylye alle over;

They raughte in *þe* rerewarde fulls ryotous knyghtez,

1528 ffor raumsone of rede golde and realle stedys;

Radly relayes, and restez their horsez,

In rowtte to *þe* ryche kynge they rade al at onez.

A knyghte cayrez be-fore, and to *þe* kynge telles,—

The knights ride back towards the king, and send him the news of their success.

1532 “Sir, here commez thy messangerez with myrthez fro

þe mountez,

þay hafe bene machede to daye with mens of þe marchez,

ffore-maglede¹ in þe marras with mervailous knyghtez!

¹ Halliwell reads “fore manglede.”

- They tell him that they have slain fifty thousand men, 1536 We hafe foughtene in faithe, by ȝone fresche strandez,
 With þe frekkest folke that to þi foo langez ;
 ffyfty thosaunde one felde of furse mene of armez,
 Wyth-in a furlange of waye, fay ere by-lefede !
 We hafe eschewede þis chékke, thurgh chance of oure
 Lorde,
- 1540 Of tha chevalrous mene that chargede thy pople !
 The cheefe chauncelere of Rome, a cheftayne full noble,
 Wille aske þe chartyre of pesse for charitee hym selfens ;
 And the senatour Petire to presone es takyne.
- and taken prisoners the chief Chancellor and the Senator Peter, as well as many paynims. 1544 Of Perse and of Porte Jaffe Paynymmez ynewe
 Comez prekande in the presse, with thy prysse knyghtez,
 With povertie in thi presone their paynez to drye ;
 I be-seke ȝow, sir, say whate ȝowe lykes,
- Arthur may demand sixty horse-loads of silver for the Senator, and for the Chancellor, chariots full of gold. 1548 Whethire þe suffyre them saughte, or sone delyverde :
 þe may have fore þe senatour sextie horse chargede
 Of silver be Seterdaye, full sekyrly payede,
 And for þe cheefe chauncelere, þe chevalere noble,
- The other prisoners may be kept until their rents are known. 1552 Charottez chokkefull charegyde with golde ;
 The remenant of þe Romayne be in areste haldens,
 Tille thiere renttez in Rome be rightewissly knawens.
 I be-seke ȝow, sir, certyfyng ȝone lordez,
- All Arthur's men had escaped, save Sir Ewaine, who was wounded. 1556 ȝif þe wille send þame over þe see, or kepe þame ȝourselfens :
 Alls ȝour sekyre mene forsothe sounde are by-levyde,
 Save syr Ewayne fytz Henry es in þe side wonddede."
 "Crist be thankyde," quod the kyng, " and hys clere
 modyre,
- The king rejoices. 1560 That ȝowe comforthede and helpede be crafte of hym
 selfene ;
 Skilfull skomfyture he skiftez as hym lykez,
 Is none so skathlye may shape, ne skewe fro his handes ;
 Desteny and doughtynes of dedys of armes,
- The fate of battle, he says, is in the hands of God. 1564 Alle es demyd and delte at Dryghtynez wille !
 I kwns the thanke for thy come, it comfortes us all !
 Sir knyghte," sais þe conquerour, " so me Criste helpe !
 I ȝif the for thy thyȝandez Tolouse þe riche,
- He thanks the knight for his tidings, and gives him for reward the city of Thoulouse.

- 1568 The tolle and þe tachementez, tavernez and oþer,
 The towne and the tenementez with towrez so hye,
 That towchez to the temporaltee, whilles my tymē lastez :
 Bot say to the senatour I sende hym ē þes wordez,
- The Senator shall
not be ransomed
save Sir Ewaine
recovers.
- 1572 Thare sallē no silver hym save, bot Ewaynē recoverē ;
 I had lever see hym synke one the salte strandez,
 Than the seegge ware seke, þat es so sore woundede ;
 I sallē disseverē that sorte, so me Criste helpe !
- 1576 And sett themē fulle solytarie, in sere kyngez landez :
 Sallē he never sownde see his seynowres in Rome,
 Ne sitt in þe assemblé, in syghte wyth his feris ;
 ffor it comes to no kynge þat conquerour es holdene,
- 1580 To comone with his captifis fore covatys of silver :
 It come never of knyghthede, knawe it ;if hymē lyke,
 To carpe of coseri, whene captifis ere takyne ;
 It aughte to no prisoners to prese no lordez,
- 1584 Ne come in presens of pryncez, whene partyes are movede :
 Comaunde þone constable, þe castelle þat þemes,
 That he be clenlyche kepede, and in close haldene ;
 He sallē have maundement to morne or myddaye be
- The others shall
be divided into
different coun-
tries.
- Arthur holds that
to accept ransom
becomes not a
king.
- They are to take
the Senator to
the Constable and
bid him keep him
safe.
- 1588 To what marche þay sallē merke, with mangere to lengene.”
 þay convaye this captife with clene mene of armez,
 And kend hym to þe constable, alles þe kyng byddeze ;
 And seyne to Arthure þey ayre, and egerly hym towchez
- The knights
obey, and then
return to Arthur
to give him the
Emperor's mes-
sage.
- 1592 The awnser of þe emperour, irows of dedez.
 Thane syr Arthure one erthe, atheliste of oþere,
 At evene at his awene borde avantid his lordez,—
 “Me aughte to honour themē in erthe over alle oþer
- Arthur greatly
commends his
knights for their
boldness, and
promises them
rewards.
- 1596 þat þus in myne absens awnters þeme selfene ;
 I sallē theme luffe whylez I lyffe, so me our Lorde helpe !
 And gyfe þeme landys fulle large, whare themē beste
 lykes ;
- Thay sallē noghte lesse, one þis layke, ;if me lyfe happens,
- 1600 þat þus are lamede for my lufe be þia lythe strandez.”

In the morning
Sir Cador and his
knights are bid
to take the pri-
soners

Bot in þe clere daweyng, þe dere kynge hymselfe
Comaundyd *syr* Cadore w^t h^tis dere knyghttes,
Sir Cleremus, sir Cleremonde, w^t h^t clene mens of armez,

- 1604 Sir Clowdmur, *syr* Clegis, to convaye theis lordez ;
Sir Boyce and *syr* Berelle with baners displayede,
Sir Bawdwyne, *syr* Bryane, and *syr* Bedwere the ryche,
Sir Raynalde and *syr* Richere, Rawlaundes childeyre,

- 1608 To ryde with þe Romaynes in rowte wyth theire feres.
“ Prekez now prevalye to Paris the ryche,

to Paris, and to
give them into
the care of the
Provost.

Wyth Petir the prissonere and his price knyghtez ;
Be-teche þam þe provoste, in presens of lordez,

- 1612 O payne and o perelle þat pendes there too,
That they be weisely wachede and in warde holdens,
Wardedes of warantizez w^t h^t wyrchipfulls knyghtez ;
Wagge hymse wyghte mens, and woonde for no silvrye ;

- 1616 I haffe warnede þat wy, be ware þife hymse lykes !”

The British
knights depart
towards Chartres.

But the Emperor
had dispatched a
chosen band to
intercept them.

Now bownes þe Bretones, als þe kynge byddez,
Buskez theire batelles, theire baners displayez ;
To-wardez Chartris they chese, these chevalrous
knyghtez,

- 1620 And in the champayne lande fulle faire þay eschewede :
ffor þe emperor of myghte had ordans hym selfe
Sir Utolfe and sir Ewandyre, two honourable kyngez,
Erles of þe Orient, with austeryns knyghtez,

- 1624 Of þe awntrouseste mens þat to his oste lengede,
Sir Sextynour of Lyby and Senatours many,
The kynge of Surrye hym-selfe with Sarazynes ynewe,
The senatour of Sutere wyth sowmes fulls huge,

- 1628 Whas assygnede to þat courte be sent of his peres,
Traise to-warde Troye þe tresone to wyrke,
To hafe be-trappedpe with a trayne oure travelande
knyghtez,

- That hade persayfed þat Peter at Parys sulde lenge,
1632 In presonne with þe provoste, his paynez to drye.

ffor-thi they buskede themse bownes with baners dis-
playede,

- In the buskayle of his waye, on blonkkes fulls hugge ; They take up a
 Planttez them in the pathe with powere arrayede, position in the
 path of Arthur's men.
- 1636 To pyke up þe prisoners fro oure pryse knyghtez.
Sy Cadore of Cornewalle comaundez his peris,
 Sir Clegis, *syr* Cleremus, *syr* Cleremownde þe noble,
 "Here es þe close of Clyme with clewes so hye ; Sir Cadore keeps a sharp look out,
- 1640 Lokez the contree be clere, the corners are large ;
 Discoveres now sekerly skrogges and oþer,
 That no skathelle in þe skroggez skorne us here aftyre ;
 Loke þe skyste it so þat us no skathe lympe,
 1644 ffor na skomfitoure in skoulkery is skomfite ever."
- N**ow they hye to þe holte, thes harageous knyghtez,
 To herkene of þe hye mene to helpene theis lordez ; and discovers the
 ffyndez them helmede hole and horsesyde on stedys,
 1648 Hovande ons þe hye waye by þe holte heftimes.
 With knyghttly contenaunce Sir Clegis hym selfene
 Kryes to þe companye, and carpes thees wordez,—
 "Es there any kyde knyghte, kaysere or oþer,
 1652 Wille kyth for his kyng lufe craftes of armes ?
 We are comens fro the kyng of þis lythe ryche,
 That knawene es for conquerour, corownde in erthe,
 His ryche retenuz here alle of his round table,
 1656 To ryde with þat realle in rowtte where hym lykes ;
 We seke justynges of werre, þif any wille happyne,
 Of þe jolyeste mene a-juggede be lordes ;
 If here be any hathelle mane, erle or oþer,
 1660 That for þe emperour lufe wille awntere hym-selfene."
 And ane erle þane in angerd answeres hym sonse,—
 "Me angers at Arthure, and att his hathelle bierns,
 That thus in his errorre occupyes theis rewmes ; An earl of the
 1664 And owtrayes þe emperour, his erthely lorde ! Roman party up-
 The araye and þe ryalltez of þe rounde table braids Arthur
 Es wyth rankour rehersede in rewmes fulls many ; and his knights.
 Of oure rentez of Rome syche revells he haldys,
 1668 Ne sallie resoun fulls rathe, þif us reghte happenes,

Sir Clegis glorifies Arthur,

That many *salle* repente that in his rowt^te rydez,
ffor the reklesse roy so rewlez hym-selfene!"

"A!" sais *syr* Clegis þane, "so me Criste helpe!

- 1672 I knawē be thi carpyngē a cowntere þe semes!
Bot be þou auditoure or erle, or emperour thi-selfene,
Appone Arthurez by-halvc I answere the sone:
The renke so realle, þat rewlliez us alle,

- 1676 The ryotous mene and þe ryche of þe rounde table,
He has araysede his accownte, and redde alle his rollez,
ffor he wylle gyfe a recknyng that rewe *salle* aftyre,
That alle þe ryche *salle* repente þat to Rome langez,

- 1680 Or þe rereage be requit of rentez þat he claymez! .
We crafe of þour curtaisie three coursez of werre,
And claymez of knyghthode, take kepe to þour selfene!
þe do bott trayne us to daye wyth trofelande wordez!

- 1684 Of syche *travaylands* mens trecherye me thynkes!
Sende owte sadly certayne knyghtez,
Or say me sekerly sothe, for sake þif þowe lykes."

- 1688 **T**hane sais þe kynge of Surry, "Alls save me oure Lorde!
þif þow hufe alle þe daye, þou bees noghte delyverede,
Bot thou sekerly ensure with certeyne knyghtez,
þat þi cote and thi breste be knewene with lordez,
Of armes of ancestrye entyrde with londez."

- 1692 "Sir kyng," sais *syr* Clegys, "full^e knyghtly þow
askez:

I trowe it be for cowardys thou carpes thes wordez :
Myne armez are of ancestrye enveryde with lordez,
And has in banere bene borne sen^e *syr* Brut tyme;

- 1696 At the cité of Troye þat tymme was ensegede,
Ofte seenē in asawte with certayne knyghtez,
ffro þe Borghte broghte us and alle oure bolde elders,
To Bretayne þe braddere, with-in chippe-burdez."

- 1700 "Sir," sais *syr* Sextenour, "saye what þe lykez,
And we sall^e suffyre the, als us beste semes;
Luke thi troumppez be trussede, and trofull^e no lengere,
ffor þoghe þou tarye alle þe daye, the tyddes no bettyr!"

The King of Syria
insinuates that
Sir Clegis may
not be of noble
ancestry.

Sir Clegis replies
scornfully that
his ancestors
were at the siege
of Troy.

Sir Sextenour
declares that the
Romans are
ready for the
fray.

- 1704 ffor there sall^e never Romayne, þat in my rowt rydez,
Be with rebawdez rebuykyde, whills I in werlde regne!"
- Thane *syr* Clegis to þe kyng^e a lyttile enclinede,
Kayres to *syr* Cadore, and knyghtly hym tellez,—
- 1708 "We have foundene in þone firthe, floreschede with leves,
þe flour of þe faireste folke þat to þi foo langez,
fifty thosandez of folke of ferse mene of armez,
þat faire are fewteride on frounte undyr þone fre-bowes;
- 1712 They are enbuschede one blonkkes, with baners dis-
playede,
In þone bechene wode appone the waye sydes;
Thay hafe the furthe forsette alle of þe faire watyre,
That fayfully of force feghte us byhowys;
- 1716 ffor thus us schappes to daye, schortly to telle,
Whedyre we schone or schewe, schyst as þe lykes."
"Nay," *quod* Cadore, "so me Criste helpe!
It ware schame þat we scholde schone for so lyttyle!"
- 1720 Sir Lancelott sall^e never laughe, þat with þe kyng
lengez,
That I sulde lette my waye for lede appone erthe;
I sall^e be dede and undone ar I here dreche,
ffor drede of any dogge-sone in þone dyme schwases!"
- 1724 Syr Cador thane knyghtly comforthes his pople,
And with corage kene he karpes þes wordes,—
"Thynk one þe valyaunt prynce þat vesettez us ever,
With landez and lordscheppez, whare us beste lykes;
- 1728 That has us ducheres delte, and dubbyde us knyghtez,
Gifene us gersoms and golde, and gardwynes many;
Grewhoundes and grett horse, and alkyne gamnes,
That gaynez till^e any gome, that undyre God benez;
- 1732 Thynke one riche renoun^e of þe rounde table,
And late it never be refte us fore Romayne in erthe;
ffeyne þow noghte feyntly, ne frythes no wapyns,
Bot luke þe fyghte faythefully, frekes þour-selfene;
- 1736 I walde be wellydde alle qwyke, and quarterde in sondre,
Bot I wyrke my dede, whils I in wrethe lenge."
- Sir Clegis tells Sir Cador that a vast number of the enemy are drawn up in the wood,
- and suggests a retreat.
- Sir Cador scorns to retreat.
- Never shall Sir Lancelot laugh at him.
- He will die before he turn back for any dog's son of them all.
- Sir Cador exhorts his men, and tells them of the good deeds of Arthur.

He dubs some of them knights.

Than this doughty duke dubbyd his knyghtez,
Joneke and Askanere, Aladuke and oþer,

To certain of them he gives
the prisoner in charge.

1740 That ayerez were of Esexe, and alle þase este marchez ;
Howelle and Hardelfe, happy in armez,
Sir Herylle and sir Herygalle, þise harageouse knyghtez :
Than the soverayne assignede certayne lordez,

1744 Sir Wawayne, syr Uryelle, Sir Bedwere þe riche,
Raynallde and Richeere, and Rowlandez chyldrye,—
“Takez kepe one this prynce with þoure price knyghtez,
And þife we in þe stour withstondene the better,

If he is defeated,
they are to convey him to some
castle, or to Arthur.

1748 Standez here in this stede, and stirrez no forthire ;
And þif þe chaunce falle þat we bee over-charggede,
Eschewes to some castelle, and chewyse þour-selfene ;
Or ryde to þe riche kyng þif þow roo happyne,

The British prepare for the fight.

1752 And bidde hym come redily to rescewe hys biernez.”
And than the Bretons brothely embrassez þeire scheldez,
Braydez one bacenetez, and buskes theire launcez.
Thus he fittez his folke, and to þe felde rydez,

The fight begins.

1756 fif hundredre one a frounte fewtrede at onez !
With trompes þay trine, and trappede stedes,
With cornettes and clarions, and clergialle notes ;
Schokkes in with a schakke, and schontez no langere,

The King of Lebe leads on the enemy.

1760 There schawes ware scheene undyr þe schire eynez.
And thane the Romaynez rowtte remowes a lyttile,
Raykes with a rerewardre þas realle knyghtez ;
So raply þay ryde thare, that alle þe rowte ryngez,

He attacks Sir Beryll and slays him.

1764 Of ryves and rauke stele, and ryche golde maylez ;
Thane schotte owtte of þe schawe schiltounis many,
With scharpe wapynes of ware schotande at ones :
The kyng of Lebe be-fore the wawarde he ledez,

1768 And alle his lele lige mene o laundone ascriez :
Thane this cruelle kyng castis in fewtire,
Kaghte hym a coverde horse, and his course haldez,
Beris to syr Berille, and brathely hym hittes,
1772 Throwghe golet and gorgere he hurtez hym ewyne !
The gome and þe grette horse at þe grounds liggez,

- And gretez graythely to Gode, and gyffes hym þe saule !
 Thus es Berelle the bolde broghte owtte of lyve,
- 1776 And byddeþ aftyre Beryelle, þat hym beste lykez.
 And thane *syr* Cador of Cornewayle es carefulls in herte, Sir Cador is over-
 Be-cause of his kynysse mane, þat þus es myscaryede ; whelmed with
 Umbeclappes the cors, and kyssez hymse ofte,
- 1780 Gerte kepe hym coverte with his clere knyghtez.
 Thane laughs the Lebe kynge, and alle on lowde meles,— The King of Lebe
 “þone lorde es lyghttede ! me lykes the bettyre ! ridicules him.
- He sallē noghte dere us to daye, the devylls have [his]
 bones !”
- 1784 “þone kynge,” said Cador, “ karpes fullē large,
 Be-cause he killyd þis kene ; Criste hafe þi saule !
 He sallē hafe corne bote, so me Criste helpe ! Sir Cador vows
 Or I kaire of þis coste, we sallē encontre ones ! vengeance.
- 1788 So may þe wynde weile turnne, I quytte hym or ewyne,
 Sothely hym selfene, or summe of his ferez !”
- Thane *syr* Cador þe kene knyghttly he wyrkez,
 Cryez, “ A ! Cornewale,” and castez in fewtere,
- 1792 Girdez streke thourgh þe stour on a stede ryche ! He enacts great
 Many steryne mane he steride by strenghe of hymē one ! deeds of valour.
- Whene his spere was sprongene, he spedē hym fullē þerne,
 Swappede owtte with a swerde, that swykede hym never, When his lance
 Swappede owtte with a swerde, that swykede hym never, is broken he
 fights with his sword.
- 1796 Wroghte wayes fullē wyde, and wounded knyghtez ;
- Wyrkez his in wayfare fullē werkand sydez,
 And hewes of þe hardieste halsez in sondyre,
 That alle blendez with blode thare hir blanke rynnez !
- 1800 So many biernez the bolde broughte owt of lyfe,
 Tittez tirauntez dounē, and temez theire sadilles,
 And turnez owte of þe toile, whene hym tyme thynkkez !
- Than the Lebe kynge criez fullē lowde Then the King of
- 1804 One *syr* Cador the kene, with cruelle wordez, Lebe ironically
 Thowe hase wyrchipe wonne, and wondyde knyghtez ! praises his deeds.
- Thowe wenes fore thi wightenez the werlde es thy nowene !
- I sallē wayte at thyne honnde, wy, be my trowthe !
- 1808 I have warnede þe wele, beware þif the lykez !”

The new-made
knights, with
sound of trum-
pets and spears
in rest, rush to
the fray,

1812

With cornuse and clariones þeis newe made knyghttez
Lythes un-to þe crye, and castez in fewtire;
fferkes in one a ffrounte one fferaunte stedez,
ffellede at þe fyrste come fyfty att ones!
Schotte thorowe the schiltrowns, and scheverede launcez,
Laid doun in þe lumppe lordly biernez!
Aud thus nobilly oure mene notez þeire strenghez.

1816

The King of Lebe
comes against
them.

1820

Bot new notte es onone þat noyes me sore;
The kyng of Lebe has laughte a stede þat hym lykede,
And comes in lordely in lyonez of silvere,
Umbelappez þe lumpe, and lattes in sondre;
Many lede with his launce þe liffe has he refede!
Thus he chaces þe childire of þe kyngez chambire,
And killez in þe champanyse chevalrous knyghttez!
With a chasynye spere he choppes doun many!

1824

He makes great
havoc among the
new men.

1828

1828

Had not Sir

Clegis and Sir
Clement come,
the new men had
gone to nought.

Then Sir Cador
puts his lance in
rest, and strikes
the King of Lebe
fair on the hel-

met.
The heathen king
falls to the
ground mortally
wounded.

Sir Cador tri-
umphs over him.

1832

Hittez hym

1836

Thane

syr

Cador

þe

kene

cryez

full

lowde,—

“Thow

has

corne

botte,

syr

kyng

, þare

God

gyfe

þe

A cruelle launce and a kene, and to þe kynge rydez,
Hittez hym heghe one the helme with his harde wapene,
That alle the hotte blode of hym to his hande rynnez!
The hethens harageous kynge appone þe hethe lyggez,
And of his hertly hurte helyde he never!

sorowe,

Thow

killyde

my

cosyne,

my

kare

es

the

lesse!

Kele

the

nowe

in

the

claye,

and

comforthe

thi

selfene!

1840

Thow

skornede

us

langere

with

thi

skorne

full

wordez,

And

nowe

has

þow

chevede

soo;

it

es

thyne

awene

skathe!

Holde

at

þow

hente

has,

it

harmez

bot

lyttille,

ffor

hethynge

es

hame

holde,

use

it

who

so

wille."

- 1844 **T**he kyng of Surry þane es sorrowfull in herte,
ffor sake of this soveraygne, þat þus was supprisede ;
Sembledes his Sarazenes, and senatours manye :
Unsaughtryly þey sette thane appone oure sere knyghtez ;
- 1848 Sir Cador of Cornewaile he cownterez them e sone,
With his kydde compayne clenlyche arrayede ;
In the frount of þe fyrthe, as þe waye forthis,
ffyfty thosande of folke was fellide at ones !
- 1852 Thare was at þe assemblé certayne knyghtez,
Sore wondede sone appone sere halfes ;
The sekereste Sarzanez that to þat sorte lengede,
Be-hynde the sadylles ware sette sex fotte large ;
- 1856 They scherde in the schiltrone scheldyde knyghtez,
Schalkes they schotte thrughe schrenkande maylez,
Thurgh the brenys browdene brestezy they thirlede,
Brasers burnyste bristezy in sondyre ;
- 1860 Blasons blode and blankes they hewene,
With brandez of browne stele brankand stedezy !
The Bretones brothely brittenez so many,
The bente and þe brode felde alle one blode rynnys !
- 1864 Be thane *syr* Cayous þe kene a capitayne has wonnene,
Sir Clegis clynges in, and clekes anoþer ;
The capitayne of Cordewa, undire þe kynge selfene,
That was keye of þe kythe of alle þat coste ryche,
- 1868 Utolfe and Ewandre, Joneke had nommene,
With þe erle of Affryke and oþer grette lordes.
The kyng e of Surry the kene to *syr* Cador es ȝeldene,
The Synechalle of Sotere to Segramoure hym selfene.
- 1872 When þe chevalrye saw theire cheftanes were nommene,
To a cheefe foreste they chesene theire wayes,
And felede them e so feynte, they falle in þe greves,
In the ferynne of þe fyrthe, fore ferde of oure pople.
- 1876 Thare myght mene see the ryche ryde in the schawes,
To rype up the Romayne ruydlyche wondyde !
Schowttes aftyre mene, harageous knyghtez,
Be hunndrethez they hewede doun e be þe holte eynys !
- The King of Syria, full of grief, assembles his Saracens for vengeance.
- Sir Cador and his men slay fifty thousand of them at once.
- Certain knights are wounded by Saracens riding behind others.
- The fight rages furiously.
- The field runs blood.
- Sir Clegis takes prisoner the Captain of Cordova.
- Sir Cador takes the King of Syria.
- The Romans fly into the forest.
- Arthur's men slay many of them there.

1880 Thus oure chevalrous mene chasez þe pople ;

A few escape to
a castle.

To a castelle they eschewede a fewe þat eschappede.

Thane relyez þe renkez of þe rounde table,

ffor to ryotte þe wode, þer þe duke restez ;

Arthur's knights seek for their
companions who
had been slain.
Sir Cador bids
them carry them
to the King.

1884 Ransakes the ryndez alle, raughte up theire feres,

That in þe fightyng be-fore fay ware by-levyde.

Sir Cador garte chare theym, and covere them faire,

Kariede them to the kyng with his beste knyghtez ;

He goes to Paris
with the pri-
soners, and
quikly returns
to Arthur.

1888 And passez un-to Paresche with prisoners hym-selfene,

Betoke theyme the proveste, pryncez and oþer ;

Tase a sope in the toure, and taryez no langere,

Bot tournes tytte to þe kynge, and hym wyth tunges telles.

Then he tells him
of the case that
had befallen.

1892 "Syr," sais *syr* Cador, "a caas es be-fallen ;

We hafe cownterede to day, in zone coste ryche,

With kyngez and kayseres, krouelle and noble,

And knyghtes and kene men clenlyeh arayede !

They had fought
and slain many.

1896 Thay hade at zone foreste forsette us þe wayes,

At the furthe in þe fyrthe, with ferse mens of armes ;

Thare faughtte we in faythe, and foynede with sperys,

One felde with thy foo mene, and fellyd them on lyfe.

Divers of their
best knights were
taken prisoners,

1900 The kyng of Lebe es laide, and in þe felde levyde,

And manye of his lege mene þat þere to hym langede !

Oþer lordez are laughte of uncouthe ledes ;

We hafe lede them at lenge, to lyf whilles þe lykez.

the Senator
Barouns, the
King of Syria, the
Seneschall of
Suters.

1904 Sir Utore and *syr* Ewaynedyre, theis honourable knyghtez,

Be an awntere¹ of armes Joneke has nommene,

With erlez of þe Oryentte, and austeren knyghtez,

Of awncestrey þe beste mene þat to þe oste langede ;

But of Arthur's
knights fourteen
were slain.

Sir Beryl was
killed at the first

1908 The senatour Barouns es kaughte with a knyghtte,

The capitayne of Cornette, that crewells es haldene,

The syneschalle of Suters unsaughte wyth þes oþer,

The kyng of Surry hym-selfene, and Sarazenes.

1912 Bot fay of ours in þe felde a fourtene knyghtez,

BI wills noghte feyne ne forbere, but faythfully tellene ;

Sir Berelle es one, a banerette noble,

¹ Written in MS. a nauntere.

- Was killyde at þe fyrste come with a kynge ryche ; beginning of the
 1916 Sir Alidoyke of Towelle, with his tende knyghtez,
 Emange þe Turkys was tynte, and in tyme fondene ;
 Gude sir Mawrelle of Mauncez, and Mawrenz his brother,
 Sir Meneduke of Mentoche, with mervailous knyghtez."
- 1920 Thane the worthy kyng wrythes, and wepede with Then Arthur was
 his enghne, grieved,
 Karpes to his cosyne *syr* Cador theis wordez,—
 "Sir Cador, thi corage confundez us alle ! and speaks to his
 Kowardely thow castez owtte alle my beste knyghtez ! bitter words.
- 1924 To putte mene in perille, it es no pryce holdene,
 Bot þe partyes ware purvayede, and powere arayede ;
 When they ware stade on a strenghe, þou sulde hafe with-stondene,
 Bot þif thowe wolde alle my steryne stroye for þe nonys !"
- 1928 "Sir," sair *syr* Cador, "þe knowe wele ȝourselvene ; Sir Cador replies
 þe are kynge in this kythe, karpe whatte ȝow lykys ! with dignity.
 Salle never upbrayde me, þat to þi burde langes,
 That I sulde blyna for theire boste, thi byddyng to wyrche ;
- 1932 Whens any stirttez to stale, stiffe þame þe bettere,
 Ore thei wills be stonayede, and stroyede in ȝone strayne
 londez.
- I dide my delygens to daye, I doo me one lordez, He had only done
 And in daungere of dede fore dyverse knyghtez, his duty,
- 1936 I hafe no grace to þi gree, bot syche grett wordez ;
 ȝif I heven my herte, my hape es no bettyre." but is ill repaid
 ȝose *syr* Arthure ware angerde, he ansuers faire, by such hard
 "Thow has doughtily donne, *syr* duke, with thi handez, Then Arthur re-
 1940 And has donne thy dever with my dere knyghtez ; tracts.
 ffor-thy thow arte demyde, with dukes and erlez,
 ffor one of þe doughtyeste þat dubbede was ever ! He acknowledges
 Thare es none ischewe of us, on this erthe spongengen ; Cador had done
 1944 Thow arte apparant to be ayere, are one of thi childyre ; his devoir.
 Thow arte my sister sone, for-sake sallie I never !" He was one of
 Then gerte he in his awene tente a table be sette, the bravest of the
 And tryede in with tromppez travaillede biernez ; brave, and heir apparent
 1948 Serfede them solempnely with selkouthe metez, to the throne.
 Therefore he would never forsake him.
 Then he makes a noble feast in his own tent for the knights who had been engaged in
 the fight.

But the Senators
of Rome tell the
Emperor of the
defeat of his men.

He had been be-
trayed by those
he trusted most.

Then the Em-
peror is very
wroth.

He assembles a
council of war.

He tells them his
purpose to go
into Saxony,

and enter into
Augusta,

to riot and revel
till the arrival of
Sir Leo and the
Lords of Lom-
bardy.

King Arthur, get-
ting intelligence
of this, with-
draws his men
secretly by the
woods;

takes the short-
est road into
Saxony;

suddenly attacks
the city with
seven bands.

Sir Valiant makes
a vow to van-
quish the Vis-
count of Rome.

Swythe semly in syghte with sylverene dischees.
Whene the senatours harde saye þat it so happenede,
They saide to þe emperorour, "thi seggez are suppryssede!"

1952 Sir Arthure, thyne enmy has owterayede þi lordez,
That rode for þe rescowe of þone riche knyghtez!
Thow dosse bot tynnez þi tyme, and turmenttez þi pople;
Thow arte be-trayede of þi mene, that moste thow on
traystede.

1956 That schalle turne the to tene and torfere for ever."

Than the emperorour irus was angerde at his herte,
for oure valyant biernez siche prowesche had wonnene.
With kynge and with kaysere to consayle they wende,

1960 Soverayngez of Sarazenez, and senatours manye;
Thus he semblez fulls sone certayne lordez,
And in the assemble thane he sais them theis wordez,—
" My herte sothely es sette, assente þif þowe lykes,

1964 To seke into Sexone, with my sekyre knyghtez,
To fyghte with my foo mene, if fortune me happene,
þif I may fynde the freke with-in the foure halvez;
Or entire in-to Awguste awnters to seke,

1968 And byde with my balde mene with-in þe burghe ryche;
Riste us and revelle, and ryotte oure selfene,
Lende þare in delytte in lordeckippez ynewe,
To syr Leo be comene with alle his lele knyghtez,

1972 With lordez of Lumberdye, to lette hym the wayes."
Bot owre wyese kyng es warre to wayttene his renkes,
B And wyesly by þe woddez voydez his oste;

And gerte felschene his fyrez, flawmande fulls heghe,

1976 Trussene fulls traystely, and treunt there aftyre.

Seþene into Sessoyne, he soughte at the gaynestre,
And at the surs of þe sonne disseverez his knyghtez:
fforsette theme the cite appone sere halfez,

1980 So-daynly on iche halfe, with sevene grett stales.

Anely in the vale a vawewarde enbusches;
Sir Valyant of Vyleris, with valyant knyghtez,
Be-fore þe kyngez visage made siche avowez,

- 1984 To venquyse by victorie the vescownte of Rome !
 ffor-thi the kyng^e chargez hym, what chaunce so be-falle,
 Cheftayne of the cheekke, with chevalrous knyghtez,
 And sythyn^e meles with mouthe, þat he moste traystez :
 The King gives him command of the vanguard;
- 1988 Demenys the medylwarde menskfullly hymselfe,
 fittes his fote-mene, allos hym faire thynkkes ;
 On frounte in the fore breste, the flour of his knyghtez,
 His archers on aythere halfe he ordayneð þer-aftyre
 he himself directs the centre.
- 1992 To schake in a sheltrone, to schotte whene þame lykez ;
 He arrayed in þe rerewarde full^e rialle knyghtez,
 With renkkes renownd of þe rounde table,
 Sir Raynalde, sir Richere, that rade was never,
 He arranges the archers on either flank,
- 1996 The riche Duke of Rowne wyt ryders ynnewe ;
 Sir Cayous, sir Clegis, and elene mene of armes,
 The kyng castes to kepe be þaa clere strandes.
 Sir Lott and syr Launcelott, þise lordly knyghtez,
 Places renowned knights for a rearguard.
- 2000 Salle lenge on his lefte hande, wyth legyones ynnewe,
 To meve in þe morne, while þif þe myste happynne ;
 Sir Cador of Cornewaile, and his kene knyghtez,
 To kepe at þe Karfuke, to close in ther oþere :
 Sir Lott and Sir Lancelot command a band on the left hand, which is to move in the mist of early morning.
- 2004 He plantez in siche placez pryncez and erlez,
 That no powere sulde passee be no prevé wayes.
 Sir Cador and his men are to keep guard over the passes.
- B ot the emperor onone, with honourable knyghtez
 and erlez, enteres the vale, awnters to seke,
 2008 And fyndez sir Arthure with hostez arayede ;
 And at his in-come, to ekkene his sorowe,
 Oure burlyche bolde kyng^e appone the bente howes,
 With his bataile one brede, and baners displayede.
 The Emperor and his knights quickly enter the vale in search of adventures.
- 2012 He hade þe ceté for-sett appone sere halfes,
 Bothe the clewez and þe clyfez with clene mene of armez !
 The mosse and þe marrasse, the mounttez so hye,
 With gret multytude of mene, to marre hym in þe wayes.
 and all the positions occupied.
- 2016 Whene syr Lucius sees, he sais to his lordez,
 " This traytour has trauant¹ this tresone to wyrche !
 He has the ceté forsett appone sere halfez,
 Then Sir Lucius declares with

¹ Or treunt.

wrath that there
is no way else but
to fight, for by
he may not.

He arrays his
rich Romans.
The Viscount is
in the van.

Hoists his stand-
ard, the golden
dragon enamelled
with eagles.

They drink and
make merry.

Sir Lucius ex-
horts them to
think on the
great renown of
Rome—how it
had conquered all
Christendom,

and all the land
of the Saracens,
from Jaffa to the
gates of Paradise.

Without doubt
they will quickly
reduce these
rebels.

Arthur calls upon
the Viscount of
Valence, and
threatens him
with vengeance.

The Viscount
boldly prepares
for the fray.

Alls þe clewez and the cleyffez with clene mene of armez !
Here es no waye i-wys, ne no wytt elles,

Bot feghte with oure foo-mene, for flee may we never !

Thane this ryche mane rathe arayes his byernez,

Rowlede his Romayne, and realle knyghtez ;

Buschez in the awawmewarde the vescoune of Rome,

ffro Viterbe to Venyse, theis valyante knyghtez :

Dresses up dredfully the dragone of golde,

With egles al-over, enamelede of sable ;

2028 Drawens dreghely the wyne, and drynkyne thereaftyre,
Dukkez and dusseperez, dubbede knyghtez,
ffor dauncesyng of Duche-mene, and dynnyng of pypez,
Alle dynned fore dyne that in þe dale hovede.

2032 And thane *syr Lucius* on lowde said lordlyche wordez,
A “ Thynke one the myche renownne of *þour* ryche
fadyrs ;

And the riatours of Rome, þat regnede with lordez ;
And the renkez over rane alle that regnede in erthe,

2036 Encrochede alle Cristyndome be craftes of arms ;
In everiche a viage the victorie was haldene ;

In sette alle þe Sarazenes within sevene wyntter,
The parte ffro the Porte Jaffe to Paradyse þatez !

2040 Thoghe a rewme be rebelle, we rekke it bot lyttille !
It es resone and righte the renke be restreynede !
Do dresse we tharefore, and byde we no langere,
ffore dredlesse with-owtynne dwtte, the daye schall be
ourez !”

2044 Whene þeise wordez was saide, the Walsche kyng hym
selfene

Was warre of this wyderwyne, þat werrayede his knyghtez :

Brothely in the vale with voyce he ascryez,—

“ Viscounte of Valewnce, envious of dedys,

2048 The vassalage of Viterbe to daye schall be revengede !
Unvenquiste for þis place voyde schall I never !”

Thane the vyscounte valiante, with a voyse noble,

Avoyedyde the awawmewarde, enverounde his horse ;

- 2052 He drissede in a derfe schelde, endenttyd *with* sable,
 With a dragone engowschede, dredfullē to schewe,
 Devorande a dolphyne with dolefullē lates,
 In seyne that oure soveraygne sulde be distroyede,
- 2056 And alle done of dawez with dynettez of swreddez ;
 ffor thare es noghte bot dede thare the dragone es raissede !
 Thane the comlyche kyngē castez in fewtyre,
 With a crewells launce cowpez fullē evene
- 2060 Abowne þe spayre a spanne, emange þe schortte rybbys,
 That the splent and the spleene on the spere lengez !
 The blode sprente owtte and sprede as þe horse spryngez,
 And he sproulez fullē spakely, bot spekes he no more !
- 2064 And thus has *syr* Valyant haldens his avowez,
 And venqwyste þe viscownte, thate victor was haldens !
 Thane *syr* Ewayne *syr* Fytz Uriene fullē enkerlye rydez
 Onone to the emperor his egle to towche ;
- 2068 Thrughe his brode bataile he buskes be-lyfe,
 Braydez owt his brande *with* a blyth chere,
 Roverssede it redelye, and awaye rydys ;
 fferkez in with the fewle in his faire handez,
- 2072 And ffittez in freely one ffrounte *with* his feris.
 Now buskez *syr* Lanncelot, and braydez fullē evene
 To *syr* Lucius the lorde, and lothelye hymē hyttes ;
 Thurghe pawnce *and* platez he percede the maylez,
- 2076 That the prowde penselle in his pawnche lengez !
 The hede hayleds owtt be-hynde ane halfe fote large,
 Thurghe hawberke and hanche, *with* þe harde wapyne !
 The stede and the steryne mane strykes to þe grownde,
- 2080 Strake downe a standerde, and to his stale wendez !
 " Me lykez wele," sais *syr* Loth, " þone lordez are dely-
 verede !
- The lott lengez nowe on me, *with* leve of my lorde :
 To day sallē my name be laide, and my life aftyre,
- 2084 Bot some leppe fro the lyfe, that one þone lawnde hovez !"
 Thane strekez the steryne, and streynys his brydylle,
 Strykez in-to the stowre on a stede ryche,

His device is a dragon devouring a dolphin.

Sir Valiant lays his lance in rest, and pierces him through the short ribs.

And thus did he redeem his word.

Sir Ewaine makes a bold attempt to reach the Emperor.

Sir Lancelot slays the Lord Lucius.

Sir Lott rejoices that his turn is now come.

He slays a giant, Enjoynede with a geaunt, and jaggede hym thorowe !

- 2088 Jolyly this gentille for-justede anoþer,
 Wroghte wayes fulle wyde, werryande knygitez,
 And wondes alle wathely, that in þe waye stondez !
 ffyghtez with alle the ffrappe a furlange of waye,
 and many war-riors beside. 2092 ffelled fele appone felde with his faire wapene,
 Venqwiste and has the victorie of valyaunt knygitez,
 And alle enverounde the vale, and voyde whene hym
 likede !

The British bow-men discharge
their arrows.

- 2096 **T**han bowmens of Bretayne brothely ther-aftyre
 Bekerde with bregaunder of ferre in tha laundez,
 With flonez fleterede þay flitt fulle freschly þer frekez,
 flichene with fetheris thurgh þe fyne maylez :
 Sithe flyttinge es foule that so the flesche derys,
 2100 That flowe o ferrome in flawnkkes of stedez ;
 Darteres the Duche-mene daltere aȝaynes,
 With derfe dynttez of dede, dagges thurgh scheldez ;
 Qwarelles qwayntly swappez thorowe knygitez
 2104 With iryne so wekyrly, that wynche they never.

Many are slain
by the sharp
arrows.

- So they schérenkene fore schotte of þe scharppe arowes,
 That all the scheltrons schonte, and schoderide at ones !
 Thane riche stedes rependez, and rasches one armes ;
 2108 The hale howndrethe one hye appone heyghe lygges,
 Bot ȝitte þe hathelieste on hy, haythene and oþer ;
 All hoursches over hede harmes to wyrke.
 And alle theis geauntez be-fore, engenderide with fendez,

But the giants
make a terrible
charge,

- 2112 Joynez on sir Jenitalle, and gentille knygitez,
 With clubbez of clene stele clenkkede in helmes,
 Graschede dounre crestez, and craschede brayneze ;
 Kyllede coursers and coverde stedes,
 2116 Choppode thurgh chevalers one chalke-whytte stedez.
 Was never stele ne stede myghte stande them aȝayneze,
 Bot stonays and strykez dounre, that in þe stale hovys.
 Tills þe conquerour come with his kene knygitez,
 2120 With crowelle contenaunce he cryede fulle lowde,—
 “I wende no Bretouȝ walde bee basschede for so lyttile,

Nothing can
stand against
them until Ar-
thur comes.

He despises
them,

- And fore bare-legyde boyes, þat one the bente hovys!"
- H**e clekys owtte Collbrande fullē clenlyche burneschte,
2124 Graythes hymē to Golapas, þat grevyde moste ;
Kuttes hymē evenē by þe knees clenly in sondyre.
"Come downe," quod the kynge, "and karpe to thy ferys!
Thowe arte to hye by þe halfe, I hete þe in trouthe !
2128 Thowe sallē be handsomere hye, with þe helpe of my
Lorde!"
- With þat stelene brande he strake ofe his hede.
Sterlynly in þat stoure he strykes anōer.
Thus he settez on sevēne with his sekyre knyghtez : He and his
knights slay
sixty giants.
- 2132 Whylles sixty ware servede soo, ne sessede they never !
And thus at the joyenye the geauntez are dystroyede,
And at þat journey for-justede with gentille lordez.
Than the Romaynes, and the renkkes of þe rounde table,
2136 Rewles them in arraye, terewarde ande oþer,
With wyghte wapynez of werre, thay wroughtene one
helmes,
Rittez with renke stele fullē ryalle maylez ;
Bot they fut theme fayre, thes frekk byernez,
- 2140 ffewters in freely one feraunte stedes,
ffoynes fullē felly with flyschande speris,
fretene of orfrayes feste appone scheldez.
So fele fay es in fyghte appone þe felde levyde,
- 2144 That iche a furthe in the firthe of rede blode rynnys !
By that swyftely one swarthe þe swett es bylevede,
Swerdez swangene in two, sweltand knyghtez
Lyes wyde opyne welterande one walopande stedez ;
- 2148 Wondes of wale mene werkande sydys,
ffacez fetteled unfaire in filterede lakes,
Alle craysed for-trodyne with trappede stedez,
The faireste fygured folde that fygurede was ever,
- 2152 Alles ferre alles a furlange, a thosande at ones !
Be than the Romayne ware rebuykyde a lyttile,
With-drawes theyme drerely, and dreches no lengare ;
Oure prynce with his powere persewes theyme aftyre,
- and plucking out
Colbrand, quickly
cuts the giant
Golapas in two
at the knees ;
- telling him "he
was too high by
half." Then he
strikes off his
head.
- The Romans rally
and make a fierce
resistance.
- Many men are
slain. Rivers of
blood run into
the sea.
- The Romans begin
to retreat,
and Arthur
presses on them.

- 2156 Prekez one þe proudeste with his price knyghtez.
 Sir Kayous, sir Clegis, with clene mene of armez,
 Enconters theme at þe elyffe with clene mene of armez ;
 ffyghttes faste in þe fyfth, frythes no wapene,
Sir Cayous and his men slay five hundred.
- 2160 ffelled at þe firste come fyfe hundrethe at ones !
 And when they fande theym foresett with oure fers
 knyghtez,
 ffewe mene agayne fele, mot fyche them bettyre ;
 ffeghtez with alle þe frappe, foynes with speres,
- 2164 And faughte with the frekkest þat to Fraunce langez.
He kills a king.
 Bot sir Kayous þe kene castis in fewtyre,
 Chasez one a coursere, and to a kyng rydys ;
 With a launce of Lettowe he thirlez his sydez,
- 2168 That the lyver and þe lunggez on þe launce lenez.
 The schafte scodyrde and schott in the schire byerne,
 And soughte thorowowte þe schelde, and in þe schalke
 rystez.
- but is sorely wounded by a coward knight from behind. 2172 Bot Kayous at the income was kepyd un-fayre
 With a cowarde knyghte of þe kythe ryche ;
 At the turnyng that tyme the traytors hym hitte
 In thorowe the felettes, and in þe flawnke aftyre,
 That the boustous launce þe bewelles attamede,
- 2176 þat braste at þe brawlyng, and brake in þe myddys.
 Sir Kayous knewe wele, be þat kyde wounde,
 That he was dede of þe dynte, and done owe of lyfe.
 Than he raykes one arraye and one rawe rydez,
- He feels that he has received a mortal wound, but strikes down the coward. 2180 One this ryalle his dede to revenge ;
 "Kepe the, cowarde," and calles hym sone,
 Cleves hym wyth his clere brande clenliche in sondire !
 "Hadde thou wele delte thy dynt with thi handes,
- 2184 I hade forgeffene þe my dede, be Crist now of hewyne!"
 He weyndes to þe wyese kyng, and wynly hym gretes,
 "I am wathely woundide, waresche mons I never !
 Wirke nowe thi wirchipe, as þe worlde askes,
- He makes his way to Arthur, and tells him that he is dying. 2188 And brynge me to beryelle, byd I no more !
 Grete wele my ladye þe qwene, ȝife þe werlde happyne,

He bids him greet for him the

- And alls þe burliche birdes þat to hir boure lengez ; Queen, the nobles
And my worthily weife, þat wrethide me never, of the court, and
his wife.
- 2192 Bid hire fore hir wyrchipe wirke for my saulle !
- The kynge confessor come, with Criste in his handes, Then comes the
ffor to comforthe the knyghte, kende hym þe wordes ; King's confessor
The knyghte coueride on his knees with a kaunt herte,
wafer.
- 2196 And caughte his Creatoure þat comfurthes us alle !
- Thane remmes þe riche kynge fore rewthe at his herte, Cayous receives
Rydes in-to rowte his dede to revenge ; him with devo-
Presede in-to þe plumpe, and with a prynce metes, tion.
Then Arthur, full
of grief, rushes
into the fray to
avenge him.
- 2200 That was ayere of Egipt in thos este marches ;
- Cleves hym with Collbrande clenlyche in sondyre ! He cleaves an
He broches evene thorowe þe byerne, and þe sadille Egyptian prince
bristes, asunder.
- And at þe bake of þe blonke þe bewelles entamede !
- 2204 Manly in his malycoly he metes anoþer,
- The medilles of þat mygghty, þat hym myche grevede ; Another he chops
He merkes thurgh the maylez the myddes in sondyre,
That the myddys of þe mane on þe mounte fallez,
in half.
- 2208 þe toþer halfe of þe haunche on þe horse levyde.
- Of þat hurte, alls I hope, heles he never !
- He schotte, thorowe þe schiltrouns wiþ his scharpe wapene, He cuts his way
Schalkez he schrede thurgh, and schrenkede maylez ; through the
battle.
- 2212 Baneres he bare downne, bryttenede scheldes,
- Brothely with browne stole his brethe he þare wrekes :
- Wrothely he wryththis by wyghtnesse of strenghe,
- Woundes þese whydrewyns, werrayede knyghtes,
- 2216 Threppedde thorowe þe thykkys thryttene sythis,
- Thrynguez throlly in the thrange, and chis evens aftyre !
- Thanesir Gawayne the gude, with wyrchipfull knyghtez,
- Wendez in the avawewardre be tha wodde hemmys ; Sir Gawayne at-
tacks the Em-
peror Lucius.
- 2220 Was warre of *syr* Lucius, one launde there he hovys,
- With lordez and ligge mene, that to hym-selfe lengede.
- Thane the emperour enkerly askes hym sonne,
- “ What wille thou, Gawayne, wyrke with thi wapyne ?
- 2224 I watte be thi waveryng, thou willnez aftyre sorowe ;

I salſe be wrokynſe on thi wrethe, for alle thi grete
wordez?"

But Lucius with
his long ſword
wounds Sir
Lionel,

He laughte owtte a lange ſwerde, and luyschede one ffaste,
And eyr Lyonelle in the launde lordely hym ſtrykes,

- 2228 Hittes hym on þe hede, þat þe helme briftis ;
Hurttes his herne-pane an haunde-brede large !
Thus he layes one þe lumppe, and lordlye þeme ſerved,
Wondide worthily wirchipfull knyghtez !

and makes the
blood flow from
Sir Florent.

- 2232 ffightez with Florent that beſte es of ſwerdez,
Tille þe fomande blode tille his fyſte rynnſe !

Thane þe Romayns relevyde, þat are ware rebuykkyde,
And alle to-rattys oure menſ with theire riste horſſes ;

The Romans, ex-
cited by his
bravery, get the
better of Arthur's
men.

- 2236 ffore they ſee þaire cheftayne be chaufede ſo ſore,
They chaffe and choppe dounſ oure chevalrous knyghtes !
Sir Bedwere was borne thurghe, and his breſte thyrllede,
With a burlyche braunde, brode at þe hiltes ;

Sir Bedwere is
ſlain.

- 2240 The ryalle raunke ſtele to his hertte rynnſe,
And he rusches to þe erthe, rewthe es the more !
Thane þe conquerour tuke kepe, and come with his
ſtrenghes

- To reschewe þe ryche mene of þe rounde table,
2244 To owttraye þe emperor, þif autire it ſchewe,
Ewyne to þe egle, and Arthure askryes.

The emperor thane egerly at Arthure he ſtrykeſ,
Awkwarde on þe umbrere, and egerly hym hitteſ !

The Emperor
strikes Arthur on
the visor, and
wounds his face.

- 2248 The nakyeſ ſwerde at þe nese noyes hym ſare,
The blode of bolde kynge over þe breſte rynnſe,
Beblede at þe brode ſchelde and þe bryghte mayles !
Oure bolde kynge bowes þe blonke be þe bryghte brydylle,

Arthur gives him
a buffet that cuts
through his head
and breast.

- 2252 With his burlyche brande a buffette hym reches,
Thourghe þe brene and þe breſte with his bryghte wapyne,
Oſlante dounſ fro þe ſlotе he ſlyttes at ones !

Sir Lucius dies,
and the Romans
fly.

- 2256 And all his auſteryne oste þare-of ware affrayede !
Now they ferke to þe fyrthe, a fewe þat are levede,
for fernderneſſe of oure folke, by þe fresche strandez !

- The floure of oure fferant stedez
 2260 ffollowes frekly on þe frekes, thate ffrayede was never. Arthur's men
 Thanе þe kyde conquerour cryes fulle lowde,— pursue.
 “Cosyne of Cornewaile, take kepe to þi-selfene,
 That no captayne be kepyde for none silver,
 2264 Or *syr* Kayous dede be cruelly vengede!” The King bids
 “Nay,” sais *syr* Cador, “so me Criste helpe!
 Thare ne es kaysere ne kyng, þat undire Criste rygnnes, them give no
 þat I ne schalle killе colde dede be crafte of my handez!” quarter.
 2268 Thare myghte men see chiftaynes, on chalke whitte stedez,
 Choppe dounе in the chaas chevalrye noble;
 Romaynes þe rycheste and ryalle kynges,
 Braste with ranke stele theire rybbyss in sondyre! A fearful carnage
 2272 Grayves fore-brustens thurghe burneste helmes, follows.
 With brandez for-brittenede one brede in þe laundez;
 They hewede dounе haythene mene with hiltede swerdez, Heathen men are
 Be hole hundrethez on hye, by þe holte eynyes! slain by hun-
 dreds.
 2276 Thare myghte no silver theym save, ne socoure theire
 lyves,
 Sowdane ne Sarazene,—ne senatour of Rome!
 Thanе relevis þe renkes of the rounde table
 Be þe riche revare, that rynnys so faire;
 2280 Lugegez thaym lufye by þa lyghte strandez, Arthur's men
 Alle on lawe in þe lawnde, that lordlyche byernes : plunder the rich
 Thay kaire to þe karyage, and tuke whate them likes, camp of the Ro-
 Kamelles and sekadrisses, and cofirs fulle riche,
 2284 Hekes and hakkenays, and horses of armes,
 Howsyngs and herbergage of heythene kyngez ; Horses, camels,
 They drewe owt of dromondaries dyverse lordes,
 Moylez mylke whitte, and mervaillous bestez,
 2288 Elfaydes, and Arrabys, and olyfauntez noble,
 þer are of þe Oryent, with honourable kynges. and many mar-
 Bot *syr* Arthure onone ayeres þer-aftyre
 Ewyns to the Emperour, with honourable kyngis ;
 2292 Laughte hym upe fullе lovelyly with lordliche knyghtez,
 And ledde hym to þe layere, thare the kyng lygges.vellous beasts are
 captured.

- The bodies of the Emperor and chief men of Rome are embalmed and wrapped in lead,
- enclosed in chests, and sent to Rome with their banners displayed over them.
- Two Senators come barefoot and kneel before the conqueror.
- The King grants them their lives on condition of their carrying a message for him to Rome.
- 2296 Thane harawdez heghely, at heste of the lordes,
Hunttes upe the haythemene, that on heghte lygges,
The Sowlane of *Surry*, and certayne kynges,
Sexty of þe cheefe senatours of Rome.
Thane they bussches and bawmede þaire honourliche
kynges,
Sewed theme in sendelle sexti faulde aftire,
2300 Lappede them in lede, lesse that they schulde
Chawnge or chawffe, þif þay myghte escheffe ;
Closed in kystys clene un-to Rome,
With theire baners abowne, theire bagis there-undyre,
2304 In whate countre þay kaire that knyghttes myghte knawe
Iche kynge be his colours, in kyth whare lengede.
Onone on the secounde daye, sone by þe morne,
Twa senatours ther come, and certayne knyghtez,
2308 Hodles fro þe hethe, over þe holte eynes,
Barefote over þe bente, with brondes so ryche,
Bowes to þe bolde kynge, and biddis hym þe hiltes,
Whethire he wills hang theym or hedde, or halde theym
on lyfe :
2312 Knelyde be-fore þe conquerour in kyrtilles allone ;
With carefull contenaunce þay karpide þese wordes,—
“ Twa senatours we are, thi subgettez of Rome,
That has savede oure lyfe by þeise salte strandys ;
2316 Hyd us in þe heghe wode, thurgh þe helpyngs of Criste !
Beseikes the of socoure, as soveraygne and lorde !
Grante us lyffe and lyme with liberallie herte,
ffor his luffe that the lente this lordchipe in erthe !”
2320 “ I graunte,” quod gude kynge, “ thurgh grace of myselfene,
I giffe þowe lyffe and lyme, and leve for to passe,
So þe doo my message menskefully at Rome,
That ilke charge þat I þow þiffe here be-fore my cheefe
knyghtez.”
2324 “ þis,” sais the senatours, “ that sall we ensure,
Sekerly be oure trowhes thi sayenges to fullfille ;

- We sall lett for no lede þat lyffes in erthe,
ffore pape ne for potestate, ne prynce so noble,
2328 That ne sall lelely in lande thi letteres pronounce,
ffor duke ne fore dusseperre, to dye in þe payne !”
Than the banerettez of Bretayne broghte þeme to tentes;
There barbours ware bownne, with basyns one lofte,

2332 With warme watire i-wys they wette them fulle sons ;
They schovene this schalkes scharpely ther-aftyre,
To rekkene theis Romaynes recreaunt and ȝoldenes ;
ffor-thy schove they them to schewe, for skomfitte of
Rome.

The British lords
bring barbers and
basins and baths
for them, in order
to prove their
submission.

- 2336 They couylde þe kystys on kamelles be-lyve,
On asses and arrabyes, theis honourable kynges ;
The emperoure for honoure, alle by hym one,
Evene appone ane olyfaunte, hys egle owtt overe ;

They fastened the
coffins two and
two on camels.

- 2340 Be-kende them the captifis the kyng dide hym-selfene,
And alle byfore his kene mene karpede thees wordes,—

The Emperor's
body, for honour,
was by itself on
an elephant.

“**H**ere are the kystis,” quod the kyng, “ kaire over
þe mowntez ;

Arthur charges
them to say
that they have
brought the ar-
rears of tribute
due from him to
Rome.

- Mette full monee þat þe have mekylls ȝernede,
2344 The taxe and þe trebutte of tene schore wyntteres,
That was tenefully tynte in tym of oure elders :
Saye to the senatoure, þe ceté þat ȝemes,

This is the only
tribute they will
ever get from
him.

- That I sende hym þe somme, assaye how hym likes !
2348 Bott byde them nevere be so bolde, whylles my blode
regnes,

Eft for to brawlee ȝeme for my brode landez,
Ne to aske trybut ne taxe be nakyne tytle,
Bot syche tresoure as this, whilles my tym lastez.”

- 2352 Nowe they raike to Rome the redyeste wayes,
Knylls in the capatoyle, and comowns assemblies,
Soverayngez and senatours, the ceté þat ȝemes ;
Be-kende them the caryage, kystis and oþer,

They hasten to
Rome and sum-
mon the people
to the Capitol.

- 2356 Alls þe conquerour comaunde with cruelle wordes.
“ We hafe trystily travellede þis tributte to feche,
The taxe and þe trewage of fowre score wyntteris,

Perform Arthur's
message as he
directed.

They have
brought the tax
dues from Eng-
land and Ireland,
and all the west.

- 2360 Of Iglande, of Irelande and alle þir owtt illes,
That Arthure in the occidente occupyes att ones :
He byddis ȝow nevere be so bolde, whills his blode regnes
To brawle ȝowe fore Bretayne ne his brode landes,
Ne aske hyms trebute ne taxe be nonkyns title,
- 2364 Bot syche tresoure as this, whills his tyme lastis.
We haffe foughtene in ffrance, and us es foule happenede,
And alle oure myche faire folke faye are by-levede !
Eschappide there ne chevallrye, ne cheftaynes noþer,
- 2368 Bott choppede downne in the chasse, syche chawnce es
be-fallen !
- We rede þe store ȝowe of stone, and stuffene ȝour walles :
ȝow wakkens wandrethe and werre ; be-ware, ȝif ȝow
lykes !”

They declare that
they have suffered
defeat and
great loss,

and bid the Ro-
mans beware.

This great battle
between Arthur
and the Romans
was fought in the
calends of May.

It was a blow
from which the
Romans could
not recover.

After the defeat
Arthur buries his
knights.

Sir Bedwere at
Bayonne;
Sir Cayous at
Camelot;

In Burgundy,
Berade, and
Baldwin, and
Bedwar ;
Sir Cador at
Camelot.
In the August
after Arthur en-
ters into Ger-
many,

- 2372 In the kalendez of Maye this caas es be-fallen :
The roy ryalle renounde, with his rownde table,
One the coste of Constantyne by þe clere strandez,
Has þe Romaynes ryche rebuykede for ever !
Whene he hade foughtene in Fraunce, and the felde
wonnene,
- 2376 And fersely his foomenes fellde owtte of lyfe,
He bydes for þe beryenge of his bolde knyghtez,
That in batelle with brandez ware broughte owtte of lyfe.
He beryes at Bayone *syr* Bedwere þe ryche ;
- 2380 The cors of Kayone þe kene at Came es belevefede,
Koveride with a crystalle clenly alle over ;
His fadyre conqueride þat kyth knyghtly with hondes :
Seyne in Burgoyne he bade to bery mo knyghtez,
- 2384 Sir Berade and Bawdwyne, sir Bedwar þe ryche,
And *syr* Cador at Came, as his kynde askes.
Thane *syr* Arthure onone, in þe Augустe þer-aftyre,
Enteres to Almayne wyth ostez arrayed ;

- 2388 Lengez at Lusscheburghe, to lechens hys knyghtez,
With his lele ligge-menz, as lorde in his awens :
And one *Chrisopre* daye a concells he haldez,
Withe kynges and kaysers, clerkkes and oþer,
- 2392 Comandez them kenely to caste alle þeire wittys,
How he may conquer by crafte the kythe þat he claymes.
Bot the conquerour kene, curtais and noble,
Karpes in the concells theys knyghtly wordez,—
- 2396 "Here es a knyghte in theis klevys, enclesside with hilles,
That I have cowayte to knawe, be-cause of his wordez,
That es Lorayne þe lele, I kepe noghte to layne ;
The lordchipe es lovely, as ledes me telles :
- 2400 I wills that Ducherye devyse, and dele as me lykes,
And seyns dresse wyth þe duke, if destyny suffre :
The renke rebelle has bene un-to my rownde table,
Redy aye with Romaynes, and ryotte my landes !
- 2404 We sall rekkens fulle rathe, if reson so happens,
Who has ryghte to þat rente, by ryche Gode of hevene !
Thane wills I by Lombardye lykande to schawe,
Sett lawe in þe lande, þat laste sall ever.
- 2408 The tyrauntez of Terkayne tempeste a littylle,
Talke with þe temperalle, whilles my tyms lastez ;
I gyffe my proteccione to alle þe pope landez,
My ryche pensells of pes my pople to schewe :
- 2412 It es a foly to offendre oure fadyr undire Gode,
Owþer Peter or Paule, þa postiles of Rome.
Jiff we spare the spirituelle, we spedre bot the bettire ;
Whilles we have for to speke, spille sall it never !"¹
- 2416 Now they spedre at þe spurres, with-owtynne speche
more,
To þe Marche of Meyes, theis manliche knyghtez,
That es Lorrayne alofede, as Londones es here ;
Pety of þat seynþowre, that soveraynge es holdens.
- 2420 The kyng ferkes furthe on a faire stede,

and encamps at Luxemburg.

He holds a coun-cil on Christmas-day to devise how he may conquer all the territory that he claims.

He makes a speech in the council, saying that he much de-sires the posses-sions of the Duke of Lorraine,

who has been long a rank rebel to his Round Table.

He will soon show him who is the rightful owner of those lands !

Afterwards he will go to Lombardy and then visit the tyrants of Turkey,

but he will give protection to all the lands of the Pope, for it is folly to offend our Father under God.

If we spare the goods of the spirituality we shall speed the better.

Arthur straight-way leads his knights to lay siege to Metz.

¹ This passage may be taken as tolerably conclusive evidence that the poem was composed by an ecclesiastic.

They seek a place
to fix the en-
gines.

The citizens
shoot at them
with arrows and
bolts.

The king, with-
out his shield,
remains close to
the walls within
range of the
arrows.

Sir Ferrare re-
monstrates with
him for exposing
himself to such
danger.

Arthur scorns
him, and tells
him

that he would be
afraid of a fly
that lighted on
him.

As for him, he
fears not such
poor creatures as
these.

Never knave will
be allowed to kill
a crowned king.

Then come the
galant troops of
Arthur.

First the light
forayers on nim-
ble steeds;

then the renoun-
ed champions of
the Round Table;

- With ferreraunde ferawnte, and *oþer* foure knyghtez ;
 Abowte the cete þa sevene, thay soughte at þe nextte,
 To seke them a sekyre place to sett withe engeynes ;
- 2424 Thane they beneyde in burgh bowes of vyse,
 Bekyrs at þe bolde kyngs with boustouse lates,
 All-blawsters at Arthure egerly schottes,
 ffor to hurte hym or his horse with þat hard wapene :
- 2428 The kynge schonte for no schotte, ne no schelde askys,
 Bot schewes hym scharpely in his schene wedys ;
 Lenges alle at laysere, and lokes one the wallys,
 Whare þey ware laweste the ledes to assaille.
- 2432 "Sir," said *syr* fferere, "a ffoly thowe wirkkes,
 Thus nakede in thy noblaye to neghe to þe walles,
 Sengely in thy surcotte, this ceté to reche,
 And schewe þe with-in, there to schende us alle.
- 2436 Hye us hastylye heynne, or we mons fulle happene,
 ffor hitt they the or thy horse, it harmes for ever !"
 "Ife thowe be ferde," *quod* the kyng, "I rede thow
 ryde uttere,
 Lesse þat þey rywe the with theire rownd wapyne !
- 2440 Thow arte bot a fawntkyne, ne ferly me thynkkys !
 þou wills be flayede for a flye þat one thy flesche lyghttes !
 I am nothyngs agaste, so me Gode helpe !
 þof siche gadlynges be grevede, it greves me bot lyttill !
- 2444 Thay wyne no wirchipe of me, bot wastys theire takle !
 They salls wante or I weende, I wagene myns hevede !
 Salls never harlott have happe, thorowe helpe of my
 Lorde,
 To kylls a crownde kyng with krysoms enoynttede !"
- 2448 Thane come þe herbarjours, harageous knyghtez,
 The hale batelles one hye harrawnte ther-aftyre ;
 And oure forreours ferse, appone fele halves,
 Come flyeande be-fore one ferawnt stedes ;
- 2452 fferkande in arraye theire ryalls knyghtez,
 The renkez renownde of þe rounnd table :
 Alle þe frekke mens of Fraunce folowede thare aftyre,

- ffaire fittyde one frownte, and one the felde hovys.
- 2456 Thane the schalkes scharpelye scheftys theire horsez,
To schewens them semly in their scheene wedes;
Buskes in batyle with baners displayede,
With brode scheldes embrassedde, and burlyche helmys,
- 2460 With pennons and penselles of ylke prynce armes,
Appayrellde with perrye and *prestious* stones:
The lawnces with loraynes, and lemande scheldes,
Lyghtenande as þe levenyngs, and lemand al over.
- 2464 **T**hanе the price mene prekes, and proves þeire horsez,
Satilles to þe cetē, appone sere halves;
Enserches the subbarbes sadly thare-aftyre,
Discoveris of schotte-mene, and skyrmys a lyttle;
- 2468 Skayres þaire skotterfers, and their skowite waches,
Brittenes their barrers with their bryghe wapyns;
Bett downe a barbycane, and þe brygge wynnys,
Ne hade the garnysone bene gude at þe grete zates,
- 2472 Thay hade wonne that wone be their awens strenghe!
Thane with-drawes oure mene, and drisses them bettyre,
ffor dred of þe drawe-brigge dasschede in sondre;
Hyes to þe harbergage, thare the kyngs hovys
- 2476 With his battelle ons heghe, horsyde on stedyd;
Thane was þe prynce purvayedde, and þeire places nomene,
Pyghte pavillyons of palle, and plattes in seegge.
Thane lenge they lordly, as þeme leefe thoghthe,
- 2480 Waches in ylke warde, as to þe werre falles,
Settes up sodaynly certayne engynes;
One Sonondaye be þe soone has a fleche ȝoldene.
The kyngs calles one Florente, þat flour was of
- knyghtez,—
- 2484 "The Fraunce-mene enfeblesches, ne farly me thynkkys!
They are un-fondyde folke in þa faire marches,
ffor them wantes þe flesche and fude that them lykes.
Here are fforestez faire appone fele halves,
- 2488 And thedyre feemene are flede with freliche bestes!
Thow sall foonde to þe felle, and forraye the mountes;
- and all the brave men of France following them. They cause their steeds to curvet to show their bright caparisons. Their banners are displayed; broad shields of brass and mighty helmets; pennons emblazoned with arms. The lances glance like lightning.
- The chief men exhibit the speed of their horses.
- They encompass the city on divers sides,
- skirmish with the garrison, and break down their defences.
- But the garrison at the great gates checks them.
- Arthur's men withdraw to where the king was waiting.
- They pitch their tents, and prepare for a regular siege.
- Arthur calls for Sir Florent, and sends him on an expedition into the neighbouring country to collect supplies.

Sir fforawnt and *syr* Florydas salls folowe thi brydylle;
Us moste with some fresche mette refresche our pople,

2492 That are feedde in þe fyrthe with þe froyte of þe erthe.

Sir Gawaine himself, the worshipful warden, shall accompany them,

and many other knights of name.

2496 With alle wyseste mens of þe Weste marches:

Sir Clegis, *syr* Clarybalde, *syr* Clarymownde þe noble,
The capytayne oo wardyfe clenlyche arrayede.

Goo now, warne alle þe wache, Gawayne and oþer,

2500 And weendes furthe on your waye withouttyns moo
wordes."

These fresh men of arms start in their journey through woods and over hills.

Now ferkes to þe fyrthe thees fresche mens of armes,
To þe fells so fewe, theis fresclyche byernes,

Thorowe hopes and hymlande hillys and oþer,

2504 Holtis and hare woddes with healyne schawes,
Thorowe marasse and mosse and montes so heghe;

And in the myste mornyng one a mede falles,

Mawens and un-made, maynoyred bott lyttyle,

2508 In swathes sweppens downe fulls of swete floures:
Thare unbrydilles theis bolde, and baytes þeire horses,

To þe grygynge of þe daye, that byrdes gans synge;

Whylls the surs of þe sonne, þat sonde es of Cryste,

2512 That solaces alle synfulls, þat syghte has in erthe.
Thane weendes owtt the wardayne, *syr* Gawayne hymselfene,

Allas he þat weysse was and wyghte, wondrys to seke;
Thane was he warre of a wye wondyre wele armyde,

2516 Baytand on a wattire banke by þe wodde eynis,
Buskede in brenyes bryghte to be-halde,
Enbrassede a brode schelde on a blonke ryche,
With birenne ony borne, bot a boye one

He sees a knight well armed,

and a page carrying his spear.

On his shield his coat of arms was displayed.

2520 Hoves by hym on a blonke, and his spere holdes;
He bare sesenande in golde thre grayhondes of sable,
With chapes a cheynes of chalke whytte sylver,
A charbocle in þe cheefe, chawngawnde of hewes,

2524 And a cheefe anterous, chalange who lykes.

Sir Gawayne glystes on the gome with a glade wille !
A grete spere fro his grome he grypes in hondes,
Gyrdes ewene overe the streme on a stede ryche

Sir Gawaine beholds him with great joy, and goes across the stream towards him.

2528 To þat steryne in stour, one strenghe þare he hovys !

Egerly one Inglisce Arthure he askryes,
The toþer irouslye ansuers hymme sone
On a launde of Lorryne with a lowde stevens,

He shouts his cry, "Arthur of England."

2532 That ledes myghte lystens þe lenghe of a myle !

"Whedyr prykkes thou, pilour, þat profers so large ?
Here pykes thoue no praye, profire whens þe lykes !
Bot thou in þis perelle put of the bettire,

Then does the strange knight declare that Gawaine shall be his prisoner.

2536 Thow sall be my presonere, for alle thy prowde lates!"

"Sir," sais *syr* Gawayne, "so me Gode helpe !
Siche glaverande gomes greves me bot lyttile !

Sir Gawaine treats his great words with contempt.

2540 Or thowe goo of þis greve, for alls thy grete wordes!"

Thane þeire launces they lachene, thes lordlyche byernez,
Laggens with longe speres one lyarde stedes ;
Cowpens at awntere be brastes of armes,

Then they lay their spears in rest, and meet.

2544 Tille bothe þe crowells speres broustens att ones !

Thorowe scheldys þey schotte, and scherde thorowe males,
Bothe schere thorowe schoulders a schaftmonde large !
Thus worthylye þes wyes wondede ere bothene ;

Both the spears strike fair, and wound the knights.

2548 Or they wreke þems of wrethe a-waye wille þey never !

Than they raughte in the reyne and a-gayne rydes,
Redely theis rathe mene rusches owtte swordez,
Hittes one hellmes fulls hertelyche dynntys,

Then they rein in their horses and return to the fight with swords.

2552 Hewes appone hawberkes with fulls harde wapyns !

ffulle stowtly þey stryke thire steryne knyghttes,
Stokes at þe stomake with stelyne poyattes,
ffeghtene and floresche withe flawmande swerdez,

Fearful blows are exchanged.

2556 Tille þe flawes of fyre flawmes one theire helmes.

Thane *syr* Gawayne was grevede, and grythgide fulls sore ;
With Galuthe his gode swerde grymlye he strykes !
Clefe þe knyghttes schelde clenliche in sondre !

Sir Gawaine waxes wroth, and strikes grimly with his sword Galuth.

- He cleaves the knight's shield asunder, and lays open his side.
- The knight strikes fiercely at Sir Gawaine.
- He cuts through his armour and draws blood,
- which flows over all his dress.
- Then the knight jeers at him, and says the blood shall never be staunched.
- Sir Gawaine despises his words,
- but would know what can stop the bleeding.
- The knight will tell him if Gawaine will allow him to have shrift and prepare himself for his end.
- Gawaine readily grants this.
- 2560 Who lukes to *þe* lefte syde, whene his horse launches,
With *þe* lyghte of *þe* sonne men myghte see his lyvere !
Thane granes *þe* gome fore greefe of his wondys,
And gyrdis at *syr* Gawayne, as he by glentis ;
- 2564 And awkewarde egerly sore he hym smyttes ;
An alet enamelde he oches in sondire,
Bristes *þe* rerebrace with the bronde ryche,
Kerves of at *þe* coutere with *þe* clene egge,
- 2568 Anetis *þe* avawmbrace vrayllede with silver !
Thorowe a dowble vesture of velvett ryche,
With *þe* venymous swerde a vayne has he towchede !
That voydes so violently þat alle his witte changede !
- 2572 The vesere, the aventaile, his vesturis ryche,
With the valyant blode was verred all over !
Thane this tyrante tite turnes *þe* brydille,
Talkes un-tendirly, and sais, “ Pow arte towchede !
- 2576 Us bus have a blode bande, or thi ble change,
ffor alle *þe* barbours of Bretayne sallé noghte thy blode
stawnche !
ffor he þat es blemeste with *þis* brade brande, blyne
schalle he never.”
- “ *Ja*,” quod *syr* Gawayne, “ thow greves me bot lyttile !
- 2580 Thowe wenys to gloyne me with thy gret wordez !
Thow trowes with thy talkyngs þat my harte talmes !
Thow betydes torfere or thowe hyene turne,
Bot thow tellē me tytte, and tarye no lengere,
- 2584 What may staunche this blode þat thus faste rynnes.”
“ *Yif* I say *þe* sothely, and sekire *þe* my trowthe,
No surggone in Salarne sallé save *þe* bettyre ;
With-thy þat thowe suffre me, for sake of thy Cryste,
- 2588 To schewe schortly my schrifte, and schape for myne
ende.”
- “ *Yis*,” quod *syr* Gawayne, “ so me God helpe !
- I gyfe *þe* grace and graunt, thofe *þou* hafe grefe servede !
- 2592 With-thy thowe say me sothe what thowe here sekes,
Thus sengilly and sulayne alle *þi*-selfe one ;

And whate laye thou leves one, layne noghte þe sothe,
And whate legyaunce, and whare þow arte lorde."

- 2596 "My name es *syr* Priamus; a prince es my fadyre,
Prayseid in his pertyes with provede kynges;
In Rome thare he regnes he es riche haldens;
He has bene rebelle to Rome, and redene theire landes,
- The stranger knight tells him
that his name is Sir Priamus, son
of a prince,
- 2600 Werreyand weisely wyntters and þeres,
Be witt and be wyssdome, and be wyghte strenghe,
And be wyrchipfuller werre his awene has he wonne.
He es of Alexandire blode, overlynge of kynges,
- who rebelled
against Rome,
and gained a
kingdom.
- 2604 The uncle of his ayele, *syr* Ector of Troye;
And here es the kynredene that I of come,
And Judas and Josue, þise gentilles knyghtes:
I am apparaunt his ayere, and eldeste of oþer;
- He is of the blood
of Alexander and
Hector of Troy;
- related also to
Judas and
Joshua;
- 2608 Of Alexandere and Aufrike, and alle þa owte landes,
I am in possessione, and plenerly sessede.
In alle þe price cetees that to þe porte langes,
I sall hafe trewly the tresour and the londes,
- heir of Africa.
- 2612 And bothe trebute and taxe whilles my tyme lastes;
I was so hawtayne of herte, whilles I at home lengede,
I helde nane my hippe heghte undire hevene ryche;
ffor-thy was I sente hedire with sevens score knyghtez,
- When at home he
was so proud and
overbearing,
- 2616 To asaye of this warre, be sente of my fadire;
And I am for Cyrus witrye schamely suprisede,
And be awtire of armes owtrayedede for ever!
Now hafe I taulde the þe kyne that I ofe come,
- that he was sent
by his father to
this war with a
band of knights.
- 2620 Wille thow for knyghthede kene me thy name?"
"Be Criste," quod *syr* Gawayne, "knyghte wys I never!"
- He desires to
know Sir Ga-
waine's name.
- With þe kydde conquerour a knafe of his chambyre:
Has wroghte in his wardrobe wyntters and þeres,
- Sir Gawayne an-
swers deceitfully
that he is only a
knight of Arthur's
chamber,
- 2624 One his longe armour that hym beste lykid;
I poyne alle his pavelyouns þat to hym-selfe pendes,
Dyghettes his dowblettez for dukes and erles,
Aketoouns avenaunt for Arthure hym selfene,
- 2628 That he usede in warre alle this aughte wyntter!
He made me ȝomane at ȝole, and gafe me gret gyftes,

who had given him a horse and harness as a reward for service.

"If his knaves be such, what can his knights be?" exclaims Sir Priamus.

Alexander and Hector will be nothing to him.

Then Sir Gawaine tells him the truth.

He is Sir Gawaine, cousin to the Conqueror, the richest knight of all the Round Table.

Then Sir Priamus says this is better to him than any earthly possessions.

In recompense, he warns Gawaine that the Duke of Lorraine with his knights is lying in the wood near.

A mighty host well armed.

And c. pound and a horse, and harnayse fulls ryche ;
Gife I happe to my hele that hende for to serve,

2632 I be holpens in haste, I hette the for-sothe!"

"Giffe his knafes be syche, his knyghtez are noble !
There es no kyng^e undire Criste may kempe with hym one !

He wille be Alexander ayre, þat alle þe erthe lowtede,

2636 Abillere þane ever was *syr* Ector of Troye."

"Now fore the krisome þat þou kaghte that day þou was crystenede,

Whethire thowe be knyghte or knaffe, knawe now þe sothe :

My name es *syr* Gawayne, I graunt þe forsothe,

2640 Cosyne to the conquerour, he knewes it hymselfs ;
Kydd in his kalandar a knyghte of his chambyre,
And rollede the richeste of alle þe rounde table !

I ame þe dussepere and duke he dubbede with his hondes,

2644 Deyntely on a daye be-fore his dere knyghtes ;
Gruche noghte, gude *syr*, þofe me this grace happens ;
It es þe gifte of Gode, the gree es hys awene !"

"Petire !" sais Priamus, "now payes me bettire

2648 Thane I of Provynce warre prynce, and of Paresche ryche !
ffore me ware lever prevely be prykkyd to þe harte,
Than ever any prikkere had siche a prye wonnyne !

Bot here es herberde at handes, in þone huge holtes,

2652 Halle bataile one heyghe, take hede þif the lyke !
The duke of Lorryne the derfe, with his dere knyghtes,
The doughtyest of Dolfmede, and Duchemens many,

The lordes of Lombardye that leders are haldens,

2656 The garnysons of Godarde gaylyche arrayede,
The wyese of þe Westvale, wirchipfulls biernez,
Of Sessoyne and Surylande Sarazenes enewe ;
They are nowmerde fulls neghe, and namede in rollez

2660 Sixty thowsande and tene for-sothe of sekyre mens of
armeze ;

Bot þif thou hye fro þis hethe, it harmes us bothe,
And bot my hurtes be sons holpens, hole be I never !

- Tak heede to þis hausemenes, þat he no hornes blawe,
 2664 Are thouȝe heyley in haste beese hewene al to peces ;
 ffor they are my retenuȝ to ryde whare I wylle,
 Es nonȝ redyare renkes regnande in erthe ;
 Be thouȝ raghte with þat rowtt, thouȝ rydes no forþer,
 2668 Ne thouȝ bees never rawnsonede for reches in erthe !”
- S**ir Gawayne wente or þe wathe come, where hym beste Sir Gawayne goes
 lykede, with the wounded knight to Arthur's men.
- With this wortheliche wye, that wondyd was sore ;
 Merkes to þe mountayne there oure mens lenges,
 2672 Baytaynde theire blonkes þer on þe brode mede ;
 Lordes lenande lowe one lemande scheldes,
 With lowde laghettirs one lofts for lykyngs of byrdez,
 Of larkez, of lynkwhyttiez, þat lufflyche songene,
 2676 And some was slechte one slepe with slaughte of þe people,
 That sange in þe sesone in the schenñe schawes, listening to the
 So lawe in þe lawndez so lykande notes.
 Thane *syr* Whycher whas warre þaire wardayne was Sir Whycher per-
 wondyd, ceives that Sir
 2680 And went to hym wepan, and wryngande his handes ;
 Sir Wychere, *syr* Walchere, theis weise mens of armes,
 Had wondyre of *syr* Gawayne, and wente hym agayns :
 Mett hym in the mydwaye, and mervaille them toghte and wonders how
 2684 How he maisterede þat mane, so myghty of strenghes ! he could have
 Be alle þe welthe of þe werlde, so woo was þeme never ! this mighty knight.
 “ffor alle our wirchippe i-wysse awaye es in erthe !”
- “Greve þow noghte,” quod Gawayne, “for Godis luffe Sir Gawayne
 of hevene ; makes light of
 2688 ffore this es bot gosemere, and gyffene one erles ; his wounds.
- þoffe my schouldire be schrede, and my schelde thyrllede,
 And the wielde of myns arme werkies a littille,
 This prisonere *syr* Priamus, that has perilous wondes,
 2692 Sais þat he has salvez sallē softene us bothene.” His prisoner, Sir
 Thane stirttes to his sterape sterynfullē knyghtiez.
 And he lordely lyghttes and laghte of his brydille,
 And lete his burlyche blonke baite on þe flores ; They assist him
 to dismount.

- 2696 Braydes of his bacenette and his ryche wedis,
 He bends from exhaustion and loss of blood.
 Bownnes to his brode schelde and bowes to þe erthe,
 In alle the bodye of that bolde es no blode leved !
 Than preses to syr Priamous precious knyghtes,
- 2700 Avyssely of his horse hentis hym in armes ;
 Sir Priamus is lifted from his horse.
 His helme and his hawberke thay takene of aftyre,
 And hastily for his hurtte alle his herte chawngyd ;
 Thay laide hym downe in the lawndez, and laghte of
 his wedes,
- 2704 And he levede hym one lange, or how hym beste lykede ;
 They find at his girdle a gold box filled with the flower of Paradise.
 A ffoyle of fyne golde they fande at his gyrdille,
 þat es fulls of þe flour of þe fourre welle,
 þat flowes owte of Paradice whens þe flode ryses,
- 2708 That myche froyt of fallez, þat feede schalle us alls ;
 With this the knights are healed.
 Be it frette on his flesche, þare synnes are entamede,
 The freke schalle be fische halle with-in fowre howres.
 They uncovere þat cors with fulle clene hondes ;
- 2712 With clere watire a knyghte clensis theire wondes,
 Then wine and provisions are brought to them.
 Keled theyme kyndly, and comforted þer hertes.
 And whene þe carffes ware elene, þay clede them aȝayne ;
 Barelle ferrers they brochede, and broghte them the wyne,
- 2716 Bothe brede and brawns, and bredis fulls ryche ;
 The scouts bring news of the army encamped in the wood.
 Whens þay hade etens anone they armede after.
 Thane tha awntrende men as armes askryes,
 With a claryoune clere, thire knyghez to-gedyre,
- 2720 Callys to concells, and of this case tellys :—
 Sir Gawaine is for attacking them,
 “ ȝondyr es a compayne of clene mense of armes,
 The keneste in contek þat undir Criste lenges ;
 In ȝone okens wode an oste are arrayede,
- 2724 Undir takande mense of þiese owte londes ;
 As sais us syr Priamous, so helpe seynt Peter !”
 “ Go, mense, quod Gawayne, “ and grape in ȝoure hertez,
 Who sall graythe to ȝone greve to ȝone gret lordes ;
- 2728 ȝif we gettlesse goo home, the kyng wills be grevede,
 but refers to Sir Florent, the leader of the party.
 And say we are gadlynges, agaste for a lyttiles :
 We are with syr Florente, as to-daye falles,

That es floure of ffraunce, for he fleede never;

- 2732 He was chosene and chargegide in chambire of þe kyng,
Chifftayne of þis journee with chevalrye noble;
Whethire he fyghte or he flee, we sall folowe aftyre,
ffore alle þe fere of þone folke forsake sall I never!"

- 2736 "ffadyre," sais *syr* Florent, "fulls faire þe it tells!
Bot I ame bot a fawntkyne, unfraystede in armes;
þif any foly be-falle, þe fawte sall be owrs,
And freindly o Fraunce be flemede for ever!"

- 2740 Woundes noghte þour wirchipe, my witte es bot symple;
þe are owre wardayne i-wysse, wyrke as þowe lykes;
þe are at the ferreste noghte passande fyve hundrethe,
And þat es fully to fewe to feghte with them alle,

- 2744 ffore harlottez and hausemene sall helpe bott littills;
They wills hye theyme hyene for alle þeire gret wordes!
I rede þe wyrke aftyre witte, as wyesse men of armes,
And warpes wylily a-waye, as wirchipfulls knyghtes."

- 2748 "I grawnte," quod *syr* Gawayne, "so me Gode helpe!
Bot here are galynarde gomes þat of þe gre servis,
The kreuelleste knyghtes of þe kynge's chambyre,
That kane carpe with the coppe knyghtly wordes;

- 2752 We sall prove to daye who sall the prys wyne."

N owe ferriours fers un-to þe fyrthe rydez,
And foungez a faire felde, and on fotte lyghtez;

Prekes aftyre þe pray, as prycé mene of armes.

- 2756 fflorent and Floridas, with fyve score knyghtez,
ffollowede in þe foreste, and on þe way fowndys,
fflyngande a faste trott, and on þe folke dryffes.

Than felewes fast to our folke wele a fyve hundredth

- 2760 Of freke mene to þe fyrthe, appone fresche horses;
One *syr* Feraunt be-fore, apone a fayre stede,
(Was fosterde in Famacoste, the fende was his fadyre)
He flenges to *syr* Florent, and prystly he kryes,—

- 2764 "Why flees thou, falls knyghte? þe fende hafe þi saule!" He calls scorn-
fully on Sir Flo-
rent,
Thane *syr* fflorent was fayne, and in fewter castys;
One fawnelle of ffryselande to fferaunt he rydys,

Sir Florent ex-
presses his defer-
ence to Sir Ga-
waine, the warden
of the knights of
the Round Table,

and thinks their
numbers are too
few to fight.

He is for a care-
ful retreat.

Sir Gawayne
speaks with a
sneer of those
who only fight
with words.

Arthur's men
advance to the
wood.

A band of 500 of
the enemy meet
them, headed by
Sir Feraunt.

- And raghte in þe reyne on þe stede ryche,
 2768 And rydes to-warde the rowte, restes he no lengere !
 who with his lance in rest pierces him through the face and brain.
 ffulls butt in þe frounte he flyschis hymes evenes,
 And alle dysfegoures his face with his felle wapene !
 Thurghe his bryghte bacemette his brayne has he towchede,
- His cousin vows vengeance for his death,
 2772 And brustene his neke-bone, þat all his breste stoppede !
 Thane his cosyne askryede, and cryede fulls lowde,
 "Thowe has killede colde dede þe kynge of alle knyghttes !
 He has bene fraistede on felde in fyftene rewmes ;
- but Sir Floridas quickly disposes of him.
 2776 He fonde never no freke myghte foghte with hym one !
 Thow schall dye for his dede with my derfe wapene,
 And all þe doughty for dule þat in zone dale hoves !"
 "ffy," sais *syr* fforidas, "thow fferyande wryche !
- Sir Raynald, the renegade, proudly presses in ;
 2780 Thow wenes for to flay us, ffroke-mowthede schrewe !"
 Bot fforidas with a swerde, as he by glentys,
 Alls þe flesche of þe flank he flappes in sondyre,
 That alls the filthe of þe freke and fele of þe guttes
- 2784 ffoloes his fole fotte, whene he furthe rydes !
 Than rydes a renke to reschewe þat byerne,
 That was Raynalde of þe rodes, and rebells to Criste,
 Pervertede with Paynmys þat Cristene persewes ;
- but Sir Richer, of the Round Table, pierces him with a spear.
 2788 Presses in proudly, as þe praye wendes,
 ffore he hade in Prewwslande myche prycce wonnene ;
 ffor-thi in presence thare he profers so large !
 Bot thane a renke *syr* Richere of þe rounde table,
- 2792 One a ryalle stede rydes hym aȝaynes ;
 Throwe a rounnde rede schelde he ruschede hym sone,
 That the rosselde spere to his herte rynnes !
 The renye relys abowte and rusches to þe erthe,
- Sir Florent and his five score knights are sorely pressed.
 2796 Roris fulls ruydlye, bot rade he no more !
 Now alle þat es fere and unfaye of þes fyve hundred
 ffalles on *syr* florent, a ffyve score knyghttes ;
 Be-twix a plasche and a flode, appone a flate lawnde,
- The one side shout "Lo-
 2800 Oure folke fongene theire felde, and fawghte them agaynes,
 Than was lowde appone lofte Lorryne askryede,

Whene ledys with longe speris lasschens to-gedyrs, raine," the other
And Arthure one oure syde, whene theyms oghte aylede. "Arthur."

- 2804 Than *syr* florent and Floridas in fewtyre þey caste,
ffruschens one alle þe ffrape, and bernes affrayede;
ffellis fyve at þe frounte thare they fyrste enteride,
And, or they ferke forthire, fele of þese oþere!

Sir Florent and
Sir Floridas per-
form great deeds
of valour.

- 2808 Brenyes browddens they briste, brittenede scheldes,
Bettes and beres downe the best þat þeme byddes;
Alle þat rewlyds in the rowte they rydens awaye,
So rewldy they rere theys ryalls knyghttes!

- 2812 When *syr* Priamus þat prince persayvede theire gamens,
He hade peté in herte þat he ne durst profire;
He wente to *syr* Gawayne, and sais hym þese wordes,—
“Thi price mens fore thi praye putt are alle undyre,

Sir Priamus be-
seeches Gawayne
that he may help
Arthur's knights
against the Sarac-
ens.

- 2816 They are with Sarazenes over-sette mo þan sevene
hundreth

Of þe Sowdanes knyghtes owt of sere londes;
Walde þow suffire me, *syr*, for sake of thi Criste,
With a soppe of thi mens suppowells theym ones.”

- 2820 “I grouche not,” quod Gawayne, “þe gree es þaire awene!

They mone hafe gwerddouns fulls grett graunt of my
lorde!

Sir Gawayne de-
clares that they
have only just
enough to do to
please them.

Bot the freke mens of Fraunce fraiste them selfene,
ffrekis faughte noghte þeire fills this fyftene wynter!

- 2824 I wille noghte stire with my stale half a stede lenghe,
Bot they be stedde with more stuffe thane one zone stede
hovys.”

Thanе *syr* Gawayne was warre with-owtynne þe wode He sees the main
hemmes, body of the enemy
approaching,

Wyes of þe Westfale appone wyght horsez,

- 2828 Walopande wodely, as þe waye forthes,
With alle þe wapyns i-wys that to þe werre longez;

The erle Antele the olde the avawnwarde he buskes,

Ayerande one ayther hande heghte thosande knyghtez;

headed by the
Earl Antele, who
leads 8,000
knights.

- 2832 He pelours and pavysers passede alle nombyre,
That ever any prynce lede purvayede in erthe!

Than þe duke of Lorrayne dresesse thare aftyre,
With dowbille of þe Duche-mene, þat doughtty ware
holdene;

- 2836 Paynymes of Pruyslande, prekkers fulle noble,
Come prekkande be-fore with Priamous knyghtez.

The Earl is indignant that Arthur's knights should venture to resist so great a host.

Than saide the erle Antele to Algere his brother,—
“ Me angers ernestly at Arthures knyghtez !

- 2840 Thus enkerly one an oste awnters þeme selfene ;
They will be owttrayede anone, are undrone ryngs,
Thus folily one a felde to fyghte with us alls !
Bot thay be fesede in faye, ferly me thynkes !

- 2844 Walde they purposse take, and passe one theire wayes,
Prike home to theire prynce, and theire pray leve,
They myght lenghen their lyefe, and lossen bott littill !
It wolde lyghte my herte, so helpe me oure Lorde !”

They had better retreat while they are able.

Sir Alger, his brother, says that though they are so few they are a match for an army.

- 2848 “ Sir,” sais *syr* Algere, “ thay hafe littill usede
To be owttrayede with the oste ; me angers þe more !
The fayreste schall be full feye, þat in oure floke ryddez,
Alls fewe as they bene, are they the felde leve !”

- 2852 Thans gud Gawayne, gracious and noble,
Alle with glorious gle he gladdis his knyghtes ;
“ Gloppyns noghte, gud mene, for gleterand scheldes,
þose þone gadlyngez be gaye one þone gret horses !

- 2856 Banerettez of Bretayne, buskes up your hertes !
Bees noghte baiste of þone boyes, ne of þaire bryghte wedis !
We sall blenke theire boste for alle theire bolde profire !
Als bouxome as birde es in bede to hir lorde,

- 2860 þeffe we feghte to daye, þe felde schall be owrs !
The fekill faye sall faile, and fallssede be destroyede !
þone folk is one ffrountere, unfraistede theym semes ;
Thay make faythe and faye to þe fend selvens !

- 2864 We sall in this viage victoures be holdene,
And avauntede with voycez of valyant biernez ;
Praysede with pryncez in presence of lordes,
And luffede with ladyes in dyverse londes !

Great shall be the rewards and joys of victory.

- 2868 Aughte never siche honoure none of oure elders,

- Unwyne ne Absolone, ne none of theis oþer !
 Whene we are moste in destresse, Marie we mene,¹
 That es oure maisters seyne, þat he myche traistez ;
 2872 Melys of þat mylde qwene, that menskes us alle ;
 Who so meles of þat mayde, myskaries he never !”
 Be þese wordes ware saide, they ware noghte ferre behyndes The enemy come upon them.
 Bot the lenghe of a launde, and Lorayne askryes ;
- 2876 Was never siche a justyngs at journe in erthe,
 In the vale of Josephate, as gestes us telles,
 Whens Julyus and Joatallus ware juggede to dy,
 As was whens þe ryche mene of þe rownde table
 2880 Ruschede in-to þe rowte one ryalle stedes !
 ffor so rathely þay rusche with roselde speris,
 That the raskaille was rade, and rane to þe grefes,
 And karede to þat courte as cowardes for ever !
- 2884 “Peter !” sais syr Gawayne, “this gladdez myne herte !
 That ȝone gedlynges are gone, that made gret nowmbr ! Gawaine rejoices at the flight of the rabble.
 I hope that thees harlottez sall harme us bot littille,
 ffore they wille hyde themse in haste with-in ȝone holte
 enis !
- 2888 Thay are feware one felde þan þay were fyrste nombirds,
 Be fourty thousand in faythe, for alle theyre faire hostes.”
 Bot one Jolyan of Jene, a geante fulls howge,
 Has joned one *syr* Jerant a justis of Walis ;
- 2892 Thorowe a jerownde schelde he jogges hym thorowe,
 And a fyne gesserawnte of gentille mayles !
 Joynter and gemows he jogges in sondyre !
 One a jambe stede þis jurnee he makes ;
- 2896 Thus es þe geante for-juste, that errawnte Jewe,
 And Gerard es jocunde, and joyes hym þe more !
 Than the genatours of Genne enjoynes att ones,
 And frykis one þe frowntere wells a fyve hundredth ;
- 2900 A freke highte *syr* ffederike, with fulls fele oþer,
 fferkes one a frusche, and fresclyche askryes
 To fyghte with oure fforreours, þat one felde hovis ;

Let them put
their trust in
Mary.

Never was there
such a jousting.
Even that in the
valley of Jehos-
phat was not
equal to it.

The rascal rout
run, but the rich
men of the Round
Table fight
valiantly.

Gawaine rejoices
at the flight of
the rabble.

A huge giant is
slain by a Justice
of Wales.

Sir Frederick at-
tacks the British
forayers.

¹ *nonene* erased, and *mene* written in margin.

The knights of
the Round Table
advance and fight
valiantly.

- And thane the ryalle renkkes of þe rownde table
 2904 Rade furthe fullē ernestly, and rydis themē agaynes,
 Mellis with the medille warde, bot they ware illē machede;
 Of siche a grett multytude was mervayle to here.
 Seyne at þe assemble the Sarazenes discoveres
- 2908 The soveraynge of Sessoyne, that salvede was never;
 Gyawntis for-justede with gentilles knyghtes,
 Thorowe gesserawntes of Jene jaggede to þe herte!
 They hewe thorowe helmes hawtayne biernez,
- 2912 þat þe hiltede swerdes to þaire heirtes rynnyss!
 Than þe renkes renowndes of the rownd table
 Ryffes and ruyssches downes renayede wreches;
 And thus they drevens to þe dede dukes and erles,
- 2916 Alle þe dredges of þe daye, with dredfulls werkes!
 Thane syr Priamus þe prynce, in presens of lordes,
 Presez to his penowne, and pertly it hentes;
 Revertedde it redily, and a-waye rydys
- 2920 To þe ryalle rowte of þe rownde table;
 And heyly his retenuz raykes hym aftyre,
 ffor they his resonē had rede on his schelde ryche.
 Owte of þe scheltrone þey schede, as schepe of a folde,
- 2924 And steris furth to þe stowre, and stode be þeire lorde!
 Seyne they sent to þe duke, and saide hym þise wordes,—
 “We haue bene thy sowdeour this sex þere and more;
 We forsake þe to daye be serte of owre lorde!
- They upbraid the
Duke of Lorraine
for not having
paid them their
wages.
- 2928 We sewe to oure soveraynge in sere kynges londes;
 Us defawtes oure feez of þis foure wyntteres;
 Thow art feble and false, and noghte bot faire wordes;
 Oure wages are werede owte, and þi werre endide,
- 2932 We maye with oure wirchipe weend whethire us lykes!
 I red þowe trette of a trewe, and trofie no lengere,
 Or þow sallē tyne of thi tale ten thosande or evene.”
 “ffy a debles!” saide þe duke, “the develle have þourbones!
- The Duke an-
swers furiously.
- 2936 The dawngere of þon dogges drede schalles I never!
 We sallē dele this daye, be dedes of armes,
 My dede and my ducherye, and my dere knyghtes!

- Siche sowdeours as *þe* I sett bot att lyttile,
 2940 That sodanly in defawte for-sakes theire lorde!"
- The duke in his schelde and dreches no lengere,
 Drawes him a dromedarie, with dredfulls knyghtez;
 Graythes to *syr* Gawayne with fulls gret nowmbyre
 2944 Of gomes of Gernaide, that grevous are holdene;
 Thas fresche horsesede mens to *þe* frown特 rydes,
 ffelles of oure fforreours be fourtly at ones!
 They hade foughttens before with a fyve hundrethe;
- 2948 It was no ferly in faythe, þose they faynt waxene.
 Thane *syr* Gawayne was grefede, and grypys his spere,
 And gyrdez in agayne with galyarde knyghtez;
 Metes *þe* maches of mees and melles hym thorowe,
- 2952 As man of *þis* medille erthe, þat moste hade grevede:
 Bot on Chastelayne, a chylde of *þe* kynges chambyre,
 Was warde to *syr* Wawayne of *þe* weste marches,
 Cheses to *syr* Cheldride, a cheftayne noble,
- 2956 With a chasyng spere he chokkes hym thurghe!
 This chekke hym eschewede be chauncez of armes;
 So þay chase þat childe, eschape may he never!
 Bot one Swyane of Sweey, with a swerde egge,
- 2960 The swyers swyre-bane he swappes in sondyre!
 He swounande diede, and on *þe* swarthe lengede,
 Sweltes ewynne swiftly, and swanke he no more!
 Than *syr* Gawayne gretes with his gray eghne;
- 2964 The guyte was a gude man, begynnande of armes:
 ffore the charry childe so his chere chawngide,
 That the chillande watire one his chekkes rynnyde!
 "Woo es me," quod Gawayne, "that I ne wetene hadde;"
- Gawaine grieves
2968. I sall wage for that wye alle þat I welde,
 Bot I be wrokene on that wye, that thus has hym won-
 dyde!"
- He dresses hym drerily, and to *þe* duke rydes,
 Bot one *syr* Dolphyne the derfe dyghte hym agaynes,
 2972 And *syr* Gawayne hym gyrd with a grym launce,
 That the groundens spere glade to his herte!
- He charges Ar-
thur's knights on
a dromedary.
- Makes a great
slaughter of the
forayers.
- Sir Gawaine
grasps his spear.
- Child-Chatelaine
slays Sir Chil-
dred,
- and is slain by
Swyan.
- He slays one Sir
Dolphin.

*Then Hardolf,
happy in arms,*

and sixty more.

*He avenges the
Child,*

*and cuts his way
through the
enemy.*

*The great deeds
of Arthur's chi-
valrous men se-
cure the victory.*

*Sir Florent
presses on with
five score
knights.*

*Sir Gawaine fol-
lows with cau-
tion,*

And egerly he hente owte, and hurte anoþer,
An haythene knyght, Hardolfe, happye in armes;

- 2976 Sleyghly in at the slotte slyttes hym^e thorowe,
That the slydande spere of his hande sleppes!
Thare es slayne in þat slope, be elagere of his hondes,
Sexty slongens in a slade of sleghes men of armes!

- 2980 þose *syr* Gawaynne ware wo, he wayttes hym by,
And was warre of þat wye that the childe wondyde,
And with a swerde swiftly he swappes him thorowe,
That he swyftly swelte, and on þe erthe swounes!

- 2984 And thane he raykes to þerowte, and ruyssches one helmys;
Riche hawberkes he rente, and rasede schyldes;
Rydes one a rawndoune, and his rayke holdes;
Thorow owte þe rerewardhe holdes wayes,

- 2988 And thare raughte in the reyne this ryalle þe ryche,
And rydez in-to the rowte of þe rownde table.

Than eoure chevalrous men changene theire horsez,
Chases and choppes downe cheftaynes noble!

- 2992 Hittes full^e hertely on helmes and scheldes,
Hurtes and hewes downe haythene knyghtez!
Ketelle hattes they cleve evene to þe scholdirs!
Was never siche a clamour of capitaynes in erthe!

- 2996 Thare was kynges sonnes kaughte, curtays and noble,
And knyghtes of þe contre, that knawene was ryche;
Lordes of Lorayne and Lombardye bothene.
Laughe was and lede in with our lele knyghttez;

- 3000 Thas þat chasede that daye, their chaunce was bettire,
Swiche a cheke at a chace eschewevede theyme never!

When *syr* florent be fyghte had þe felde wonene,
He fferkes ine before with fyve score knyghtez;

- 3004 Theire prayes and theire presoneress passes one aftyre,
With pylours, and pavysers, and prysse mene of armes.
Thane gudly *syr* Gawayne gydes his knyghtez,
Gas in at þe gaynest, as gydes hym telles,

- 3008 fflore greffe of a garysone of full^e gret lordes
Sulde noghte gripe upe his gere, ne swyche grame wurche:

ffore-thy they stode at the straytez, and with his stale
hovede,

Tille his prayes ware paste the pathe that he dredis;

- 3012 Whens they the cete myghte see that the kyng seggede,
Sothely the same daye was wit asawte wonnene.
An hawrawde hyes before, the beste of the lordes,

and sees the city
which Arthur
was besieging
won on the same
day;

Hom at þe herbergage, owt of tha hyghe londes;

- 3016 Tornys tytte to þe tente, and to the kyng^e telles

All^e the tale sothely, and how they hade syede;—

“All^e thy forreours are fere, that forrayede with-owttyne, for Arthur had
been told of the
victory of his
knights by an
herald,
Sir florent, and *syr* ffioridas, and alle thy ferse knyghez :

- 3020 Thay hafe forrayede and foughtene with fulle gret nowm-
byre,

And fele of thy foo-mene has broghte owt of lyffe!

Oure wirchipfull^e wardayne es wele eschevyde,

ffor he has wonne to-daye wirchipp for evere!

and how Sir Ga-
waine had won
mighty honour.

- 3024 He has Dolfyn^e slayne, and þe duke takyne!

Many dowghty es dede by dynt of his hondes!

He has prisoners price, pryncez and erles,

Of þe richeste blode þat regnys in erthe!

- 3028 All^e thy chevallrous men^e faire are eschewede,
Bot a childe Chasteleyne myschance es befallene.”

“Hawtayne,” sais þe king, “harawde be Criste!

Thow has helyd myns herte, I hete the for-sothe!

Then he rejoiced
and gave a hun-
dred pounds lar-
gess,

- 3032 I þife the in Hamptone a hundredth pownde large.”

The kynge þan to assawte he sembles his knyghez,

With somercastelle and sowe appone sere halves;
Skystis his skotiferis,, and skayles the wallis,

and, assembling
his knights, as-
saults the city.

- 3036 And iche wache has his warde with wiese men^e of armes.

Thane boldly þay buske, and bendes engynes,

Paysses in pylotes and proves theire castes;

Mynsteris and masondewes they malle to þe erthe,

- 3040 Chirches and chapelles chalke whitte blawnchede.

Stone tepelles full^e styffe in þe strete ligges,

They carry all
before them.

Chawmbyrs with chymnes, and many cheefe inns;

Paysede and pelid down^e playsterede walles;

- 3044 The pyne of þe pople was pete for to here !
 Thane þe duchez hire dyghte with damesels ryche,
 The countas of Crasyne with hir clere madyns,
 Knelis downe in the kyrnelles thare the kyng hovede,
- 3048 On a coverede horse comlyli arayede ;
 They knewe hym by contenance, and criede fulle
 lowde,—
 “ Kyng crownde of kynde, take kepe to þese wordes !
 We be-seke ȝow, *syr*, as soveraynge and lorde,
- 3052 That þe safe us to daye, for sake of ȝoure Criste !
 Sende us some socoure, and saughte with the pople,
 Or þe cete be sodaynly with assawte wonnene !”
 He weres his vesere with a vownt noble,
- 3056 With vesage verteuous, this valyant bierne ;
 Moles to hir mildly with fulle meke wordes,—
 “ Salle no mysse do ȝow, ma-dame, þat to me lenges ;
 I gyf ȝow chartire of pes, *and* ȝoure cheefe maydens,
- 3060 The childire and þe chaste mene, the chevalrous knyghez ;
 The duke es in dawngere, dredis it bott lyttyle !
 He sall e I dene þe fulle wele, dout ȝow noghte elles.”
 Thane sent he one iche a syde to certayne lordez,
- The city is sur- 3064 ffor to leve þe assawte, the cete was ȝoldene ;
 rendered. With þe erle eldeste sons he sent hym þe kayes,
 And seside þe same dyghte, be sent of þe lordes :
- The Duke is sent 3068 to Dover as a prisoner.
 Many of the in-
 habitants escape.
- The knights see
 the sign of the
 capture of the 3076 city.
- Arthur preserves
 strict discipline.
- The knyghe hovys on a hyll, beholde to þe wallys,
 And saide, “ I see be ȝone syngne the cete es oures !”
 Sir Arthure enters anone with hostes arayede,
 Evene at þe undrone etles to lenge ;

- In iche levere on lowde the kynge did crye,
 3080 Of Payne of lyf and lym and lesynges of londes,
 That no lele ligemane that to hym lonngede
 Sulde lye be no ladysse, ne be no lele maydyns,
 Ne be no burgesse wyffe, better ne werse ;
 3084 Ne no biernez myse-bide, that to þe burghे longede.

- W**henes þe kyng Arthure hade lely conquerid,
 And the castells coverede of þe kythe riche,
 Alle þe crowells and kene, be craftes of armes,
 3088 Captayns and constables, knewe hym for lorde.
 He devysede and delte to dyverse lordez,
 A dowere for þe duchez and hir dere childire ;
 Wroghte wardaynes by wytte to welde alle þe londez,
 3092 That he had wonnene of werre, thorowe his weise knyghez.
 Thus in Lorayne he lenges as lord in his awene,
 Settez lawes in the lande, as hym leefe toghe ;
 And one þe Lammese daye to Lucerne he wendez,
 3096 Lengez thare at laysere with lykyngs i-nowe ;
 Thare his galays ware graythede, a fulls gret nombyre,
 Alle gleterand as glase, undire grene hylls,
 With cabanes coverede for kynges anoynchte,
 3100 With clothes of clere golde for knyghez and oþer ;
 Sone stowede theire stiffe, and stablede þeire horses,
 Strekis streke over þe strem in-to þe strayte londez.
 Now he moves his myghte with myrthes of herte,
 3104 Overe mowntes soþhye, þase mervailous wayes ;
 Gosse in by Goddarde, the garett be wynnys,
 Graythes the garnisones grisely wonder !
 Whenes he was passede the heghte, than the kyng hovys
 3108 With his hole bataylle, be-haldande abowte,
 Lukande one Lombarddye, and one lowde melys,—
 “ In þone lykande londe, lorde be I thynke.”
 Thane they cayre to Combe, with kyngez anoynchte,
 3112 That was kyde of þe coste, kay of alle oþer :

Arthur provides
for the govern-
ment of Lorraine
which he had
conquered.

At Lammas he
goes to Lucerne.

His fair galleys
are assembled.

He leads his
forces over the
high mountains
by marvellous
ways;

passes the St.
Gothard after de-
feating the gar-
rison ;

looks down on
Lombardy, and
advances to
Como.

Sir florent and *syr floridas* þan fowndes before,
 With ffreke mens of ffraunce welle a fyve hundreth ;
 To þe cete unsene thay soghte at þe gayneste,

- Sir Florent plants an ambush,*
- 3116 And sett an embuscement, als þeme-selfe lykys ;
 Thane ischewis owt of þat cete fulle sone be þe morne,
 Slale discoverours, skyftes theire horses ;
 Than skyftes þes skoverours, and skippes one hyllis,
 3120 Discoveres for skulkers that they no skathe lympenns ;
 Poveralle and pastorelles passede one aftyre,
 With porkes to pasture at the price þates ;
 Boyes in þe subarbis boudens ffulls heghe,
 3124 At a bare synglere that to þe bente rynnys.

and captures the city.

The city Combe is won.

The Lord of Milan sends to offer submission and tribute.

- 3128 fflowre stretis, or þay stynte, they stroyens fore ever !
- N**ow es the conquerour in Combe, and his courte holdes
 With-in the kyde castelle, with kynges enoynttede ;
 Be consaillez the commons þat to þe kyth lengez,
 3132 Comfourthes þe carefullie with knyghtly wordez ;
 Made a captayne kene a knyghte of hys awene,
 Bot alle the contré and he fulls sone ware accordide.
 The syre of Melane herde saye þe cete was wonnens,
 3136 And send to Arthure sertayne lordes,
 Grete sommes of golde, sexti horse chargegid,
 Be-soghte hym as soverayne to socoure þe pople,
 And saide he wolde sothely be sugette for ever,
 3140 And make hym servece and suytte for his sere londes ;
 ffor plesaunce of Pawnce, and of Pownte Tremble,
 ffor Pyse, and for Pavys, he profers fulls large,
 Bothe purpur, and palle, and precious stonyas,
 3144 Palfrayes for any prynce, and provede stedes ;
 And ilke a þere for Melane a melions of golde,
 Mekely at Martynmesse to menske with his hordes ;
 And ever withowtyns askyngs he and his ayers
 3148 Be homagers to Arthure, whilles his lyffe lastis.

- The kyngs be his concelle a condethe hym sendis,
And he es comene to Combe, and knewe hym as lorde. He pays homage
to Arthur at
Como.
- I**nto Tuskané he tournez, whene þus wele tymede,
3152 Takes townnes fulls tyte with towrres fulls heghe ; Arthur enters
Tuscany,
Walles he welte downe, wondyd knyghtez,
Towrres he turnes, and turmentez þe pople !
Wroghte wedewes fulls wlonke, wrotherayle synges,
- 3156 Ofte wery and wepe, and wryngens theire handis ;
And alle he wastys with werre, thare he awaye rydez ; and ravages the
country.
Thaire welthes and theire wonnyges, wandrethe he
wroghte !
- Thus they spryngens and sprede, and sparis bot lyttiles,
- 3160 Spoylles dispetouslye, and spillis theire vynes ;
Spendis un-sparely, þat sparede was lange,
Spedis them to Spolett with speris inewe !
fro Spayne in-to Spruyslande the worde of hym
sprynges,
- 3164 And spekynges of his spencis, dissipite es fulls hugge !
Towarde Viterbe this valyant avires the reynes ;
Avissely in þat vale he vetailles his biernez,
With vernage, and oþer wyne, and venysons bakene ; He pitches his
camp in the Vale
of Viterbo.
- 3168 And one the vicounte londes he visez to lenge.
Vertely the awawmwarde voydez theire horsez ;
In the Vertennone vale, the vines imangez,
Thare suggeournes this souerayne, with solace in herte,
- 3172 To see whene the senatours sent any wordes ;
Revelles with riche wyne, riotes hym selfene,
This roy with his ryalle mene of þe rownde table,
With myrthis, and melodye, and many kyns gammes ; The king and his
knights make
great merriment.
- 3176 Was never meriere men made one this erthe !
- B**ot one a Saterdaye at none, a sevnyghte thare aftyre,
The konyngeste cardynalle that to the courte lengede
Knelis to þe conquerour, and karpes thire wordes,— The cunningest
Cardinal of Rome
is sent to him.
- 3180 Prayes hym for þe pes, and profyrs fulls large,
To hafe pete of þe Pope, þat put was at-undere ;
Be-soghte hym of surrawns, for sake of oure Lorde,

Bot a sevenyghte daye to þay ware alle semblede,
 and offers that the Pope shall crown him as Sovereign in Rome.
 3184 And they schulde sekerlye hym see the Sonondaye þeraftyre,

In the cete of Rome, as soveraynge and lorde ;
 And crowne hym kyndly with krysomede hondes,
 With his ceptre, as soveraynge and lorde :

Hostages are given for the truth of his words.

3188 Of this undyrtykyng ostage are comyne,
 Of ayers fulls avenaunt awughte score childrenne,
 In toges of tarsse fulls richelye attyrde,
 And betuke them the kynge, and his clere knyghttes.

3192 When they had tretide thiere trewe, with trowmpyng
 þerafter

The Roman Senators are solemnly feasted.

They tryne unto a tente, whare tables whare raysede ;
 The kynge hymself es sette, and certayne lordes,
 Undyre a sylure of sylke sawghte at the burdez :

3196 Alle the senatours are sette sere be þame one,
 Serfed solemnly with selcouthe metes :
 The kynge myghty of myrthe, with his milde wordes,
 Rehetez the Romayne at his riche table,

3200 Comforthes the cardynall so kynghly hymself ;
 And this roye ryalle, as romawns us tellis,
 Reverence the Romayns in his riche table ;
 The tawghte mene and þe conyng, whens them tymes
 thoghte,

3204 Tas theire lefe at þe kynge, and tornede agayne ;
 To þe cete þat nyghte thaye soughte at þe gayneste,
 And thus the ostage of Rome with Arthure es levede.
 Than this roy royaile rehersys theis wordes,—

Arthur glorifies himself for his great success.
 3208 T "Now may we revelle and riste, fore Rome es
 oure awene !

Make oure ostage at ese, þise avenaunt childyrens,
 And luk þe hondene them alle that in myne oste lengez ;
 The emperor of Almayne, and alle theis este marches,
 3212 We sall be overlynge of alle þat ones the erthe lengez !
 We wills by þe crosse dayes encroche þeis loydez,
 And at þe Crystynmesse daye be crowned ther-afyre ;

He will be crowned at Christmas

- Ryngne in my ryalltes, and holde my rownde table, in Rome, and
 3216 Withe the rentes of Rome, as me beste lykes : hold his Round
 Syne graythe over þe grette see with gud mens of armes,
 To revenge the renke that on^s the rode dyede !”
 Thane this comlyche knyge, as cronycles tellys,
- 3220 Bownnys brathely to bede with a blythe herte ; He goes to bed
 Of he slynges with sleghte, and slakes gyrdillie,
 And fore slewthe of slomowre on^s a slepe fallis.
 Bot be ane aftyre mydnyghte alle his mode changede ;
- 3224 He mett in the morne while fulls mervaylous dremes !
 And whene his dredefulls drem whas drefene to þe ende,
 The kynge dares for dowte dye as he scholde ;
 Sendes aftyre phylosophers, and his affraye telles,— He sends for his
 3228 “ Sens I was formede in fayth, so ferde whas I never !
 ffor-thy rawnsakes redyly, and rede me my swefensys,
 And I sall redily and ryghte rehersens the sothe :
 Me-thoughte I was in a wode willed myns one,
- 3232 That I ne wiste no waye whedire þat I scholde,
 ffore wolvez, and whilde swynne, and wykkyde bestes,
 Walkede in that wasterne, wathes to seche ;
 Thare lyouns fulls lothely lykkyde þeire tuskes,
- 3236 Alle fore lapynge of blude of my lele knyghtez ! which were lick-
 Thurghe þat foreste I fide, thare floures whare heghe,
 ffor to fele me for ferde of tha foule thyngez ; ing from their
 Merkedede to a medowe with montayngnes enclosyde,
 3240 The meryeste of medill-erthe that mens myghte be-holde ! teeth the blood
 The close was in compas castyne alle abowte,
 With claver and clerewortre clede evene over ; of his knights.
- The vale was evene rownde with vynes of silver,
- 3244 Alle with grapis of golde, gretter ware never !
 Enhordile with arborye and alkyns trees,
 Erberis fulls honeste, and byrdez þere undyre ;
 Alle froytez foddenid was þat floreschede in erthe,
- 3248 ffaire frithed in frawnke appone tha free bowes ;
 Whas thare no downkyng of dewe that oghte dere
 scholde,

A beautiful
duchesse descends
from the clouds,

dressed in gorge-
ous apparel,

who whirled a
strange wheel
with her hands,

upon which was
a chair made of
silver, and orna-
mented with car-
buncles.

Six kings, cling-
ing to the wheel,
strive to reach
the chair, but
they all fall to
the ground.

Each one of them
speaks sepa-
rately, and la-
ments his life
past and gone,
which had been
spent in riot and
wickedness,

therefore he is
damned for ever.

The first was a
little man with
eyes brighter
than silver.

- With þe drowghte of þe daye alle drye ware þe flores !
Than discendis in the dale, downe fra þe clowddez,
A 3252 A duches dere-worthily dyghte in dyaperde wedis,
In a surcott of sylke fulls selkouthely hewede,
Alle with loyotour overlaide lowe to þe hemmes,
And with ladily lappes the lenghe of a þerde,
3256 And alle redily reversside with rebanes of golde,
Bruchez and besauntez, and oþer bryghte stonyz,
With hir bake and hir breste was brochede alle over,
With kelle and with corenalls clenliche arrayede,
3260 And þat so comly of colour one knowene was never !
A-bowte cho whirllide a whele with hir whitte hondez,
Over-whelme alle qwayntely þe whele as cho scholde ;
The rowells whas rede golde with ryalle stonyz,
3264 Raylide with reched and rubyes inewe ;
The spekes was splentide alle with speltis of silver,
The space of a spere lenghe springande fulls faire ;
There one was a chayere of chalke-whytte silver,
3268 And chekyrdie with charebocle chawngynge of hewes ;
Appone þe compas ther clewide kyngis one rawe,
With corowns of clere golde þat krakede in sondire :
Sex was of þat setille fulls sodaynliche fallene,
3272 Ilke a segge by hymselfe, and saide theis wordez,—
‘That ever I regnede one þir rog, me rewes it ever !
Was never roye so riche that regnede in erthe !
Whene I rode in my rowte, roughte I noghte elles,
3276 Bot revaye, and revelle, and rawnsone the pople !
And thus I drife forthe my dayes, whilles I dreghe
myghte,
And there-fore derflyche I am dampned for ever !’
The laste was a litylle mane that laide was be-nethe,
3280 His leskes laye alle lene and latheliche to schewe,
The lokkes lyarde and longe the lenghe of a þerde,
His lire and his lyghame lamede fulls sore ;
þe two eyne of the byeryne was brighttere þan silver,
3284 The toþer was ȝallowere thene the ȝolke of a naye,—

- 'I was lorde,' quod the lede, 'of londes i-newe,
And alle ledis me lowttede that lengede in erthe ;
And nowe es lefte me no lappe my lygham to hele,
3288 Bot lightly now am I loste, leve iche mane the sothe !'
The secunde *syr* forsothe þat sewede them aftyre,
Was sekerare to my sighte, and saddare in armes ;
Ofte he syghede unsownde, and said theis wordes,—
3292 'On þone see hafe I sittene, as soverayne and lorde,
And ladys me lovede to lappe in theyre armes ;
And nowe my lordchippes are loste, and laide for ever !'
The thirde thorowely was throo, and thikke in the ^{The third was stout and strong.}
schuldrys,
- 3296 A thra man to thrette of, there thretty ware gaderide ;
His dyademe was droppedede downe, dubbyde with stonyis,
Endente alle with diamawndis, and dighte for þe nonis ;
'I was dredde in my dayes,' he said, 'in dyverse rewmes,
3300 And now dampnede to þe dede, and dole es the more !'
The fourte was a faire mane, and forsesy in armes,
þe fayreste of fegure that fourmede was ever !
'I was frekke in my faithe,' he said, 'whilles I one
fowlde regnede,
- 3304 ffamows in fferre londis, and floure of alle kynges ;
Now es my face defadide, and foule es me hapnede,
for I am fallens fro ferre, and frendles by-levyde !'
The fifte was a faire mane þans fele of thies ober,
3308 A fforsy mane and a fersse, with fomand lippis ;
He fongede faste one þe feleyghes, and fayled his armes,
Bot þit he failede and fell a fyfty fote large ;
Bot þit he sprange and sprengle, and spraddene his armes,
3312 And one þe spere lenghe spekes, he spekes þire wordes—
'I was in Surrye a *syr*, and sett be myne one,
As soverayne and seyngnour of sere kynges londis ;
Now of my solace I am fulle sodanly fallene,
3316 And forsake of my syns, þone cete es me reweude !'
The sexte hade a sawtere semliche bowndene,
With a surepel of silke sewede fulle faire,
- He had been lord of many lands, but now was lost.
The second had been sovereign of the sea, and loved of ladies.
The third was stout and strong.
He had been mightily feared in his day.
The fourth was very fair, but foul mischance had now happened to him.
The fifth was very fierce and violent.
He had been sovereign in Syria, but was now fallen.
The sixth had a psalter well-bound, a harp, and a sling.

*He had been held
the doughtiest in
his day, but had
been marred by
the maiden.*

*Two kings are
seen who chal-
lenge the chair
hereafter, but fail
to reach it.*

*The one was pass-
ing fair of feature,
with a mighty
forehead.*

*The other bore
the cross as an
ornament in to-
ken that he was
a Christian.*

*Arthur accosts
the Duchess, who
welcomes him.*

*He is chosen to
achieve the chair,*

- A harpe and a hande-slynge with harde flynte stones ;
 3320 What harmes he has hente he halowes fulls sone,—
 ‘ I was demede in my dayes,’ he said, ‘ of dedis of armes
 One of the doughtyeste that duellede in erthe ;
 Bot I was merride one molde in my moste strengthisis,
 3324 With this maydens so mylde, þat mofes us alle.’
 Two kynges ware clymbande, and claverande one heghe,
 The creste of þe compas they covette fulls jerne ;
 ‘ This chaire of charbokle,’ they said, ‘ we chalange
 here aftyre,
 3328 As two of þe cheffeste chosenes in erthe !’
 The childire ware chalke-whitte, chekys and oþer,
 Bot the chayere abownne chevede they never :
 The forthirmaste was freely with a frount large,
 3332 The faireste of fyssnanny þat fourmede was ever ;
 And he was buskede in a blee of a blewe noble,
 With flourdelice of golde floreschede al over ;
 The toþer was cledde in a cote alle of clene silver,
 3336 With a comliche crosse corvene of golde,
 ffowre crosselettes krafty by þe crosse riftes,
 And ther-by knewe I the kyng, þat crystned hym
 semyd.
 3340 **T**han I went to þat wlonke, and wynly hire gretis,
 And cho said, ‘ welcome i-wis ! wele arte thou
 fowndene ;
 The aughte to wirchipe my wille, and thou wele cowthe,
 Of alle the valyant men that ever was in erthe ;
 ffore alle thy wirchipe in werre by me has thou wonnens,
 3344 I hafe bene frenedly freke, and fremmede tills oþer ;
 That has þow fowndene in faithe, and fele of þi biernez,
 ffore I fellid downe syr Frolle with frowarde knyghtes ;
 ffore-thi the fruytes of Fraunce are freely thynne awens.
 3348 Thow sall þe chayere escheve, I chese þe my-selfene,
 Be-fore alle þe cheftaynes chosenes in this erthe.’
 Scho lifte me up lightly with hir lene hondes,
 And sette me softly in the see, þe septre me rechede ;

- 3352 Craftely with a kambe cho kembede myne hevede,
 That the krispane kroke to my crownne raughte ;
 Dressid one me a diadem, that dighte was fulls faire, The kingly ornaments are given
to him.
 And syne profres me a pome pighete fulle of faire stonye,
- 3356 Enamelde with azoure, the erth there-ones depayntide,
 Selkylde with the salte see appone sere halfes,
 In sygne þat I sothely was soverayne in erthe :
 Than broght cho me a brande with fulle bryghte hiltes, A sword with
bright hilt is
brought for him.
- 3360 And bade me brawndysche þe blade, ‘þe brande es myne awene :
 Many swayne with þe swynges has the swtte levede ;
 ffor whilles thow swanke with the swerde, it swykkeð
 þe never.’
- Than raykes cho with roo, and riste whens hir likede,
- 3364 To þe ryndes of þe wode, richere was never ;
 Was no pomarie so pighete of pryncez in erthe,
 Ne nonne apparaylle so prowde, bot paradys one.
 Scho bad þe bowes scholde bewe downe, and bryng to He is taken to
the wood, and the
boughs are made
to yield their
fruit to him.
 my hondes
- 3368 Of þe beste that they bare one brawnches so heghe ;
 Than they heldede to hir heste alle holly at ones,
 The hegheste of iche a hirste, I hette þow forsothe :
 Scho bade me fyrthe noghte þe fruyte, bot fonde whilles He is bid take
freely of the
finest.
- 3372 ‘ffonde of þe fyneste, thow freliche byerne,
 And reche to the ripeste, and ryotte thy selvens !
 Riste, thow ryalle roye, for Rome es thyne awene !
 And I sall redily rolle the roo at þe gayneste,
- 3376 And reche the þe riche wyne in rynsede coupes.’ The lady draws
wine for him out
of the stream,
- Thane cho wente to the welle by þe wode enis,
 That alle wellyde of wyne, and wonderliche rynnes ;
 Kaughte up a coppe-fulls, and coverde it faire ;
- 3380 Scho bad me dereliche drawe, and drynke to hir selfens : and bids him
drink to her.
 And thus cho lede me abowte the lenghe of an owre,
 With alle likyngs and luffe, þat any lede scholde ;
 Bot at þe myddaye fulls ewyne all hir mode chaungede, But at mid-day
all was changed.

- 3384 And mad myche manace with mervayllous wordez ;
 Whene I cryede appone hire, cho kest downe hir browes,
 ‘ Kyng, thow karpes for noghte, be Criste þat me made !
 ffor thow sall lose this layke, and thi lyfe aftyre !
- She speaks to him fiercely, and tells him that he shall lose his life.**
- 3388 Thow has lyffede in delytte and lordchippes inewe !’
 Abowte scho whirles the whele, and whirles me undire,
 Tille alle my qwarters þat whillewhare qwaste al to peces !
 And with that chayere my chyne was chopped in sondire !
- She gives the wheel a whirl and sends him flying from the chair, bruised and injured.**
- 3392 And I haſe cheveride for chele, ſen me this chance
 happenede.
 Than wakkenyde I i-wys, alle wery for-dremyde,
 And now wate thow my woo, worde as þe lykes.”
 “ ffreke,” ſais the philofophre, “ thy fortune es paſſede !
- The philosophers interpret the dream, and tell Arthur that his good fortune is passed.**
- 3396 ffor thow ſall fynd hir thi foo, frayneſte whens the lykes !
 Thow arte at þe heghete, I hette the for-sothe !
 Chalange nowe when thow wills, thow chevys no more !
 Thow haſe ſchedde myche blode, and ſchalkes diſtroyede,
- He is to prepare for his end,**
- 3400 Sakeles in ſirquytrie, in ſere kynges landis ;
 Schryfe the of thy ſchame, and ſchape for thyne ende !
 Thow haſe a ſchewyng, *syr* kyng, take kepe þif the like !
 ffor thow ſall ferſely falle with-in fyve wynters !
- and to found Abbeyes in France.**
- 3404 ffownde abbayes in ffrance, þe froytez are theyne awene,
 ffore ffraille, and for fferawnt, and for thir ferſe knyghttis,
 That thow fremydryl in ffrance haſe faye belevede ;
 Take kepe þitte of *oper* kynges, and kaste in thyne herte,
- He is bid take warning from the other kings who had tried the chair.**
- 3408 That were conquerours kydde, and crownede in erthe ;
 The eldeſte was Alexandere, þat alle þe erthe lowttede ;
 The *toper* Ector of Troye, the chevalrous gume ;
 The thirde Julyus Cesare, þat geant was holdens,
- The first was Alexander; the second Hector; the third Julius Caesar;**
- 3412 In iche jorne jentille, aijuggede with lordes ;
 The ferthe was *syr* Judas, a justere fulle nobille,
 The maysterfull Makabee, the myghtyeste of strenghes ;
 The fyfte was Josue, þat joly mans of armes,
- the fourth Sir Judas, the Maccabee;**
- 3416 That in Jerusalem oste fulle myche joye lymppede ;
 The ſexte was David þe dere, demyd with kynges
 One of þe doughtyeste þat dubbede was ever,
- the fifth Joshua;**
- the sixth was David, who slew great Goliath.**

- ffor he slewe with a slynge, be sleighte of his handis,
 3420 Golyas the grette gome, grymmeste in erthe ;
 Syne endittede in his dayes alle the dere psalmes,
 þat in þe sawtire ere sette with selcouthe wordes ;
 The two clymbande kynges, I knawe it forsothe,
 3424 Salle Karolus be callide, the kyng son^e of Fraunce ;
 He sall^e be crowells and kene, and conquerour holdens,
 Covere be conqueste contres ynewe ;
 He sall^e eneroche the crowne that Crist bare hym selfens,
 3428 And þat lifeliche launce, that lepe to his herte,
 When he was crucyfied on crose, and alle þe kene naylis,
 Knyghtly he sall^e conquere to Cristyne men hondes :
 The toþer sall^e be Godfraye, that Gode schall^e revenge
 3432 One þe Gud Frydaye with galyarde knyghtes ;
 He sall^e of Lorrayne be lorde, be leefe of his fadire,
 And syne in Jerusalem myche joye happyne,
 ffor he sall^e cover the crosse be craftes of armes,
 3436 And syn^e be corownde kynge, with krysome enoynttede ;
 Salle no duke in his dayes siche destanye happyne,
 Ne siche myschefe dreghe, whens trowthe sall^e be tryede !
 ffore-thy ffortune þe fetches to fulfill^e the nowmbyre,
 3440 Alles nynne of þe nobleste namede in erthe ;
 This sall^e in romance be redde with ryalle knygghtes,
 Rekkenede and renownde with ryotous kynges,
 And demyd one domesdaye, for dedis of armes,
 3444 ffor þe doughtyeste þat ever was duelland in erthe :
 So many clerkis and kynges sall^e karpe of þoure dedis,
 And kepe þoure conquestez in cronycle for ever !
 Bot the wolveſ in the wode, and the whilde bestes,
 3448 Are ſome wikkyd mene that werrayes thy rewmes,
 Es entirde in thyne absence to werraye thy pople,
 And alyenys and oſtes of uncouthe landis :
 Thow getis tydandis I trowe, within tene dayes,
 3452 That ſome torfere es tydde, ſene thow fro home turnede ;
 I rede thow rekkyne and reherſe un-reſonable dedis,
 Ore the repenttes fulle rathe alle thi rewthe werkes !
- Of the two kings
who were climbing
one should be called Carolus
of France ;
- the other Godfrey of Lorraine,
who should recover the true
cross.
- Arthur is needed
to make up the
number of the
nine noblest.
- He shall be cele-
brated for ever
as the doughtiest
on earth.
Many clerks shall
tell of his deeds.
- The wild beasts
are wicked men
that are worrying
his people.
- He will have
some tidings
within ten days.
- He is bid to re-
pent and amend.

Mane, amende thy mode, or thow myshappene,

3456 And mekely aske mercy for mede of thy saule!"

The king rises
and puts on his
robes.

Thanе rysez the riche kyngе, and rawghte one his wedys,

A reedde actone of Rosse, the richestе of floures,

A pesane, and a paunsonе, and a pris girdillе;

3460 And one he hentis a hode of scharlette fullе riche,

A pavys pillionе hatt, þat pighte was fullе faire

With perry of þe oryent, and precyous stones;

His gloves gayliche gilte, and gravens by þe hemmys,

3464 With graynes of rubyes fullе gracious to schewe:

His hede grehownde, and his bronde, ande no byerne ellеs,

And bownnes over a brode mede, with breth at his herte;

further he stalkis a stye by þa stillе enys,

3468 Stotays at a hey strette, studyande hymе one;

He sees a man
approaching in
strange attire,

Att the surs of þe sonne, he sees there commande,

Raykande to Romewarde the redyeste wayes,

A renke in a rownde cloke, with righte rowmme clothes,

3472 With hatte, and with heyghe schone homely and rownde;

With flatte ferthynges the freke was floreschede alle over,

Many schredys and schragges at his skyrttes hynnges,

With scrippe, ande with slawyne, and skalopis i-newe,

who appears like a pilgrim. 3476 Both pyke and palme, allеs pilgram hym scholde:

The gome graythely hym grette, and bade gode morwens;

The kyng lordelye hymselfe, of langage of Rome,

Of Latyne corroumppede alle, fullе lovely hym menys,—

He asks him
whither he is
going,

3480 "Whedire wilnez thowe, wye, walkande thyne onne?

Qwhylles þis werle es o werre, a wawhte I it helde!

Here es aне enmye with oste, undire þone vynes;

And they see the for-sothe, sorowe the be-tyddes;

3484 Bot þif thow hafe condethe of þe kynge selfene,

Knaves willе killе the, and keppe at thow haves;

And if þou halde þe hey waye, they hente the also,

Bot if thow hastily hafe helpe of his hende knyghttes."

and tells him the
dangers of the
way.

The stranger
knight says that
he fears no dan-
gers.

3488 **T**hanе karpes syr Cradoke to the kynge selfens,

"I sallе for-gyffe hym my dede, so me Gode helpe!

Onye grome undire Gode, that one this grownde walkes!

- Latte the keneste come, that to þe kyng langes,
 3492 I sall^e encountire hym^e as knyghte, so Criste hafe my
 sawle !
- ffor thou may noghte reche me, ne areste thy selfens,
 þoffe thou be richely arayede in fulle riche wedys ;
 I will^e noghte wonde for no werre, to wende whare me
 likes,
- 3496 Ne for no wy of this werlde, þat wroghte es one erthe !
 Bot I will^e passe in pilgremage þis pas unto Rome,
 To purchese me perdonne of the pape selfens ;
 And of paynes of purgatorie be plenerly assoyllede ;
- 3500 Thane sall^e I seke sekirly my soverayne lorde,
 Sir Arthure of Inglande, that avenaunt byerne !
 ffor he es in this empire, as hathell men me telles,
 Ostayande in this oryente with awfull^s knyghtes."
- 3504 "F^ro qwyne come þou, kene man^e," quod þe kynge
 thane,
 "That knawes kynge Arthure, and his knyghttes also ?
 Was þou ever in his courte, qwyll^s he in kyth lengede ?
 Thow karpes so kyndly, it comforthes myne herte !
- 3508 Well wele has þou wente, and wysely þou sechis,
 ffor þou arte Bretowne bierne, as by thy brode speche."
 "Me awghte to knowe þe kynge, he es my kydde lorde,
 And I calde in his courte a knyghte of his chambire ;
- 3512 Sir Craddoke was I callide, in his corrite riche,
 Kepare of Karlyone, undir the kynge selfens ;
 Nowe am I cachede owt of kyth, with kare at my herte,
 And that castelle es cawghte with uncowthe ledys."
- 3516 Than the comliche kynge kaughte hym in armes,
 Keste of his ketills-hatte, and kyssede hym^e full^s sone,
 Saide, "welcome, syr Craddoke, so Criste mott me helpe !
 Dere cosyne of kynde, thowe coldis myne herte !
- 3520 How faris it in Bretayn^e, with alle my bolde berynes ?
 Are they brettenede, or brynte, or broughte owt of lyve ?
 Kene þou me kyndely whatte caase es be-fallen^s ;
 I kepe no credens to crafe, I knawe the for trewe."

He is bound in
pilgrimage to
Rome.

Then he has to
find Arthur of
England.

Arthur demands
of the knight who
he is.

He tells him that
his name is Sir
Cradok, a knight
of Arthur's chamber-
keeper, and keeper of
Caerleon.

The king kisses
and welcomes Sir
Cradok.

- Sir Cradok tells him of the evil deeds of Modred.
- He has levied forces of paynims and infidels,
- who rob the religious and ravish the nuns.
- He has seized the whole of England and all Arthur's castles.
- He has a fleet of seven score ships at Southampton.
- But, worst of all, he has taken Guinever, and lives with her as his wife!
- 3524 "Sir, thi wardane es wikkede, and wilde of his dedys ;
 ffor he wandreth has wroghte, sen þou awaye passede ;
 He has castelles encrochede, and corownde hym selvene,
 Kaughte in alle þe rentis of þe rownde tabille ;
- 3528 He devisede þe rewme, and delte as hym likes ;
 Dubbede of þe Danmarkes, dukes and erles,
 Disseveride þeme sondirwise, and cites distroyede ;
 To Sarazenes and Sessoynes, appone sere halves,
- 3532 He has semblede a sorte of selcouthe berynes,
 Soveraynes of Surgenale, and sowdeours many,
 Of Peyghtes and Paynynms, and provede knyghttes
 Of Irelande and Orgaile, owtlawede berynes ;
- 3536 Alle thaas laddes are knyghttes þat lange to þe mowntes,
 And ledynge and lordeckipe has alle, alles thems selfe
 likes ;
 And there es *syr* Childrike a cheftayne holdyne,
 That ilke chevalrous mane, he chargges thy pople ;
- 3540 They robbe thy religeous, and ravichse thi nonnes,
 And redy ryddis with his rowtte to rawnsone þe povere ;
 fro Humbyre to Hawyke he haldys his awene,
 And alle the countré of Kent be covenawnte entayllide ;
- 3544 The comliche castelles that to the corowne langede,
 The holtes, and the hare wode, and the harde bankkes,
 Alles þat Henguste and Hors hent in þeire tyme ;
 Att Southamptone on the see es sevene skore chippes,
- 3548 ffrawghte fulls of ferse folke, owt of ferre landes,
 ffor to fyghte with thy ffrappe, whene þow thems assailles.
 Bot Pitt a worde witterly, thowe watte noghte þe werste !
 He has weddede Waynore, and hir his wieffe holdis,
- 3552 And wounnys in the wilde bowndis of þe weste marches,
 And has wroghte hire with childe, as wittnesse telles !
 Off alle þe wydes of þis worlde, woo motte hym worthe,
 Alles wardayne unworthye womene to þeme !
- 3556 Thus has *syr* Modrede merred us alle !
 ffor-thy I merkede over thees mowntes, to mene þe the
 sothe."

- Than the burliche kynge, for brethe at his herte,
And for this botelesse bale alle his ble chaungide !
- 3560** “By þe rode,” sais þe roye, “I sallē it revenge !
Hym sallē repente fullē rathe alle his rewthe werkes !”
- Alle wepande for woo he went to his tentis ;
Unwynly this wyesse kynge, he wakkenysse his berynes,
- 3564** Clepid in a clarioune kynges and othire,
Callys theme to concells, and of þis cas tellys,—
- “I am with tresone be-trayede, for alle my trewe dedis !”
- He calls a Council
and tells them the
ill news.
- And alle my travayle es tynt, me tydis nobettire !
- 3568** Hym sallē torfere betyde, þis tresone has wroghte,
And I may traistely hym take, as I am trew lorde !
- This es Modrede, þe mane that I most traystede,
Has my castelles encrochede, and corownde hym selvene,
- 3572** With renttes and reches of the rownde table ;
Has made alle hys retenewys of renayede wrechis,
And devyseth my rewme to dyverse lordes,
To sowdeours and to Sarazenes owtte of sere londes !
- 3576** He has weddyde Waynore, and hyr to wyefe holdes,
And a childe es eschapede, the chaunce es nobettire !
- They hafe semblede on the see sevens schore chippis,
ffulle of ferromē folke, to feghte with myne one !
- 3580** ffor-thy to Bretayne the brode buske us by-hovys,
ffor to brettynē the berynne that has this bale raysede !
- They must proceed to Britain
at once with all speed.
- Thare sallē no freke men fare, bott alle one fresche horses,
That are fraistede in fyghte, and floure of my knyghtez :
- 3584** Sir Howell and
Sir Hardolfe here sallē be leve,
To be lordes of the ledis that here to me lenges ;
- Sir Howell and
Sir Hardolfe are
left behind to
govern Rome and
Italy.
- Lokes in-to Lumbardye, that thare no lede chaunge,—
- And tendirly to Tuskayne take tente alles I byde ;
- 3588** Resaywe the rentis of Rome qwene þay are rekkenede ;
Take sesyne the same daye that laste waste assygnede,
- Or elles alle þe ostage withowttyne þe wallys,
Be hynggyde hye appone hyghte alle holly at ones !”
- 3592** **N**owe bownes the bolde kynge with beste knyghtes,
Gers trome and trusse and trynes forth aftyre ;
- Arthur and his
best knights
journey rapidly
towards Britain.

Turnys thorowe Tuskyne, taries bot littill,
 Lyghte noghte in Lumbarddye bot whens þe lyghte
 failede;

- 3596 Merkes over the mowntaynes fulls mervaylous wayes,
 Ayres thurgh Almaygne evyne at the gaynesto;
 In Flanders his fleet is assembled.
 fferkes evynne in-to flawndresche with hys ferse
 knyghttes;

Within fyftene dayes his flete es assemblede,

- 3600 And thane he schoupe hym to chippe, and schownnes
 no lengere,

Scherys with a charpe wynde over þe schyre waters;
 By þe roche with ropes he rydes one ankkere,

Thare the false mens fletyde, and one flode lengede,

- 3604 With chefe chaynes of chare chokkode to-gedrys,
 Charggede evyne cheke-fulls of chevalrous knyghtes;

And in þe hynter one heghte, helmes and crestes,

Hatches with haythens mens hillyd ware thare undyre,

- 3608 Prowdliche prutrayede with payntede clothys,
 Iche a pece by pece prykkyde tylle oþer,
 Dubbyde with dagswaynnes dowblede they seme;
 And thus þe derfe Danamarkes had dyghte alle theyre
 chippys,

- 3612 That no dynte of no darte dere theme ne shoulde:
 Than the roye and þe renkes of the rownde table
 Alle ryally in rede arrayees his chippis;

- Then he makes ready his shipes for the battle. 3616 Dresses dromowndes and dragges, and drawens upe
 stonys;

The toppe-castelles he stuffede with toyelys, as hym
 lykyde,

Bendys bowes of vys brothly þare aftyre,
 Tolowris tently takell they ryghttene,

- 3620 Brasens heds fulls brode buskede one flones,
 Graythes for garnysons gomes arrayes;
 Gryme gaddes of stele, ghywes of iryne,
 Stirretlys steryn one steryne with styffe mens of armes;

- 3624 Mony lufliche launce appone lofte stoundys,
 Ledys one leburde, lordys and oþer,
 Pyghte payvese one porte, payntede scheldes,
 One hyndire hurdace one highte helmede knyghtez.
- 3628 Thus they scheftens fore schotys one thas schire strandys,
 Ilke schalke in his schrowde, fulls scheene ware þeire
 wedys.
- The bolde kynge es in a barge and a-bowtte rowes,
 Alle bare-hevvede for besye with beveryns lokkes;
- 3632 And a beryns with his bronde, and ane helme betyne,
 Mengede with a mawncelet of maylis of silver,
 Compaste with a coronalle, and coverde fulls ryche;
 Kayris to yche a cogge, to comfurthe his knyghttes:
- 3636 To Clegys and Cleremownde he cryes one lowde,—
 “O Gawayne! O Galyrans! thies gud mens bodyes.”
 To Loth and to Lyonelle fulls lovefly he melys,
 And to syr Lawncelot de Lake lordliche wordys,—
- 3640 “Let es covere þe kyth, the coste es owre ownnes;
 And geref theme brotheliche blenke, alle ȝone blod-hondes!
 Bryttyns them with-in bourde, and brynnre them þare
 aftyre!
- Hewe downe hertly ȝone heythens tykes!
- 3644 They are harlotes halfe, I hette ȝow myne honnde!”
 Than he coveres his cogge, and catches one ankere,
 Kaughte his comliche helme with þe clere maylis;
 Buskes baners one brode, betyne of gowles,
- 3648 With corowns of clere golde clenliche arraide;
 Bot þare was chosene in þe chefe a chalke-whitte maydene,
 And a childe in hir arme, þat chefe es of hevynne:
 Withowttene changyng in chace, thies ware þe chefe
 armes
- 3652 Of Arthure þe avenaunt, qwhyll es he in erthe lengede.
 Thane the marynerse mellys, and maysters of chippis,
 Merily iche a mate menys till oþer;
 Of theire termys they talke, how þay ware tydd,
- 3656 Towyns tressells one trete, trussens upe sailes,

and rows round
the fleet to see
that everything
is prepared.

He exhorts his
knights to be of
good courage,

goes to his ship,
and orders the
anchor to be
raised.

His device is a
picture of our
Lady and the
Child.

The sailors busy
themselves to get
the ships under
weigh

- Bot bonettez one brede, bettrede hatches ;
 Brawndeste browne stele, braggede in trompes ;
 Standis styffe one the stamyne, steris one aftyre ;
 They sail across the strait and the battle begins. 3660 Strekyne over þe streme, thare stryvynge be-gynnes. ffro þe wagande wynde owte of þe weste rysses,
 Brethly bessomes with byrre in berynes sailles ;
 With hir bryngges one burde burliche cogges,
- 3664 Qwhylles þe bilynge and þe beme brestys in sondyre ;
 So stowtly þe forsterne one þe stam hyttis,
 þat stokkes of þe stere-burde strykkys in peces !
 Be thane cogge appone cogge, krayers and oþer,
- Grapplings are thrown out. 3668 Castys crepers one crosse als to þe crafte langes :
 Thane was hede-rapys hewene þat helde upe þe mastes ;
 Thare was conteke fulle kene, and crachynge of chippy's !
 Grett cogges of kampe crasseches in sondyre !
- A mighty struggle ensues. 3672 Mony kabane clevede, cabilles destroyede !
 Knyghtes and kene mene killide the braynes !
 Castles built on the decks are thrown down. Kidd castelles were corvene with alle theire kene wapens ,
 Castelles fulle comliche, þat coloured ware faire !
- Masts fall and kill the mariners. 3676 Upcynes eghelynge þay ochene þare aftyre,
 With þe swynges of þe swerde sweys þe mastys ;
 Ovyre-fallys in þe firste frekis and othire,
 ffrekke in þe forchipe fey es bylevedede !
- Boardings are made and hand-to-hand fights take place. 3680 Than brothely they bekyre with boustouse tackle,
 Bruschese boldlye one burde, brynyede knyghtes
 Owt of botes one burde was buskede with stony's,
 Bett downe of þe beste, brystis the hetches ;
- The archers of England make havoc among the heathen knights. 3684 Som gomys thourghe gyrdes with gaddys of yryne,
 Comys gayliche clede englaymous wapene !
 Archers of Inglande fulle egerly schottes,
 Hittis thourghe þe harde stele fulle hertly dynættis !
- 3688 Sonne hotchene in holle the heþenne knyghtes,
 Hurte thourghe þe harde stele, hele they never !
 Than they falle to þe fyghte, ffoynes with sperys,
 Alle the frekkestes one frownte þat to þe fyghte langes ;
- 3692 And ilkone frechely fraystez theire strenghes,

- Were to fyghte in þe flete with theirre felle wapyne :
 Thus they dalte þat daye thire dubbide knyghtes,
 Tille alle þe Danes ware dede, and in þe depe throwene !
- The Danes of
Modred's fleet
are all slain.
- 3696 Than Bretones brothely with brondis they hewene,
 Lepys in up one lofte lordeliche berynes ;
 When ledys of owt londys leppyne in waters,
 Alle oure lordes one lowde laughene at ones !
- 3700 Be thane speris whare spronngene, spalddyd chippys,
 Spanyolis spedily spretynde over burdez ;
 Alle þe kene mene of kampe, knyghtes and oþer,
 Killyd are colde dede, and castyne over burdez !
- Arthur's lords
laugh to see them
leap into the
water.
- 3704 Theirre swyers sweyftly has þe swete levyde,
 Heþene hevande on hatche in þer hawe ryses,
 Syncande in þe salte see sevene hundrethe at ones !
 Thane *syr* Gawayne the gude he has þe gree wonnene,
- 3708 And alle þe cogges grete he gafe to his knyghtes,
 Sir Geryne, and *syr* Grisswolde, and oþir gret lordes ;
 Garte Galuth a gud gome girde of þaire hedys !
 Thus of þe false flete appone þe flode happenede,
- All Modred's
keen men are
killed.
- 3712 And thus þeis feryne folke fey are belevede !
 Þitt es þe traytour one londe with tryede knyghttes,
 And alle trompede they trippe one trappede stedyd ;
 Schewes theme undir schilde one þe schire bankkes ;
- Sir Gawaine dis-
tributes the ships
among his
knights.
- 3716 He ne schowntes for no schame, bot schewes full heghe !
 Sir Arthure and Gawayne avyede theme bothene
 To sexty thosandez of mene, þat in theirre fyghte hovede ;
 Be this the folke was fellyde, thane was þe flode passede ;
- 3720 Thane was it slyke a slowde in slakkes full heughe,
 That let þe kyng for to lande, and the lawe watyre ;
 ffor-thy he lengede one laye for lesynng of horsesys,
 To loke of his lege mene, and of his lele knyghtes,
- But Modred the
traitor has a land
army of tried
knights.
- 3724 ȝif any ware lamede or loste, life ȝife they scholde.
 Thane *syr* Gawayne þe gude a galaye he takys,
 And glides up at a gole with gud mene of armes ;
 Whene he growndide for grefe, he gyrdis in þe watere,
- Arthur's host
wait for the tide
to make before
they land.
- 3728 That to þe girdylle he gos in alle his gylte wedys :
- Sir Gawaine
wades ashore.

Schottis upē appone þe sonde in syghte of þe lordes,
Sengly with hys soppe, my sorowe es the more !

With baners of his bagys beste of his armes,

- He bids his
standard-bearer
advance against
Modred's host,
and not fear their
numbers.
- 3732 He braydes up-on the banke in his bryghte wedys ;
He byddys his baneoure, " buske þow belyfe
To þone brode batayle that one þone banke hoves ;
And I ensure þow sothe I sallse þowe sewe aftyre ;

- 3736 Loke þe blenke for no bronde, ne for no bryghte wapyne,
Bot beris downe of þe beste and bryng them o-dawe !
Bees noghte abayste of theire boste abyde one þe erthe ;
þe have my baneres borne in batailles fulle hugge ;

- 3740 We sallse felle þone false, þe fende hafe theire saules !
flightes faste with þe frape, þe felde sallse be oures ;
May I þat traytoure overtake, torfere hymes tyddes,
That this tresone has tymbyrde to my trewe lorde !

- 3744 Of siche a engendure fulle littylle joye happyns,
And þat sallse in this journee be juggede fulls evene !"
Now they seke over þe sonde þis soppe at þe gaynestre,
Sembls one þe sowdeours, and settys theire dyntys ;

- 3748 Thourgh þe scheldys so schene schalkes þey towchē,
With schafte scheveride schorte of þas schene launces ;
Derfe dyntys they dalte with daggande sperys ;
One þe danke of þe dewe many dede lyggys,

- 3752 Dukes, and duszeperis, and dubbide knyghttys ;
The doughtyeste of Danemarke undone are for ever !
Thus thas renkes in rewthe rittis theire brenyes,
And rechis of þe richestre unrekens dyntis ;

- They slay three hundred of the bravest.
- 3756 Thare they thronge in the thikke, and thristis to þe erthe
Of the thraeste mene thre hundrethe at ones !

- Bot *syr* Gawayne for grefe myghte noghte agayne-stande,
Umbegrippys a spere, and to a gome rynnys,
3760 þat bare of gowles fulle gaye, with gowces of sylvere ;
He gyrdes hym in at þe gorge with his gryme¹ launce,
þat þe growndens glayfe graythes in sondyre !

Sir Gawayne kills
the king of Goth-
land.

¹ *groune* erased from the text and *gryme* written in margin.

With bat boystous brayde he bownes hym to dye !

- 3764 The kyngs of Gutlande it was, a gude mans of armes.

Thayre avawwarde than alle voydes pare aftyre,

The vanguard of
the army flies.

Alles venqueste verrayely with valyant berynes ;

Metis with medilwarde, that Modrede ledys !

- 3768 Oure mene merkes theme to, as theme myshappenede—

ffor hade *syr* Gawayne hade grace to halde þe grene hille,
He had wirchipe i-wys wonnene for ever !

Gawaine rashly
advances against
the centre, where
Modred is with
the Montagus and
other great lords.

Bot þane *syr* Gawayne i-wysse, he waytes hym wele

- 3772 To wreke hym on this werlaughe, bat þis werre moveode ;

And merkes to *syr* Modredē amonge alle his beryns,
With the Mownttagus, and oþer gret lordys.

þan *syr* Gawayne was grevede, and with a gret wylle

Gawaine puts a
fresh spear in
rest, and assails
Modred with re-
proaches.

- 3776 ffewters a faire spere, and freschely askryses,—

“ ffals fosterde foode, the fende have thy bonys !

ffy one the, felonie, and thy false werkys !

Thow sallē be dedē and undone for thy derfe dedys,

- 3780 Or I sallē dy this daye, jif destanye worthe !”

Thanē his enmye, with oste of owtlawede berynes,

The host of the
enemy, number-
ing sixty thou-
sand men, sur-
round Gawaine
and his little
band.

Allē enangyllē abowte oure excellente knyghtez,

That the traytoure be tresone had tryede hym salvens ;

- 3784 Dukes of Danemarke he dyghtte fulle sone,

And leders of Lettowe, with legyons inewe,

Umbylappyde oure mene with launceez fulls kene,

Sowdeours and Sarazenes owte of sere landys,

- 3788 Sixty thosande mens semlyly arrayede,

Sekerly assembles thare one sevenschore knyghtes,

Sodaynlly in dischayte by tha salte strandes.

Thane *syr* Gawayne grette with his gray eghens,

Gawaine weeps
and laments for
the danger of his
men.

- 3792 ffor grefe of his gud mene that he gyde schulde ;

He wyste that thay wondye ware, and wery for-
foughtene,

And what for wondire and woo, alle his witte faylede.

And thane syghande he saide, with sylande terys,—

- 3796 “ We are with Sarazenes be-sett appone sere halves !

I syghe noghte for myselfe, sa helpe oure Lorde ;

Bot for to us supprysede, my sorewe es the more.
Bes dowghtty to-daye, þone dukes schalle be þoures !

3800 ffor dere Dryghtyne this daye dredys no wapyns.

He comforts them with promises of blessings in Heaven.

We sall ende this daye alſ excellent knyghttes,
Ayere to endelesse joye with angelles unwemmyde.
þofe we hafe unwittily wastede oure selfene,

3804 We sall wirke alſ wele in þe wirchipe of Cryste.
We sall for þone Sarazenes, I sekire þow my trowhe,
Souppe with oure Saveoure solemnly in hevene,
In presence of þat precious prynce of alle oþer

3808 They shall ^{sup} with prophetes, patriarchs, and apostoles.

With prophetes, and patriarkes, and apostyls fulle nobille,
Be-fore his freliche face that fourmede us alle !

Perish the base slave that yields !

þondire to þone ȝaldsones, he þat ȝeldes hym ever,
Qwhylls he es qwykke and in qwerte unquellyde with
handis ;

3812 Be he never mo savede, ne socourede with Cryste,
Bot Satanase his sawle mowe synke in-to helle !”

Then Gawaine grimly grips his weapon,

Than grymly *syr* Gawayne gryppis hys wapyne,
Agayne þat gret bataille he graythes hym sonse ;

and rushes into the fray.

3816 Radly of his riche swerde he reghettes þe cheynys,
In he schokkes his schelde, schountes he no lengare ;
Bot alſ unwyse wodewyse he wente at þe gaynest,
Wondis of thas werdirwyns with wrakfusle dyntys,

He performs mighty deeds of arms.

3820 Alle wellys fulle of blode, thare he awaye passes ;
And þofe hym ware fulle woo, he wondys bot lyttile,
Bot wrekyss at his wirchipe þe wrethe of hys lorde !
He stekys stedis in stoure, and sterenefulls knyghttes,

3824 That steryne mens in theire sterapes stone dede þay lygge !
He rybys þe ranke stele, he rittes þe mayles ;
Thare myghte no renke hym areste, his resonse was
passede !

He fights like a madman.

He fells in a fransye for fersenesse of herte,

3828 He feughtis and fellis downe þat hym be-fore standis !
fells never fay mane siche fortune in erthe !
Into þe hale bataile hedlynge he rynnys,
And hurtes of þe hardieste þat one the erthe lenges !

- 3832 Letande alles a lyone, he lawnches themē thorowe,
 Lordes and ledars, that one the launde hoves !
 Þit *syr* Gawayne for wo wondis bot lyttile,
 Bot woundis of thas wedirwynes with wondirfulls dyntes,
- 3836 Alls he þat wold wilfully wastene hymē selfene ;
 And for wondsome and wills alle his wit failede,
 That wode alles a wylde beste he wente at þe gayneste ; Like a wild beast
 Alls walewede one blode, thare he awaye passed ; he goes on wal-
 lowing in blood.
- 3840 Iche a wy may be-warre, be wreke of anoþer !
- Than hemoves to *syr* Modrede amange alle his knyghtes,
 And mett hymē in þe myde schelde, and mallis hymē
 thorowe ;
- Bot the schalke for the scharpe he schownttes a littile,
- 3844 He schare hymē one þe schorte rybbys a schaftmonde He wounds Mo-
 dred in the side.
 large !
- The schafte schoderede and schotte in the schire beryne,
 þat the schadande blode over his schanke rynnys,
 And schewede on his schynbwade, þat was schire burneste !
- 3848 And so they schyfte and schove, he schotte to þe erthe ; Modred falls to
 With þe lussche of þe launce he lyghte one hys schuldrys,
 Ane akere lenghe one a launde, fulls lothely wondide.
- Than Gawayne gyrded to þe gome, and one þe groffe fallis ; Gawaine strives
 to finish him with a dagger, but
- 3852 Alles his grefe was graythede, his grace was no bettyre ! misses his blow.
 He schokkes owtte a schorte knyfe schethede with silvere,
 And scholde have slottede hymē in, bot no slytte
 happenede :
- His hand sleppid and slode o-slante one þe mayles,
- 3856 And þe toþer sleyly slynge hym undire :
 With a trenchande knyfe the traytoure hym hyttes,
 Thorowe þe helme and þe hede, one heyghe one þe brayne : Modred, with a
 sharp dagger, stabs Gawaine
 And thus *syr* Gawayne es gone, the gude man of armes, through the
- 3860 With-owtynne reschewe of renke, and rewghes es þe more ! brain.
- Thus *syr* Gawayne es gone, that gyded many othire ; Gawaine, the
 fro Gowere to Gernesay, alle þe gret lordys good man of
 Of Glamour, of Galys londe, þis galycarde knyghtes, arms, is gone !
- 3864 ffor glent of gloppynng glade be they never !

Kyng ffroderike offres fraythely þare aftyre,
ffraynes at the false mane of owre ferse knyghte;

"Knew thou ever this knyghte in thi kithe ryche,

- King Frederick
asks who he was.
3868 Of whate kynde he was comene, be-knowe now þe sothe ;
Qwat gome was he this with the gaye armes,
With þis gryffoune of golde, þat es one growfie fallyne ;
He has grettly greffede us, sa me Gode helps !

- Modred tells
him that he was
Sir Gawaine the
good, the merri-
est, the kindest,
and the bravest
of knights !
3872 Gyrdy downe oure gude mene, and grevede us sore !
He was þe sterynneste in stoure that ever stèle werryde,
ffore he has stonayede oure stale, and stroyede for ever!"

- The hardest of
hand, the hap-
piest in arms, the
most polished in
hall !
3876 "He was makles one molde, mane be my trowhe ;
This was *syr* Gawayne the gude, þe gladdeste of othire,
And the graciouseste gome that undire God lyffede,
Mane hardyeste of hande, happyeste in armes,

- 3880 And the henechte in hawle undire hevene riche ;
þe lordelieste of ledyngs qwhylls he lyffe myghte,
ffore he was lyone allossenede in londes i-newe ;
Had thou knewen hym, *syr* kyng in kythe thare he
lengede,

- 3884 His konynge, his knyghthode, his kyndly werkes,
His doyng, his doughtynesse, his dedis of armes,
Thow wolde hafe dole for his dede þe dayes of thy life!"
þit þat traytour alles tite teris lete he fall,

- Modred weeps
for the fate of
Gawaine.
3888 Turnes hym furthe tite, and talkes no more,
Went wepande awaye and weries the stowndys,
þat ever his werdes ware wroghte siche wandrethe to
wyrke :

- He repents of his
wickedness and
retreats.
3892 Whene he thoghte on þis thynge, it thirllede his herte ;
ffor sake of his sybb blode sygheande he rydys ;
When þat renayede renke remembirde hym selvens,
Of reverence and ryotes of þe rownde table.

- 3896 He rennyd and repent hym of alle his rewthe werkes,
Rode awaye with his rowte, ristys he no lengere,
ffor rade of oure riche kynge, ryve þat he scholde ;
Thane kayres he to Cornewaile, carefulls in herte,

- Because of his kynsemane that one the coste ligges : goes into Corn-wall,
- 3900 He taries tremlande ay, tydandis to herkens.
- Than the traytoure treunted þe Tyseday þar-aftyre,
Trynnys in with a trayne tresone to wirke,
And by þe Tambire þat tide his tentis he reris,
- 3904 And thane in a mette-while a messangere he sendes,
And wraite un-to Waynor how the werlde chaungede,
And what comliche coste the kyng was aryvede,
One floode foughtene with his fleete, and fellyd them
olyfe ;
- 3908 Badehir ferkenes so ferre, and flee with hir childire,
Whills he myghte wile hyms awaye, and wyne to hir
speche,
- Ayere in-to Irelande, in-to þas owte mowntes, bidding her fly
And wonnes thare in wildernesse with-in tha wast landys ;
- 3912 Than cho þermys and þee at þorke in hir chambire,
Gronys fulls gryssely with gretand teres,
Passes owte of þe palesse with alle hir price maydenys,
Towarde Chestyre in a charre thay chese hir þe wayes,
- 3916 Dighte hir ewyne for to dye with dule at hir herte ;
Scho kayres to Karelone, and kawghte hir a vaile,
Askes thare þe habite in þe honoure of Criste,
And alls for falsede, and frawde, and fere of hir loverde !
- 3920 Bot whene oure wiese kyngs wiste þat Gawayne was
Blandede,
- He al to-wrythes for woo, and wryngande his handes,
Gers lawnche his botes appone a lawe watire,
Londis als a lyone with lordliche knyghtes,
- 3924 Slippes in in the sloppes o-slante to þe girdylle,
Swalters upe swyftly with his swerde drawene,
Bownnys his bataile and baners displayes,
Buskes over þe brode sandes with breth at his herte,
- 3928 fferkes frekkly one felde þare þe feye lygges ;
Of the traytours mene one trappedpe stedis,
Ten thosandez ware tynte, þe trewghē to acount,
And certane on owre syde sevēne score knyghtes
- But she goes to
Caerleon and
takes the veil.
- Arthur is grieved
for Gawayne's
rash landing, and
follows him
wading through
the water.
- He slays ten
thousand men in
his great wrath.
Seven score of
his knights are
slain.

3932 In soyte with their seoverayne unsownde are belevede !

The kyng comly over-keste knyghtes and othire,

Erlles of Awfrike, and estriche berynes

Of Orgaile and Orekenay, þe Iresche kynges,

3936 The nobileste of Norwaiye, nowmbirs fulle hugge,

Dukes of Danamarke, and dubbid knyghtes ;

And the enchede kyng in the gay armes

Lys gronande one þe grownnde, and girde thorowe evene !

and makes his way to where Gawaine's men are surrounded,

3940 The riche kyng ransakes with rewthe at his herte,
And up rypes the renkes of alle þe rownde tabylle ;
Ses theme alle in a soppe in sowte by theme one,
With þe Sarazenes unsownde enserchede abowte ;

3944 And *syr* Gawayne the gude in his gaye armes,
Umbegrippede the girse, and one grouffe fallen,
His baners braydene downe, betyne of gowlles,
His brand and his brade schelde al blody be-rovene ;

3948 Was never oure semliche kyng so sorowfull in herte,
Ne þat sanke hym so sade, bot þat sighte one.

Than gliftis þe gud kyng, and glapyns in herte,
Gronys fulle grisely with gretande teris ;

3952 Knelis downe to the cors, and caught it in armes,
Kastys up his umbrere, and kysses hym sole !
Lokes one his eye-liddis, þat lowkkide ware faire,
His lippis like to þe lede, and his lire falowede !

3956 Pan the corownde kyng cryes fulle lowde,—
“ Dere kosyne o kynde, in kare am I levede !
ffor nowe my wirchipe es wente, and my were endide !
Here es þe hope of my hele, my happyng of armes !

3960 My herte and my hardynes hale one hym lengede !
My concelle, my comforte, þat kepide myne herte !
Of alle knyghtes þe kyng þat undir Criste lifede !
þou was worthy to be kyng, thofe I þe corowne bare !

3964 My wele and my wirchipe of alle þis werlde riche
Was wonnene thourghe *syr* Gawayne, and thourghe his
witte one !

Allas !” saide *syr* Arthure, “ nowe ekys my sorowe !

He bitterly laments the good knight.

It was through his wit that all his conquests were made.

- I am uttirly undone in myne awens landes !
- 3968 A dawttouse derfe dede, þou duellis to longe !
Why drawes þou so one dredge, thow drownnes myne
herte !”
- Than swetes the swete kyngs and in swoune fallis,
Swafres up swiftely, and swetly hym kysses,
- 3972 Tills his burliche berde was blody be-rowne,
Alls he had bestes britenede, and broghte owt of life ;
Ne had *syr* Ewayne comene, and othire grete lordys,
His bolde herte had broustene for bale at þat stownde !
- 3976 “ **B**lyve,” sais thies bolde mens ! “ thow blondirs þi
selfene,
- þis es botles bale, for bettir bees it never !
It es no wirchipe i-wysse to wryng thyne hondes,
To wepe als a womane it es no witt holdene !
- 3980 Be knyghtly of contenaunce, als a kyng scholde,
And leve siche clamoure for Cristes lufe of hevene !”
“ ffor blode,” said the bolde kyngs, “ blyne sall I never,
Or my brayne to-briste, or my breste oþer !
- 3984 Was never sorowe so softe that sanke to my herte !
Itt es fulls sibb to myselfe, my sorowe es the more !
Was never so sorowfulls a syghte seynewith myne eghene !
He es sakles supprysede for syns of myne one !”
- 3988 Downe knelis þe kyngs, and kryses fulls lowde ;
With carefulls contenaunce he karpes thes wordes,—
“ O rightwis riche Gode, this rewthe thow be-holde !
þis ryall rede blode ryne appone erthe ;
- 3992 It ware worthy to be schrede and schrynede in golde,
ffor it es sakles of syns, sa helpe me oure Lorde !”
Downe knelis þe kyng with kare at his herte,
Kaughte it up kyndly with his clene handis,
- 3996 Keste it in a ketille-hatte, and coverde it faire,
And kayres furthe with þe cors in kyghte þare he lenges.
- “ **H**ere I make myn avowe,” quod the kyng thane,
“ To Messie, and to Marie, the mylde qwene of
hevene,
- Arthur swoons for grief; then starts up and kisses the dead knight.
His beard is smeared in the blood of Gawayne.
- Sir Ewaine and his knights reproach him.
- He excuses himself on account of the greatness of the grief.
- He collects Gawayne's blood in a helmet, and carries away his body.

Then he makes a solemn vow that he will take no pleasure in the chase till Gawaine be avenged.

- 4000 I sall never ryvaye, ne racches un-cowpylle
 At roo ne rayne dere, þat ryndes apponue erthe ;
 Never grewhownde late glyde, ne goschawke latt flye,
 Ne never fowle see fellide, þat flieghes with wenge ;
- 4004 ffawkone ne formaylle appone fiste handille,
 Ne zitt with gerefawcons rejoysse me in erthe ;
 Ne regnne in my royaltez, ne halde my rownde table,
 Tille thi dede, my dere, be dewly revengede !
- 4008 Bot ever droupe and dare, qwylls my lyfe lastez,
 Tille Drightens and derfe dede hafe done qwate them
 likes !”
- Than kaughte they upे þe cors with kare at theire hertes,
 Karyed [it] one a coursere with þe kyng selfens ;
- The body was sent straight to Winchester,
- and met by a procession of monks.
- Arthur gives orders that all honour should be paid to the dead.
- 4012 The waye unto Wynchestre þay wente at the gaynestre,
 Wery and wandsomly, with wondide knyghtes ;
 Thare come þe prior of the plas, and professide monnkes,
 Apas in processione, and with the prynace metys ;
- 4016 And he be-tuke þame the cors of þe knyghte noble,—
 “ Lokis it be clenly kepyd,” he said, “ and in þe kirke
 holdene,
 Done for derygese, as to þe ded fallys ;
 Menskede with messes, for mede of þe saule :
- 4020 Loke it wante no waxe, ne no wirchipe elles,
 And at þe body be bawmede, and one erthe holdene.
 ȝiff thou kepe thi covent, eneroche any wirchipe
 At my comyng agayne, ȝif Crist wills it thole ;
- 4024 Abide of þe beryenge tille they be broughte undire,
 þat has wroghte us this woo, and þis werre movede.”
- Than sais *syr* Wychere þe wy, a wyese mane of armes,
 “ I rede ȝe warely wende, and wirkes the beste ;
- 4028 Soiorne in this cete, and semble thi berynes,
 And bidde with thi bolde mens in thi burghes riche :
 Get owt knyghtez of contres, that castelles holdes,
 And owt of garysons grete gude mens of armes,
- 4032 ffor we are faithfully to fewe to feghte with them alle,
 þat we see in his sorte appone þe see bankes.”

Sir Wycher advises that he should stay in Winchester and rally his forces.

With krewells contenance thane the kyng karpis theis
wordes,—

“I praye the kare noghte, *syr knyghte*, ne caste þou no
dredis !

- 4036 Hadde I no segge bot myselfe one undir sone,
And I may hym see wiþ sighte, or one hym sette hondis,
I sall evene amange his mene malle hym to dede,
Are I of þe stede styre halfe a stede lenghe !
- 4040 I sall hym in his stowre, and stroye hym for ever,
And þare-to make I myn̄ avowe devoutly to Cryste,
And to his modyre Marie, þe mylde qwene of hevene !
I sall never sojourne sounde, ne sawghte at myn̄ herte,
- 4044 In cetē ne in subarbe sette appone erthe,
Ne ƿitt slomyre ne slepe wiþ my slawe eyghne,
Tills he be slayne þat hym slowghe, ƿif any sleyghte
happene :
- Bot ever pursue the Payganys þat my pople distroyede,
- 4048 Qwyllas I may pare them and pynne, in place þare me
likes.”
- Thare durste no renke hym areste of alle þe rownde table,
Ne none paye þat prynce wiþ plesande wordes,
Ne none of his lige-mene luke hym in the eyghne,
- 4052 So lordely he lukes for losse of his knyghttes !
Thane drawes he to Dorsett, and dreches no langere,
Derefulle dredlesse with drowppande teris ;
Kayeris in-to Kornewayle with kare at his herte,
- 4056 The trays of þe traytoure he trynts fulle evene :
And turnys in be þe Treynte¹ þe traytoure to seche,
ffyndis hym in a foreste þe Frydaye there aftire ;
The kyng lyghttes one fott, and freschely askryes,
- 4060 And wiþ his freliche folke he has þe folde nomens !
- N**ow isschewis his enmye undire þe wode eynys,
With ostes of alynes full horrebille to schewe !
Sir Mordred the malebranche, wiþ his myche pople,
- 4064 ffoundes owt of the foreste appone fele halves,

Arthur declares
that he himself
alone is sufficient.

He will never
sojourn in city
or town till Mo-
dred be slain.

None dares to
oppose the fierce
words of Arthur.

Arthur follows
Modred into
Cornwall and at-
tacks him.

A vast host of
aliens assault Ar-
thur's men.

¹ ? Tamar.

In sevens grett batailles semliche arrayede,
 Sexty thowsande mene, the syghte was fulls hugge,
 Alls fyghtande folke of þe ferre laundes,

There were sixty thousand against eighteen hundred.

- 4068 ffaire fettede one frownte be tha fresche strandes !
 And alle Arthurs oste was amede with knyghtes
 Bot awghtene hundrethe of alle, entrede in rolles ;
 This was a mache un-mete, bot mygħtis of Criste,

- 4072 To melle with þat multitude in þase man londis.
 Than the royalle roȝy of þe rownde table

Arthur on a charger arranges his men.

- Rydes one a riche stedes, arrayes his beryns,
 Buskes his avawmwarde, als hym beste likes ;

- 4076 Syr Ewayne, and *syr* Errake, and othire gret lordes,
 Demenys the medilwarde menskefully thare aftyre,
 With Merrake and Menyduke, myghty of strenghes ;
 Idirous and Alymere, þire avenaunt childrene,

- 4080 Ayers with Arthure, with sevens score of knyghtes ;
 He rewlis þe rerewardre redyly thare aftyre,
 The rekeneste redy mene of þe rownde table,
 And thus he fittis his folke, and freschely askryes,

- 4084 And syene comforthes his mene with knyghtlyche
 wordes—

He beseeches them to do well that day and not to fear.

- “ I besike þow, sirs, for sake of oure Lorde,
 That þe doo wele to daye, and dredis no wapene !
 flightes fersely nowe, and fendis þoure selvene,
 4088 ffellis downe þone feye folke, the felde sall be owrs !
 They are Sarazenes þone sorte, un-sownde motte they
 worthe !

If they are slain they will be taken straight up to Heaven.

- Sett one theme sadlye, for sake of oure Lorde !
 ȝif us be destaynede to dy to daye one this erthe,
 4092 We sall be hewede un-to heyene, or we be halfe colde !
 Loke þe lett for no lede lordly to wirche ;
 Layes þone laddes lowe be the layke ende !
 Take no tente un-to me, ne tale of me rekke,
 4096 Bes besy one my baners with þoure brighte wapyns,
 That they be strenghely stuffede with steryne knyghtes,
 And holdens lordly one lofte ledys to schewe ;

- þif any renke theme arase, reschowē theme sone.
- 4100 Wirkes now my wirchipe, to daye my werre endys !
 þe wotte my wele and my wo, wirkkys as þow likys !
 Crist comly with crowne comforthe þow alle,
 ffor þe kyndeste creatours that ever kynge ledde !
- 4104 I gyffe þow alle my blyssyng with a blithe wille,
 And alle Bretowns bolde, blythe mote þe worthe !”
- They pype upē at pryme tyme approches theme nere,
 Pris mens and priste proves their strenghes ;
- 4108 Bremlē the brethemen bragges in troumppes,
 In cornettes comlyly, wherē knyghtes assemblē,
 And thane jolyly enjoynys þeis jentylle knyghtes ;
 A jolyere journē a-juggedē was never,
- 4112 Whene Bretones boldly embraces theire scheldes,
 And cristyne encroyssede theme, and castis in fewtire !
- T**han *syr* Arthure oste his enmye askryses,
 And in they schokke theire scheldes, schontes no
 lengare ;
- 4116 Schotte to þe schiltronē, and schowttes fullē heghe,
 Thorowe scheldis fullē schene schalkes they touche !
 Redily thas rydde mene of the rownde table
 With ryallē raunke stele rittys theire mayles ;
- 4120 Bryneys browddens they briste, and burneste helmys,
 Hewes haythens mens downe, halses in sondre !
 ffightande with fyne stele, þe feye blod rynnys
 Of þe frekkeste of frounte, unfers ere be-levede.
- 4124 Ethyns of Argayle and Irische kynghes
 Enverounes oure avawnwarde with venymmos beryns ;
 Peghites and paynymes with perilous wapyns,
 With speres disspetously diisspoylls our knyghttes,
- 4128 And hewede downe the hendeste with hertly dynntys !
 Thorow the holle batayle they holdens theire wayes ;
 þus fersly they fyghte appone sere halfes,
 That of þe bolde Bretones myche blode spillis !
- 4132 Thare durste non rescowe theme, for reches in erthe,
 þe sterynes ware þare so stedde, and stuffede wit othire :

To-day his war ends !

He gives them his parting blessing.

The Britons fight furiously.

The vanguard is surrounded by the enemy, and many of them slain.

He durste noghte stire a steppe, bot stodde for hym
selvene,

Tille thre stalis ware stroyede be strenghe of hym one !

4136 "Idrous," quod Arthure, "ayre the byhoves !

Arthur bids Sir Idrus rescue his father, Sir Ewaine.

I see *syr* Ewayne over-sette with Sarazenes kene !

Redy the for rescows, arraye thee sone !

Hye þe with hardy mene in helpe of thy ffadire !

4140 Sett in one the syde, and socoure ȝone lordes ;

Bot they be socourrede and sownde, unsawghte be I
never !"

Idrous hym e ansuers ernestly þare aftyre,—

"He es my fadire in faithe, for-sake sallē I never !

4144 He has me fosterde and fedde, and my faire bretherens,

Bot I for-sake this gate, so me Gode helpe,

And sothely alle sybredyne bot thyselfe one ;

I breke never his biddynge for beryns one lyfe,

4148 Bot ever bouxome as beste blethely to wyrke !

He commande me kyndly, with knyghtly wordes,

That I schulde lelely one þe lenge, and one noo lede ellē ;

I sallē hys commandement holde, ȝif Criste wil me thole !

4152 He es eldare than I, and ende sallē we bothenes ;

He sallē ferke be-fore, and I sallē come aftyre :

ȝiffe hym be destaynede to dy to daye one jis erthe,

Criste comly with crowne take kepe to hys saule !"

4156 Than remys the riche kynge with rewthe at his herte,

T Hewyshyshandyson heghte, and to þe hevene lokes,—

"Qwythene had Dryghtyn destaynede at his dere wille,

þat he hade demyd me to daye to dy for ȝow alle,

4160 That had I lever than be lorde alle my lyfe tymē,

Off alle þat Alexandere aughte qwhilles he in erthe

lengede."

Sir Ewayne and *syr* Errake, þes excellente beryns,

Enters in one þe oste, and egerly strykes ;

4164 The ethenys of Orkkenaye and Irische kynges,

þay gobone of þe gretteste with growndone swerdes,

Hewes one þas hulkes with þeire harde wapyns,

Arthur wishes that he might die instead of his knights.

Sir Ewaine and Sir Errard perform great deeds of valour before they are over-powered and slain.

Layed downe þas ledes with lothely dynntys;

- 4168 Schuldirs and scheldys þay schrede to þe hawncches,
And medilles thourgh mayles, þay merkene in sondire !
Siche honoure never aughte none erthely kyng
At theire endyng daye, bot Arthure hym selfe !

- 4172 So þe droughte of þe daye dryede theire hertes,
That bothe drynkles they dye, dole was þe more !

Now mellys oure medille-warde, and mengene to-gedire. The centre of Arthur's army engages.

- 4176 Sir Mordred þe Malebranche with his myche pople,
He had hide hym be-hynde with-in thas holte eynys,
With halle bataile one hethe, harme es þe more !
He hade sene þe conteke al clene to þe ende,
How oure chevalrye chevye be chaunces of armes !

- 4180 He wiste oure folke was for-foughtene, þat þare was
feye levede ;

To encowntere þe kyng he castes hym sone,

Bot the churles chekyne hadde chaungyde his armes ;
He had sothely for-sakene þe sawtuoure engrelede,

Sir Modred had been watching the battle, and preparing to attack the king.

- 4184 And laughte upre thre lyons alle of whitte silvyre,
Passande in purpre of perrie fulls ryche,
ffor þe kyngs sulde noghte knawe þe cawtelous wriche !

Because of his cowardys he keste of his atyre ;

- 4188 Bot the comliche kyng knewe hym fulls swythe,
Karpis to *syr Cadors* þes kyndly wordez,—
“I see the traytoure come ȝondyr trynande fulls þerne ;
ȝone ladde with þe lyones es like to hymselfe !

But Arthur knows him at once, and points him out to Sir Cador.

- 4192 Hym sall torfere betyde, may I touche ones,
ffor alle his tresone and trayne, alle I am trew lorde !

To day Clarente and Caliburne sall kythe theme to-gedirs,
Whilke es kenere of kerse, or hardare of eghge !

The two famous swords, Clarent and Caliburn, shall this day be tried one against the other.

- 4196 ffraiste sall we fyne stele appone fyne wedis :
Itt was my derlyng dayntevous, and fulls dere holdens,
Kepede fore encorownmentes of kynges enoynttede
One dayes when I dubbyde dukkes and erlles ;

- 4200 It was burliche borne be þe bryghte hiltes ;
I durste never dere it in dedis of armes,

Arthur recognises his sword which he had left at Wallingford under the care of the Queen.

- Bot ever kepide clene, be-cause of myselvene;
 ffor I see Clarent unclede, þat crowne es of swerdeſ :
 4204 My wardrop of Walyngfordhe I wate es destroyede ;
 Wist no wy of wone bot Waynor hir-selvene,
 Scho hadde þe kepynge hirſelfe of þat kydde wapynē,
 Off cofres enclosede þat to þe crowne lengede,
 4208 With rynges and relikkes, and þe regale of ffraunce,
 That was ffowndene one *syr* ffrolle, whens he was feye
 levyde.”
 Than *syr* Marrike in malyncoyl metys hymme sone,
 With a mellyd mace myghtyly hym strykes ;
 4212 The bordoure of his bacenett he bristes in sondire,
 þat þe schire rede blode over his brene rynnys !
 The beryne blenkes for bale, and alle his ble chaunges,
 Bot þitt he byddys as a bore, and brymly he strykes !
 4216 He braydes owte a brande bryghte als ever ony sylver,
 þat was *syr* Arthure awene, and Utere his fadirs,
 In þe wardrop of Walyngfordhe was wonte to be kepede ;
 þare with þe derfe dogge syche dynntes he rechede,
 4220 þe toþer with-drewe one-dreghe and durste do none oþer !
 ffor *syr* Marrake was mane merrede in elde,
 And *syr* Mordred was myghty, and his moste strenghes ;
 Come none with-in the compas, knyghte ne none oþer ,
 4224 With-in þe swyng of swerde, þat ne he þe swete levyd :
 þat persayfes oure prynce, and presses to faste,
 Strykes into þe stowre by strenghe of hys handis ;
 Metis with *syr* Mordred, he melis unfaire,—
 4228 “ Turne, traytoure untrewē, þe tydys no bettyre ;
 Be gret Gode thow sallē dy with dynt of my handys !
 The schalle rescowe no renke ne reches in erthe !”
 The kyng with Calaburne knyghtly hym strykes,
 4232 The cantelle of þe clere schelde he kerfes in sondyre,
 In-to þe schuldyre of þe schalke a schaftmonde large,
 þat þe schire rede blode schewede one þe maylys !
 He schodirde and schrenkys, and schontes bott lyttile,
 4236 Bott schokkes in scharpely in his schene wedys ;

Arthur forces his way to Modred,

and upbraids him.

Then he strikes him with Calaburn and cuts through his shield and into the shoulder.

The ffelonne with þe ffyne swerde freschely he strykes,
The ffelettes of þe f ferrere syde he flassches in sondyre,
Thorowe jopowne and jesserawnte of gentille mailes !

Modred, though wounded, strikes Arthur and gives him a terrible wound in the side.

- 4240 The freke fichede in þe flesche an halfe fotte large,
That derfe dynt was his dede, and dole was þe more
That ever þat doughty sulde dy, bot at Dryghtyns
wyllie !

ȝitt with Calyburne his swerde, full knyghtly he Arthur with Cali-
strykes, burn cuts off the sword-hand of Modred.

- 4244 Kastes in his clere schelde, and coveres hym full faire ;
Swappes of þe swerde hande, als he by glentis,
Ane inche fro þe elbowe, he ochede it in sondyre,
þat he swounnes one þe swrathe, and one swym fallis ;

- 4248 Thorowe brater of browne stede, and the bryghte mayles,
That the hilte and þe hande appone þe hethe ligges !

Thane frescheliche þe freke the ffente uper rererys,
Brochis hym in with the bronde to þe bryghte hiltys,

Modred dies.

- 4252 And he brawles one the bronde, and bownes to dye.
“In faye,” says þe feye kynge, “sore me for-thynkkes
That ever siche a false theefe so faire an end haves.”

Arthur declares that his end is too good for him.

Qwenes they had ffenyste þis fechte, thane was þe felde
wonnene,

- 4256 And the false folke in þe felde feye are by-levede !
Tille a fforeste they fledde, and felle in the grevys,
And fers foghtande folke folowes them aftyre ;

Modred's men are defeated and pursued.

Howntes and hewes downe the heythene tykes,
4260 Mourtherys in the mowntaygnes *syr* Mordredre knyghtes ;
Thare chapyde never no childe, cheftayne ne ober,
Bot choppes theme downe in the chace, it chargys bot
littylle !

- 4264 Bot whene *syr* Arthure anone *syr* Ewayne he fyndys,
And Errake þe avengement, and ober grett lordes,

Arthur finds the dead bodies of his knights.

He kawghte up *syr* Cador with care at his herte,
Sir Clegis, *syr* Cleremonde, þes clere mene of armes,
Sir Lothe, and *syr* Lyonelle, *syr* Lawncelott and Lowes,

- 4268 Marrake and Meneduke, þat myghty ware ever ;

With langoure in the launde thare he layes them^s to gedire,

Lokede one theyre lighames, and with a lowde stevens,
Alles lede þat liste noghte lyfe and loste had his myrthis;

He swoons for sorrow, 4272 Than he stotays for made, and alle his strenghe faylez,
Lokes up to þe lyfte, and alle his lyre chaunges!

Downne he sweys full swythe, and in a swoun^e fallys!
Upe he coveris one kneys, and kryes full oftene,—

and bitterly grieves over his knights. 4276 "Kynge comly with crowne, in care am I levyde!
Alle my lordchipe lawe in lande es layde undyre!

That me has gyfenes gwerdones, be grace of hym selvene,
Mayntenye my manhede be myghte of theire handes,

4280 Made me manly one molde, and mayster in erthe;
In a tenefull tyme this torfere was rereryde,
That for a traytoure has tynte alle my trewe lordys!
Here rystys the riche blude of the rownde table,

4284 Rebukkede with a rebawde, and rewthe es the more!
I may helples one hethe house be myne one,
Alles a wafull wedowe þat wantes hir beryne!
I may werye and wepe, and wrynge myne handys,

4288 ffor my wytt and my wyrchipe awaye es for ever!
Off alle lordchips I take leve to myne ende!
Here es þe Bretones blode broughte owt of lyfe,
And nowe in þis journee alle my joy endys!"

All his joy is ended, and he would take leave of life.

The remnants of his men rally round him.

He thanks God for the victory, and all the glory which he and his knights had won.

4292 Thane relies þe renkes of alle þe rownde table,
To þe ryalle roy thay ride þam alle;
Than assemblies full sone sevene score knyghtes,
In sighte to þaire soverayne, þat was unsownde levede;

4296 Than knelis the crownede kynge, and kryes one lowde,—
"I thanke þe, Gode, of thy grace, with a gud wylle;
That gafe us vertue and witt to vencows þis beryns;
And us has graunteded þe gree of theis gret lordes!

4300 He sent us never no schame, ne schenchiþe in erthe,
Bot ever þit þe overhande of alle oþer kynghes:
We haſe no laysere now þese lordys to seke,
ffor þone laythely ladde me lamede so sore!

- 4304 Graythe us to Glaschenbery, us gaynes none ober ;
 Thare we may ryste us with roo, and raunsake oure wondys
 Of þis dere day werke, þe Dryghttene belovede,
 That us has destaynede and demyd to dye in oure awene." He desires to be taken to Glastonbury.
- 4308 Thane they holde at his heste hally at ones,
 And graythes to Glasschenberye þe gate at þe gaynest ;
 Entres þe Ile of Aveloyne, and Arthure he lyghites,
 Merkes to a manere there, for myghte he no forthire : He enters the Isle of Avelon and is taken to a manor there; for he could go no further. A surgeon is sent for,
- 4312 A surgyns of Salerne enserches his wondes,
 The kyng sees be asaye þat sownde bese he never,
 And sone to his sekire mens he said theis wordes,—
 " Doo calle me a confessour, with Criste in his armes ; but Arthur desires a Confessor.
- 4316 I wille be howselde in haste, whate happed so be-tyddys ;
 Constantyne my cosyns he salles the corowne bere,
 Alles be-commys hym of kynde, ȝife Criste wills hym thole ! He appoints Constantyne, his cousin, his heir.
- Beryne, fore my benysonse, thowe berye ȝone lordys,
 4320 That in baytaille with brondez are broghte owte of lyfe ;
 And sythene merke manly to Mordrede childrene,
 That they bee sleyghely slayne, and slongens in watyrs ; Orders Modred's children to be slain.
- Latt no wykkyde wede waxe, ne wrythe one this erthe
 4324 I warne fore thy wirchipe, wirke alles I bydde !
 I foregyffe alle greffe, for Cristez lufe of hevene ! To Guinever he wishes that "if she has well done she may fare well."
- ȝife Waynor hafe wele wroghte, wele hir be-tydde !" Then he says "In Manus," and his spirit passes away.
- He saide *In manus* with mayne one molde whare he ligges,
 4328 And thus passes his speryt, and spekes he no more !
 The baronage of Bretayne thane, bechopes and othire,
 Graythes them to Glaschenbery with gloppynnande The Barons of Britain bury Arthur at Glastonbury.
- hertes,
 To bery thare the bolde kynge, and bryngs to the erthe,
 4332 With alle wirchipe and welthe þat any wy scholde.
 Throly belles thay rynge, and *Requiem* syngys,
 Dosse messes and matyns with mournande notes :
 Relygeous reveste in theire riche copes,
- 4336 Pontyficalles and prelates in precyouse wedys,
 Dukes and dusszeperis in theire dule cotes,
 Countasses knelande and claspande theire handes, Great mourning was made at his funeral.

Ladys languessande and lowrande to schewe;
 4340 Alle was buskede in blake, birdes and othire,
 That schewede at the sepulture, *with sylande teris* ;
 Whas never so sorrowfulls a syghte seenes in theire tyms !

This was the end
of Arthur of the
blood of Hector
and of Priamus
of Troy.

Thus endis kyng Arthure, as auctors alegges,
 4344 That was of Ectores blude the kynge sone of Troye,
 And of *syr Pryamous* the prynce prayseide in erthe ;
 ffro thythene broghte the Bretons alle his bolde eldyrs
 In-to Bretayne the brode, as þe Bruytle tellys.
 Etc. explicit.

Hic jacet Arthurus, rex quondam rexque futurus.

Here endes Morte Arthure, writene by Robert of Thorntone.

R. Thornton dictus qui scripsit sit benedictus. Amen !

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- Eynes, *s.* thickets, 1283, 1760, 2516.
- Fakene, *v.* fettle, set in order, 742.

- Falterde, *adj.* hanging in folds, 1092.
- Fande, *v.* try, endeavour, take care, 557, 656.
- Fange or faunge, holds, seizes, 425, 1005, 1249.
- Farlande, *s.* foreland, 880.
- Fatthe, *s.* tribute, 425.
- Fawcetez, *s.* cups, 205.
- Fawe, *adj.* variegated, glancing, 747.
- Fawntekyns, *s.* young children, 845.
- Fax, *s.* hair, 1078.
- Fay or fey, *adj.* dead; ‘fay-levede,’ left dead, killed, 394, 517, 978.
- Fele, *adj.* many, 845, 2162.
- Feletez, *s.* fillets, the flesh on the ribs, 1158, 2174.
- Felle, *s.* skin, 1081.
- Felschen, *v.* freshen, 1975.
- Feraunt, *adj.* pleasant, good, 1811.
- Fere, *adj.* whole, sound, unhurt, 2795, 3018.
- Ferkes, *v.* hastens, goes, 933, 984, 1452.
- Ferly, *s.* wonder, 2948.
- Ferlyche, *adj.* wonderful, 925.
- Fermysone, *s.* the closed time for hunting, also the enclosed and fatted deer as opposed to wild (?), 180.
- Ferrers, *adj.* with iron hoops, 2715.
- Ferrome, *adj.* foreign, strange, 3579; ‘o ferrome,’ afar, at a distance, 857.
- Ferynne, *s.* far part, the other side, 1875.
- Fette, *v.* fetch, 557.
- Fewle, *s.* foil, sword, 2071.
- Fewtyre, *s.* the rest which sup-
- ported the spear, 1366; ‘castys in fewtyre,’ lays his spear in rest.
- Feyed, *v.* mutilated, tore, 1114.
- Feyne, *v.* relax, cease, 1147.
- Fichene, *v.* pierce, 2098.
- Filsuez, *v.* dwells, 881.
- Filterde, *adj.* mixed, joined, 780; matted, 1078.
- Firthe or frithe, *s.* wood, 1708.
- Flay, *v.* terrify, 2441, 2780.
- Flayre, *s.* smell, odour, breath, 772.
- Fleche, *s.* part, division, 2482.
- Flecte, *v.* float, swim, 803.
- Flemyde, *v.* burnt, consumed, 1155.
- Fleryande, *adj.* grinning, 1088.
- Fleterede, *adj.* flitting, flying, 2097.
- Flitt, *v.* strike, wound, 2097.
- Flonez, *s.* arrows, 2097.
- Floyne or floygene, *s.* a sort of ship, 743.
- Fluke, *s.* flat-fish, 1088; floke-mouthed, 2780.
- Flyschande, *adj.* piercing, sharp, 2141, 2769.
- Foddened, *v.* fed, produced, 3247.
- Fome, *s.* foam, smoke, 1079.
- Fonde, *adj.* foolish, mad, savage, 881.
- Fonde or fonode, *v.* try, taste, 147, 366, 3371, 3372.
- Fongede, *v.* took hold of, 3309.
- Foode or fode, *s.* fellow, 3777.
- Fore-lytenede, *v.* decreased, 254.
- Fore-maglede, *v.* engaged, hardly pressed, 1534.
- Fore-thy, *adv.* wherefore, 225.
- For-justede, *adj.* vanquished in fight, 2134, 2896.
- Formaylle, *s.* the female hawk, 4004.

- Forrayse, *v.* forays, lays waste, 1247.
- Forsey, forsoey, or forsey, *adj.* of great force, 3301, 3308.
- For-wondsome, *adj.* very sorrowful, 3837.
- Fosterde, *s.* foresters, 300.
- Forthire, *adv.* forward, 300; ‘the forthire,’ the forward or first part.
- Foulde, *s.* earth, 1071.
- Foundez, *v.* goes, advances, 1228.
- Fourtedele, *v.* fourth part, 946.
- Foyle, *s.* box, 2705.
- Fraisez, *v.* questions, examines, (perhaps) tortures, 1248.
- Fraiste, *v.* try, prove, seek, 435, 1038, 3583.
- Fraknede, *adj.* freckled, spotted, 681, 1081.
- Frawnke, *s.* enclosure, 3248.
- Frayne or fraine, *v.* ask, enquire, 337, 1441.
- Fraythely, *adv.* suddenly, at once, 3865.
- Freke, *s.* man, fellow, wretch, 557, 742, 973.
- Frekke, *adj.* bold, eager, vigorous, 3303.
- Frekly, *adv.* boldly, rapidly, 556, 788.
- Fremedly, *adv.* as a stranger, 1250, 3406.
- Fremmede, *adj.* strange, unkind, 3344.
- Fresone, *s.* Freisland horse, 1365.
- Fretyne or fretene, *adj.* consumed, 844; overlaid, 2142.
- Frithed, *adj.* arranged in hedges, 3248.
- Fromonde, *s.* forehead, 1112.
- Froske, *s.* frog, 1081.
- Froyt, *s.* fruit, 2708.
- Frumentee, *s.* a dish of wheat, milk, plums, etc., 180 (*v. Lib. Cure Cocorum*, p. 7).
- Frusche, *s.* sudden rush, 2901.
- Fruschene, *v.* strife, rout, 2805.
- Frythes, *v.* spare, 656, 1734.
- Fulsomeste, *adj.* foulest, 1061.
- Furthe, *s.* journey, course, 1525; path, roadway, 1897, 2144.
- Fyledge, *adj.* defiled, 978.
- Gaddes, *s.* goads, spears, 3622.
- Galede, *v.* screamed, chattered, 927.
- Galte, *s.* pig, boar, 1101.
- Gardwynes, *s.* rewards, 1729.
- Garett, *s.* watch-tower, 562, 3105.
- Gaynest, *adj.* nearest, 487.
- Gayspande, *v.* gasping, 1462.
- Gedlynge or gadlynge, *s.* useless fellows, wretches, 2885.
- Geene, *s.* genies or spirits, 559.
- Gerse, *s.* grasp, 3945.
- Gersoms, *s.* guerdons, rewards, 165.
- Gerte (gers, gars, garte), *v.* caused, made, 1780, 3710.
- Gettlesse, *adj.* empty, possessionless, 2728.
- Ghywes, *s.* gyves, fetters, 3622.
- Glapyns, *v.* is frightened, 3950.
- Glaverande, *adj.* deceitful, treacherous, 2538.
- Glayfe or glaive, *s.* the blade or steel part of the spear, 3762.
- Gledys, *s.* sparks, 117.
- Glent, *s.* glance, 3864.
- Gliftes, *v.* looks, 3950.
- Glopned, *v.* was astonished, frightened, 1074, 2580.
- Glopynnyng, *s.* astonishment, 3864.

- Gloredē, *v.* glared, stared, 1074.
 Gobbedē or gabbedē, *adj.* deceitful, 1346.
 Gobelets, *s.* part of the armour for the legs, 913.
 Gobone, ? govone, *v.* gave, 4165.
 Gole, *s.* small creek, 3726.
 Gome, *s.* man, 85, etc.
 Gose, *imp.* of go; ‘gose over,’ recount, 1266.
 Gowces, *s.* the pieces of armour to protect the arm-pits, 3760.
 Gowke, *s.* cuckoo, 927.
 Grame, *s.* anger, grief, 1077, 3009.
 Granes, *v.* groans, 2562.
 Grape, *v.* feel, meditate, 2726.
 Grassede, *v.* decked, furnished, 1091.
 Graynes, *s.* red colour, 3464.
 Graythide, *v.* gathered, arrayed, 373, 589, 602.
 Grayvez, *s.* grieves, steel boots, 913, 2272.
 Grees, *s.* season allotted for sporting, 658.
 Grette, *v.* greeted, 84.
 Gretande, *v.* crying, weeping, 951.
 Grevede, *v.* snarled, gnashed his teeth, 1075.
 Grevez or grefes, *s.* groves, 927, 1874, 2282.
 Groffe, *s.* face, 3851. In O.E. ‘groveling,’ face downwards.
 Grucchande, *adj.* grumbling, 1076.
 Grygynge, *s.* 2510.
 Grylych or gryslyche, *adj.* horrible, 1101.
 Grythgide, *v.* vexed, 2557.
 Gumbaldes, *s.* dishes of pastry, 2964.
 Gye, *v.* direct, walk aright, 4.
- Halfes, *s.* parts, sides, 441; ‘sere halves,’ several sides.
 Hally, *adv.* wholly, 1085.
 Halsez, *s.* necks, throats, and so heads, 1798.
 Harlotte, *s.* common soldier, low fellow, 2446.
 Harawnte, *v.* march, advance, 2449.
 Harske, *adj.* rough, harsh, 1084.
 Hathelle, *adj.* noble, great, 358, 988.
 Haylede, *v.* dropped, 2077.
 Hawe, *s.* awe, fear (?), 3705.
 Heddyns-mene, *s.* chief men, rulers, 281.
 Hede-rapys, *s.* head-ropes, 3669.
 Hedlynge, *adv.* headlong, 3830.
 Hedoyne, *s.* a sauce, 184.
 Heldede, *v.* inclined, obeyed, 3369.
 Hele, *s.* health, comfort, 2631.
 Hemmes, *s.* borders, hems, 1648.
 Hende, *adv.* close at hand, 1283.
 Hende, *adj.* gentle, 2631, 3880.
 Hente, *s.* hold, 1842.
 Hentez, *v.* seizes, holds, 1132, 2918.
 Herbarjours, *s.* leaders, advanced guard, 2448.
 Herbergage, *s.* lodging, encampment, 3015.
 Herede, *adj.* covered with hair, 1083.
 Herne-pane, *s.* brain-pan, skull, 2229.
 Heslyne, *adj.* of hazel, 2504.
 Hete or hette, *v.* promise, 2127, 2632.
 Hethely, *adv.* contemptuously, 268.
 Hethynge, *s.* scorn, 1842.
 Hevede, *s.* head; ‘appone-hevede,’ head-foremost, 262.
 Hewede, *v.* carried, 4092.

- Hey (*superl. hext*), *adj.* high, 166.
 Heyndly, *adv.* courteously, 15.
 Heynne (for heþne or heþune), *adv.*
 hence, 2436.
 Hillid, buried in the flesh, covered,
 1120, 3607.
 Hirste or hurste, *s.* wood, 3370.
 Hodles, *v.* crawls, 2308.
 Hopes, *s.* valleys, 2503.
 Hovys, *v.* stay, remain, 377, 713.
 Hoursches, *v.* goes headlong, 2110.
 Hufe, *v.* rage, fuss, 1688.
 Huke, *s.* cloke, 734.
 Huke-nebbyde, *adj.* hook-nosed,
 1082.
 Hulke, *s.* wretch, fellow, 1058,
 1085.
 Hunde-fisch, *s.* dog-fish, 1084.
 Hurdace, *s.* scaffolding, platform,
 3627.
 Hurdez, *v.* abides, 1010.
 Hyely, *adv.* loudly, 1058.
 Hyled, *v.* covered, 184.
 Hymlande, *adj.* encircling, hem-
 ming in, 2503.
 Hyngede, *v.* hanged, 281.

 Iche, *v.* rush, charge, 1411.
 Inmette, *s.* internals, 1122.
 Irous, *adj.* angry, passionate, 1329.

 Jaggede or joggede, *v.* pierced,
 2910, 2892, 2894.
 Jambe, *adj.* capering, active (see
 Rambe), 2895.
 Japez, mocks, jests, 1398.
 Jeryne, *s.* piece of armour; ‘jeryne
 of acres,’ armour of Acre, 903.
 Joynter, *s.* joints of the armour,
 2894.
 Justyfye, *v.* do justice to, 663.

 Kaunt, *adj.* bold, 2195.
 Kayre or cayre, *v.* go, journey, 6,
 243, etc.
 Kele, *v.* cool, 1839.
 Kelle or calle, *s.* cap or coif, 3259.
 Kempe, *v.* contend for superiority,
 2634.
 Kempis, *s.* knights, 1003.
 Kenet, *s.* a small hound, 122.
 Kerse, *s.* strength, temper of
 sword, 4195.
 Kest, *v.* cast, 118.
 Ketelle-hatte, *s.* helmet, 2094,
 3996.
 Klevys, *s.* cliffs, 2396.
 Klokes, *s.* clutches, claws, 792.
 Kwne, *v.* give, 1565.
 Kyd or kydd, *adj.* famous, 96, etc.
 Kyrnelles, *s.* embattlements, 3047.
 Kystys, *s.* chests, coffers, 2302,
 2336.
 Kyth, *s.* country, kingdom, 28, etc.

 Lached, *v.* stripped, 1515.
 Lade-sterne, *s.* load-star, leading
 or guiding star, 751.
 Lakes, *s.* locks, 2149.
 Lagere, *s.* couch, 2293.
 Laggene, *v.* tilt, 2542.
 Laghte or laughte, *v.* taken, 874,
 1817, 1826.
 Late or lote, *s.* look, features, 248,
 536, 146?.
 Lathe, *s.* ease, compliance, 458;
 “Be now lathe or lette,” Be
 there compliance or opposition.
 Layke, *s.* sport, game, 1599.
 Layne, *v.* conceal, 2398, 2594.
 Layttede, *v.* sought, acquired, held
 to be in possession of, 254.
 Lechene, *v.* heal, cure, 2388.

- Lechyde, *adj.* cut in slices, 188; *v.*
Lib. *Cure Cocorum*, pp. 13, 50.
- Lede, *s.* lad, man, 138, etc.
- Lemand, *adj.* glittering, gleaming, 2463, 2464.
- Lendez, *s.* loins, 1047.
- Lenge, *v.* lounge, delay, tarry, 72, 343.
- Lesse, *v.* lose, 1599.
- Lesse, *s.* lie, 159.
- Letande, *v.* looking, 3832.
- Letherly, *adv.* vilely, shamefully, 1268.
- Leskes, *s.* flanks, 1097, 3280.
- Leve, *v.* believe, 1099.
- Levere, *s.* encampment, 3079.
- Ligham, *s.* dead body, 3282, 4270.
- Lire, *s.* flesh, face, 3282, 3955, 4273.
- Lokerde, *adj.* distorted, 779.
- Los or loose, *s.* honour, praise, 254, 474.
- Lothene, *adj.* hideous, 778.
- Lowe, *s.* flame, heat, glare, 194.
- Lowrande, *adj.* sad, gloomy, 1446.
- Lowttede, *v.* worshipped, bowed down to, 3286.
- Loyotour, *s.* embroidery, 3254.
- Lufe, *s.* the loof of a ship, 744, 750.
- Luffly, *adv.* lovingly, 248.
- Lugge or lygge, *v.* lodge, lie, stay, remain, 152.
- Lussche, *s.* violence, force, 3849.
- Lutterde, *adj.* crooked, twisted, 779.
- Luyschede, *v.* lashed out, 2226.
- Lyarde, *adj.* disordered, 3281.
- Lygmane, *s.* liegeman, 420.
- Lympyde, *v.* happened, befell, 292, 875.
- Lyth, *v.* listen, 12.
 "Thenne watz hit lif upon list to lythen
 the houndez."
 —(Sir Gawaine, 1719.)
- Lythe, *adj.* gentle, smooth, 1517.
- Lythe, *s.* land, property, kingdom, 994, 1653.
- Lythyre, *s.* leader, ruler (?), 23.
- Mangere, *s.* diet, keep of a prisoner, 1588.
- Manrede, *s.* power, *lit.* homage, 127.
- Masondewes, *s.* Maisons Dieu, hospitals, 3039.
- Mele, *v.* speak, 382, 679.
- Melle, *v.* mingle, communicate, 938.
- Menske, *s.* honour, 126.
- Menskes, *v.* deserves honour, 1303.
- Merke, *v.* go, 427, etc.
- Merkes, *s.* boundaries, 1147.
- Mett, *v.* dreamed, 3224.
- Mofes, *v.* overcomes, 3324.
- Moles, *v.* 3057. See *Mele*.
- Mone, *v.* shall (Prov. ? *mun*), 813.
- Mowe, *v.* may, 3813.
- Mysese (? plural of *myx*) *s.* wretches, 667.
- Mysse, *s.* evil, wrong, 1315.
- Myx, *s.* wretch, 989.
- Naye, *s.* (yolke of a nay, for *ȝolke* of an aye = egg) 3284.
- Nedys, *s.* needs, demands, 85.
- Neyvesome, *adj.* renowned, 523.
- Notez, *v.* make use of, 1815.
- Notte, *s.* business, affair, 1816.
- Nomene, *v.* taken, 1437.
- Nurree, *s.* adopted child, 689.
- Oches, *v.* breaks, 2565, 3676.
- O-dawe, *adv.* out of days, *i.e.* out of life (see *Dawes*), 3737.

On-dreghe, *adv.* at a distance, 786, 787.
 Orfracez, *s.* embroideries, ornaments, 902, 2142.
 Ostayande, *v.* sojourning, 3503
 Overlynge, *s.* superior, ruler, 289, 520.
 Ownd, *adj.* laced, slashed, 193.
 Owte, *adj.* foreign, 30.

Palle, *s.* fine cloth, 1288, 2478.
 Palyd, *v.* ornamented, 1287, 1375.
 Pare, *v.* injure, 4048.
 Pastorelles, *s.* shepherds, swine-herds, 3121.
 Paumes, *s.* hands, claws, 776.
 Pavys, *s.* a shield, 3461, 3626.
 Pavysers, *s.* soldiers armed with the pavys, 3005.
 Payses, *v.* force, 3038, 3043.
 Peghttes, *s.* Picts, 4126.
 Pensels, *s.* small banners, 1289, 2411.
 Perrye, *s.* jewellery, 2461, 3462.
 Perty, *adv.* apart, 2918.
 Pertyes, *v.* parts, 1925.
 Fillion (hat), *s.* priest's, or large hat.
 Pilour, *s.* pilferer, robber, 2133.
 Plasche, *s.* a marshy piece of ground, 2799.
 Plattes, *s.* planks for seats, 2478.
 Plumpe, *s.* crowd, 2199.
 Flyande, *v.* working, 777.
 Pome, *s.* the kingly globe, 3355.
 Pomelle, *s.* small globe at the head of a flag-staff, 1289.
 Poveralle, *adj.* poor, labouring men, 3121.
 Poyne, *v.* stitch with a bodkin, 2625.

Prys or pris, *adj.* precious, chief, 2, 569.
 Pyghte, *adj.* decked, garnished, pitched, 212, 1300, 2478.
 Pykes, *s.* points, 777.
 Pyne, *s.* lamentation, 3044.
 Pynne, *v.* pine, annoy, trouble, 4048.
 Qwarelles, *s.* short arrows for cross bow, 2103.
 Querte—‘in querte,’ equivalent to being in life; querte, joy, activity, life, 3811.
 Qwarte, *v.* quashed, smashed, 3390.
 Qwyke, *adj.* alive, 1736.
 Qwyne, *adv.* whence, 3504.
 Raas, *v.* tear, snatch, 362.
 Racches, *s.* scenting hounds, 4000.
 Rade, *adj.* afraid, 2882.
 Radly, *adv.* swiftly, 1529.
 Radness, *s.* fear, 120.
 Raike or rayke, *s.* path, 1525, 2986.
 Ramby or jambe, *adj.* prancing, spirited, 373, 2895.
 Ranex, *s.* rushes, 923.
 Raply, *adv.* quickly, 1763.
 Rared, *v.* roared, 784.
 Rasches, *v.* rush, go rashly, 2107.
 Rathe, rathely, or raythely, *adv.* quickly, soon, 237, 1275.
 Raw (on), *s.* in rotation, 633.
 Rawnsakes (*imp.*) *v.* search, 3229, 3740; probe, 4305.
 Raykede, *v.* rushed, flowed, ran, 237, 1057, 2984.
 Raylide, *v.* arrayed, ornamented, 3264.
 Raymede, *v.* roamed, made incursion, 100.

- Reched, *s.* jewels, 3264.
 Reddour, *s.* violence, eagerness, succour, 109, 485, 1418.
 Rede, *v.* advise, 550.
 Redyne, *v.* disposed of, 52.
 Refede, *v.* deprived, 960.
 Rehetede, *v.* received, entertained, cheered, 221, 411, 3199.
 Reke, *s.* path, 1041.
 Relevis, *v.* rally, 2278.
 Remmes or remys, *v.* cries, laments, 2197, 4156.
 Renayede, *adj.* renegade, 2914, 3573.
 Renye, *s.* renegade, 2795.
 Rependez, *v.* hasten, 2107.
 Revaye, *v.* rejoice, 3276.
 Revare, *s.* river, 62.
 Rewe, *v.* have pity, 866.
 Rewfulle, *adj.* sorrowful, 1049.
 Reynes, *s.* journey, course, 3165.
 Rigg, *s.* back, 800.
 Rittes, *v.* rends, dashes in pieces, 2138, 3754, 3825.
 Rog, *s.* assembly, people? 3273.
 Roggede, *v.* rocked? 784.
 Romede, *v.* growl, roar, groan, 424, 784, 888.
 Roo, *s.* misfortune, evil, 1751.
 Roo, *s.* wheel, 3363, 3375.
 Roo, *s.* roe-deer, 922.
 Rosers, *s.* thickets, 923.
 Rosselde, *adj.* sharpened, 2881.
 Rowme or rowmme, *adj.* wide, loose, roomy, 432, 1454, 3471.
 Rusche, *v.* destroy, overthrow, 1339.
 Rusclede, *adj.* russet-clad, 1096.
 Ruyde, ruydly, or ruydlyche, *adj.* and *adv.* rude, rudely, fiercely, impetuously, 1049, 785, 1877.
 Rybys, *v.* rips, tears, 3825.
 Ryfez, *v.* thrusts, rives, tears, 1474, 2914.
 Ryghttez, *v.* See *Rittes*.
 Ryndez, *s.* thickets, 921, 1884, 3364.
 Rype, *v.* search, 3941.
 Ryste *adj.* rusty, rough, 1428.
 Ryvaye, *v.* hunt, 4000.
 Saghetylle, *v.* be satisfied or reconciled, 330.
 Sakeles, *adj.* innocent, without blame, 3400, 3987, 3994.
 Sale, *s.* hall, court, 82.
 Sandismene, *s.* messengers, 266, 1429.
 Saughte, *s.* peace, 1548, 3053.
 Saynned, *adj.* blessed, cared for, 966, 969.
 Schafte, *s.* spear, 2169.
 Schaftmonde, *s.* spear length, 2546.
 Schake, *v.* hasten, move, advance.
 Schalkes, *s.* men-at-arms, soldiers, 1857, 2211, 2333, 2456, 3748.
 Schalyde, *adj.* enclosed, 766.
 Schathe, scaith, or skaith, *s.* harm, mischief, 292.
 Schawes or shawes, *s.* glades, 1723, 1760, 1765.
 Schede, *v.* pour, 2923.
 Schenchipe, *s.* disgrace, 4300.
 Scherde, *v.* cut, wounded, destroyed, 1856, 2435.
 Schiltounis, *s.* bands, 1765, 1813, 1856.
 Schire, *adj.* scanty, 1760; clear, bright, 3845, 3846, 3601.
 Schoderide, *v.* shuddered, 2106.
 Schone, *v.* shrink, retreat, 314, 1717.

Schowande, *adj.* bending (*lit.* shoving), 1099.
 Schrowde, *s.* dress, 3629.
 Schreede, *v.* shred, sprinkled, 767.
 Schrympe, *s.* monster, dragon, 767.
 Schuntes or schountes, *v.* hesitates, delays, 1055.
 Seche, *v.* seek, 3234.
 Sektour, *s.* successor, follower, 665.
 Segge, *s.* servant, man, follower, 134, 1420, 1422.
 Selcouth, *adj.* wonderful, curious, 75, 1308, 3197.
 Semblant, *s.* pomp, 75.
 Semble, *v.* cope with, meet, 967.
 Sendelle, *s.* a sort of silken stuff, 2299.
 Serfed, *v.* deserved, 1068.
 Sere, *adj.* several, 192, 607.
 Serte, *s.* decree, 2927.
 Sesyne or seizin, *s.* possession, 3589.
 Sewand, *v.* following, 81.
 Sewes, *s.* stews, made dishes, 192.
 " Poure on the *sewe* and serve it."
 (Lib. Cure Cocorum, p. 21.)
 Seyne (should be read *seyne*?), then, afterwards, 192, 464, 939.
 Seyne, *s.* saint, 2871.
 Seyne, *v.* boiled, cooked, 188.
 "In *hir* own blood *seyн.*"
 —(Lib. Cure Cocorum, p. 21.)
 Sirquytrie, *s.* pride, 3400.
 Sittande, *adj.* fitting, becoming, 953.
 Sittantly, *adv.* suitably, 159.
 Skathelle or seathylle, *adj.* dangerous, 32, 1642.
 Skathlye, *adj.* (should be read *skatholes*) without injury, 1562.
 Skayres, *v.* frightens, 2468.
 Skewe, *v.* rescue, 1562.

Skottefers, *s.* shooters.
 Skowntte-waches, *s.* watchmen, 2468.
 Skroggez, *s.* stunted bushes, scrub, 1642.
 Skyst (should be read *skyft*?), shift, manage, arrange, 32, 1653.
 Slakkes, *s.* pools, marshes, 3720.
 Slale (should be read *skale*?), crafty, 3118.
 Slawyne or slaveine, *s.* a pilgrim's mantle, 3475.
 Sleghte, *s.* craft, sleight, 3419.
 Slewthe, *s.* sloth, 3222.
 Sleygly, *adj.* slyly, cunningly, 2976.
 Slomowre, *s.* slumber, 3222.
 Slope, *s.* valley, 2978.
 Slot or slotte, *s.* pit of the stomach, 2254, 2976. See *Sir Gawaine* and *Glossary*.
 Slottedte, *v.* stabbed, 3856.
 Slowde, *s.* mud, slush, 3720.
 Slyke, *adj.* such; 'then was it slyke,' then was there such, 3720.
 Snelle, *adj.* quick, swift, 57.
 Sope, *s.* a sup or hasty repast, 1890.
 Soppe, *s.* company, body, 1493, 3730, 3746.
 Spakely, *adv.* quickly, 2063.
 Spalddyd, *adj.* shivered, 3700.
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